

EMBER, 1928

PRICE 25 CENTS

Screenland

3402

Vol 18, no 1

DOLORES DEL RIO

Painted by Georgis

NEW LOVERS

for the HOLLYWOOD LADIES

By Delight Evans

PN 1993
S35

GENUINE MODEL T CORONA

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HERE'S your chance to own that genuine Model T Corona you've wanted — on the easiest terms ever offered — at **ONE-THIRD OFF** regular price! Complete in every detail; back spacer, etc., *New Machine Guarantee*. Recognized the world over as the finest, strongest, sturdiest portable built.

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Leatheroid carrying case, oiler, instructions free on this offer. Send no money—just the coupon. Without delay or red tape we will send you the Corona. Try it 10 days. If you decide to keep it, send us only \$2 — then \$3 a month until our special price of \$39.90 is paid (cash price \$36.40). Now is the time to buy. This offer may never be repeated. Mail coupon now.

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360 E. Grand Avenue Chicago, Illinois

**\$15.10 SAVED
BY USING THIS COUPON**

Smith Typewriter Sales Corp. [Corona Div.]
360 E. Grand Ave., Chicago, Dept. 12-B

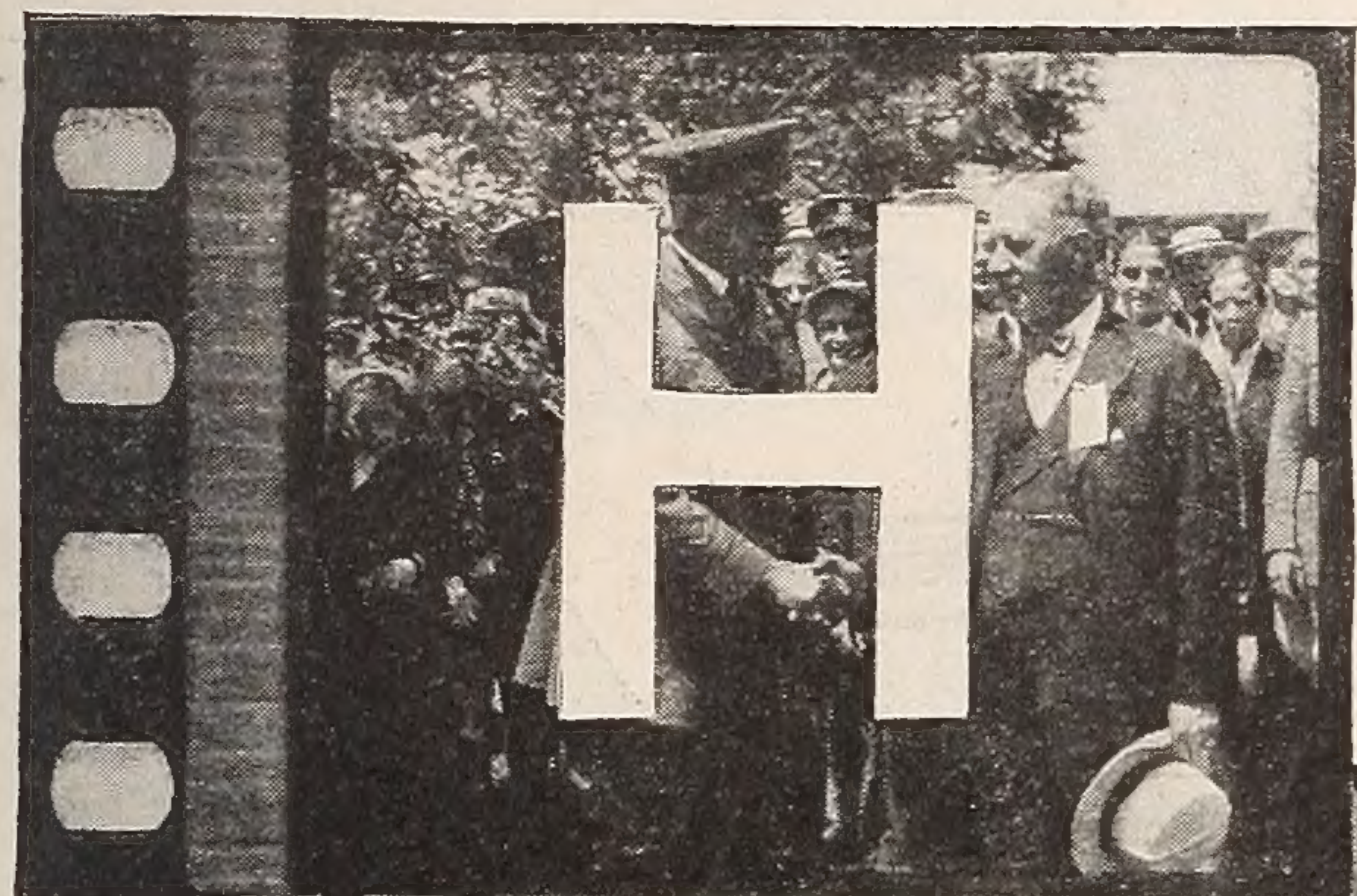
Ship me the Corona, F. O. B. Chicago. On arrival I'll deposit \$2 with express agent. If I keep machine, I'll send you \$3 a month until the \$37.90 balance of \$39.90 price is paid; the title to remain with you until then. I am to have 10 days to try the typewriter. If I decide not to keep it, I will repack and return to express agent, who will return my \$2. You are to give your standard guarantee.

Name _____

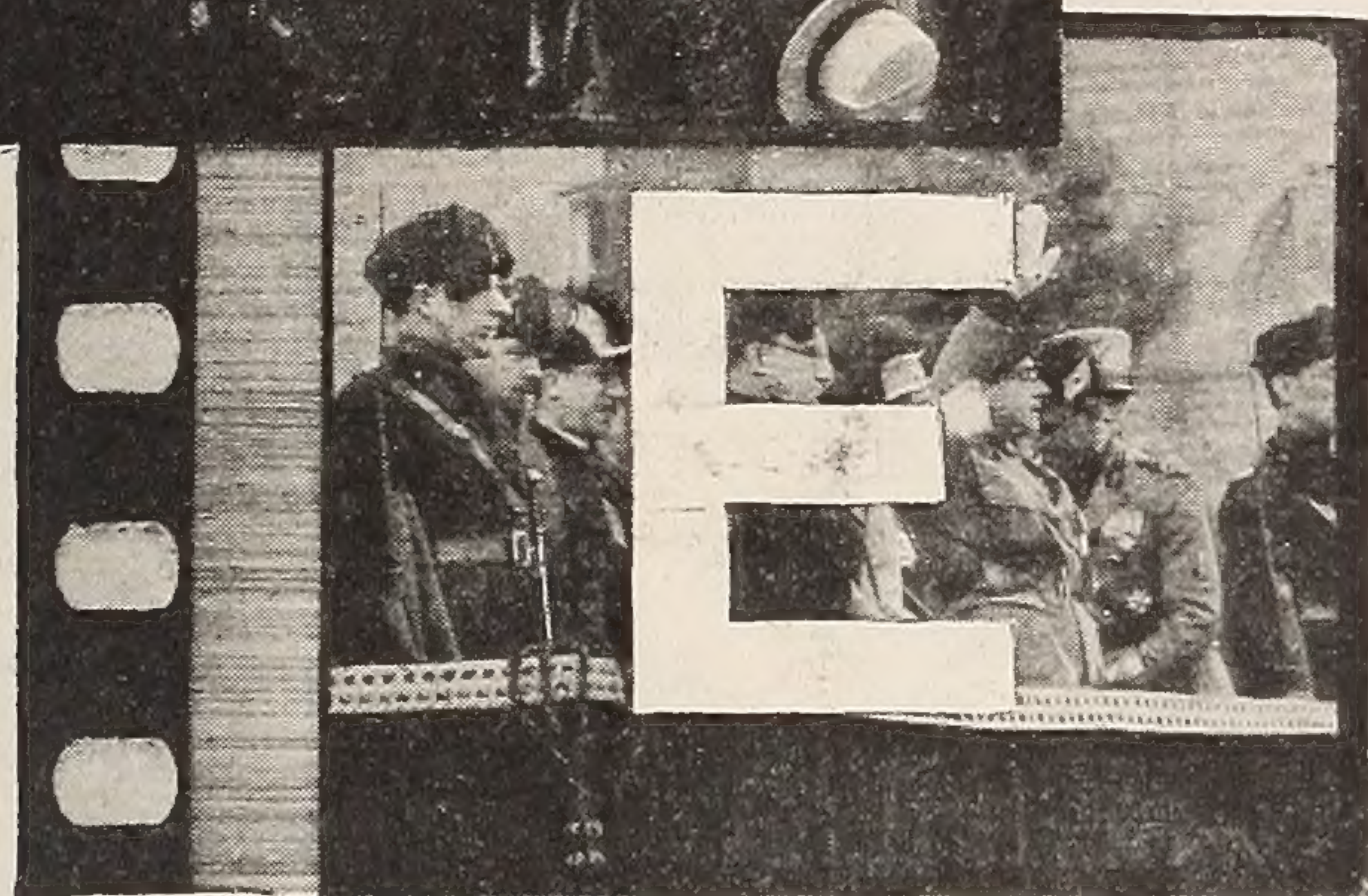
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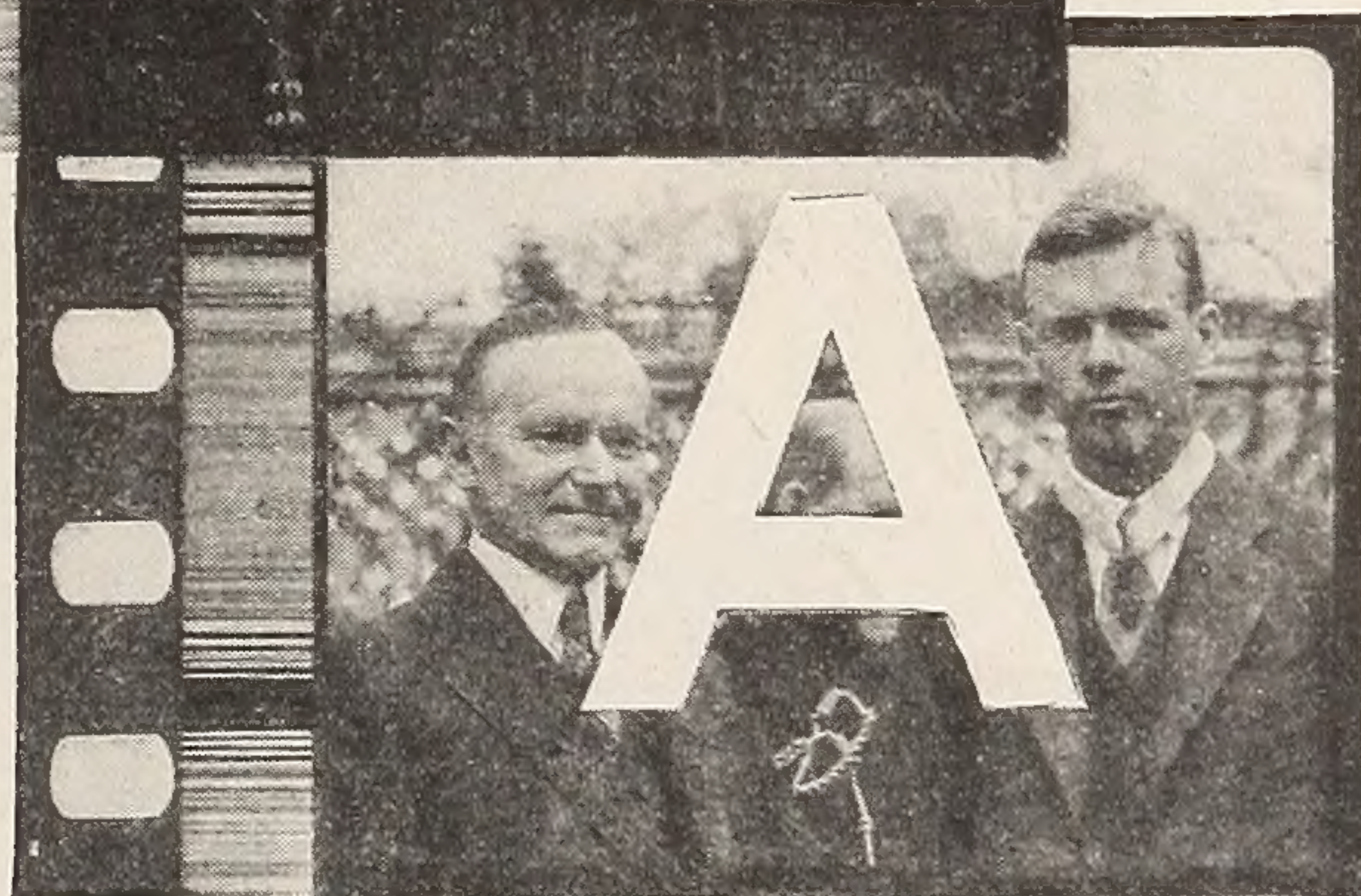
HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEWS?



Now the livest news becomes living news! Now you not only see it happen—you *hear* it! Now Fox Movietone captures the



voice of the world as well as its image—its sounds as well as its sights—its words as well as its actions. A miracle has happened!



...The roar of the crowd which

is half of football's thrill—the blare of martial music as the troops wheel past—the thunder of unleashed horsepower as the plane speeds through the air-lanes—all these come to you in Movietone! They make you an



ear-witness as well as an eye-witness! *They really take you there!*

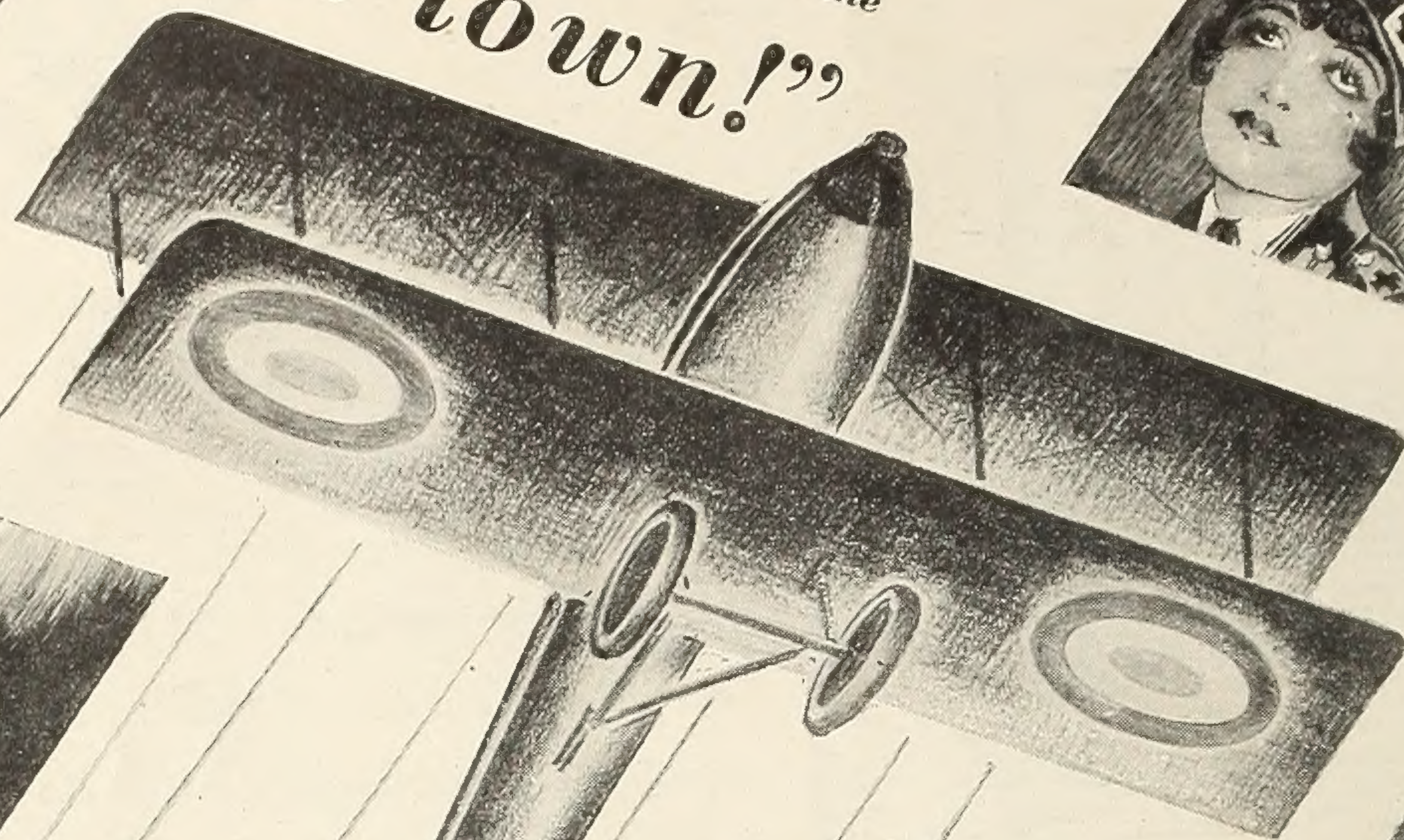
...*Have you heard the news?*
...If not, go today to the theatre showing Fox Movietone News, and prepare for the thrill of a lifetime!

It speaks for itself!

FOX MOVIE TONE NEWS

—developed and presented by
WILLIAM FOX

NOW in motion picture
theatres at popular
prices, after thrilling New York and
the entire Nation for over a year at
\$2 admissions. Paramount—and the
“best show in town!”



WINGS

¶ First of all motion pictures to introduce sensational sound effects, “Wings” is still unsurpassed. ¶ Never has such an amazing photoplay of aviation and romance been produced! You soar in the clouds with the flying fighters, you hear the shriek of planes falling in battle, the thrill of a lifetime! ¶ Watch the newspapers for announcements of “Wings” showing in your city. ¶ Lucien Hubbard Production. Directed by William Wellman. Story by John Monk Saunders. With Clara Bow, Charles Rogers, Richard Arlen, Gary Cooper. ¶ Silent or with sound “best show in town.”



Paramount



Pictures

PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BUILDING, N. Y. C.

Now
the art of
picture making
enters a new
phase!

PREPARE to discard all your old ideas of what perfect screen entertainment should be. For with First National's "The Divine Lady" the phrase "A Great Motion Picture" takes on new meaning. So fabulously rich are the materials in this mighty special that they forced an entirely new conception of the scope of cinema art! . . . A fortune spent to re-enact in rich detail the most colorful naval combat in history. A cast of thousands in breathless battle action. A love-story



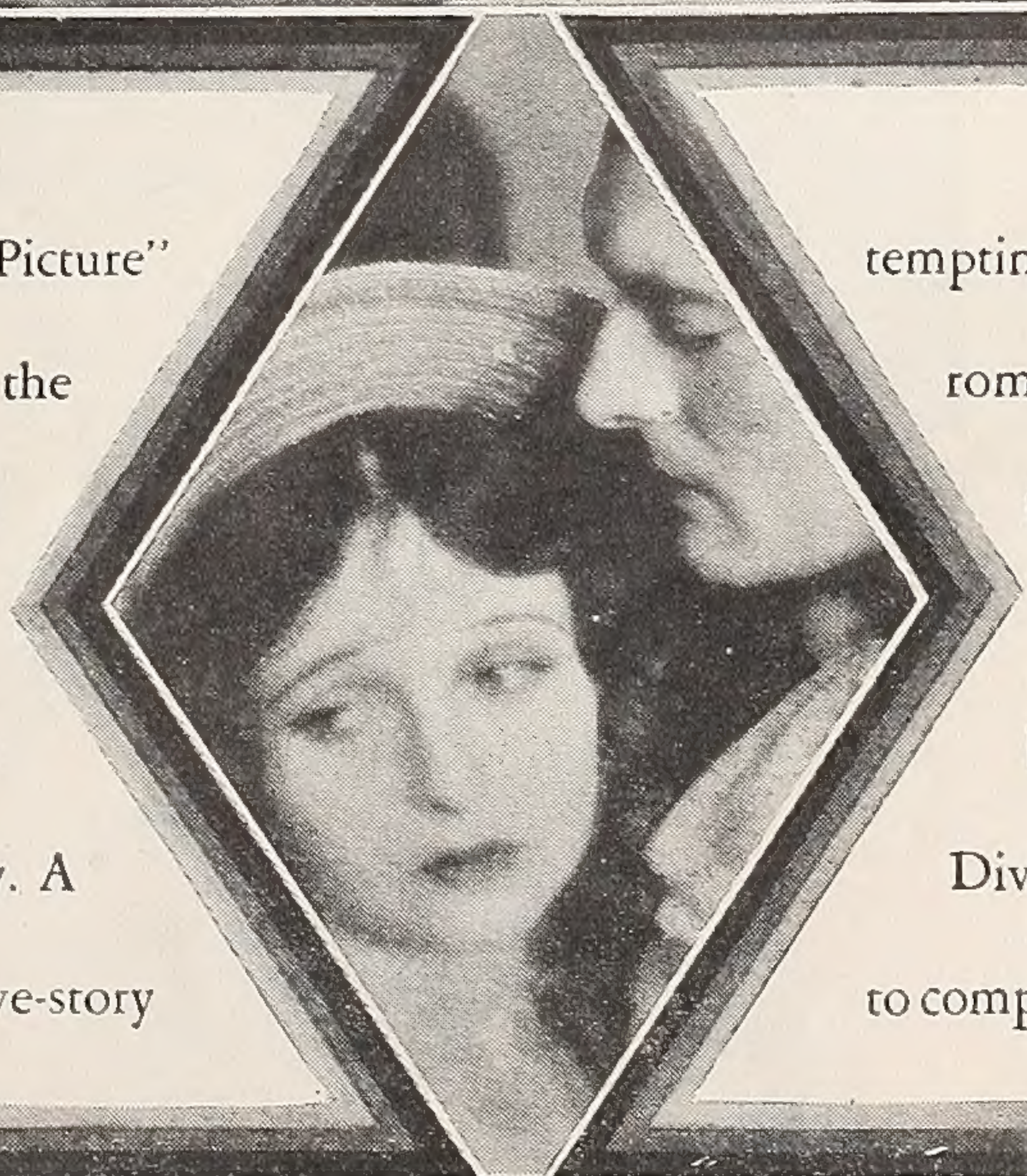
Corinne
Griffith
in
The Divine
Lady



so glorious it made an unknown author famous overnight--her novel the season's sensation. One of the most

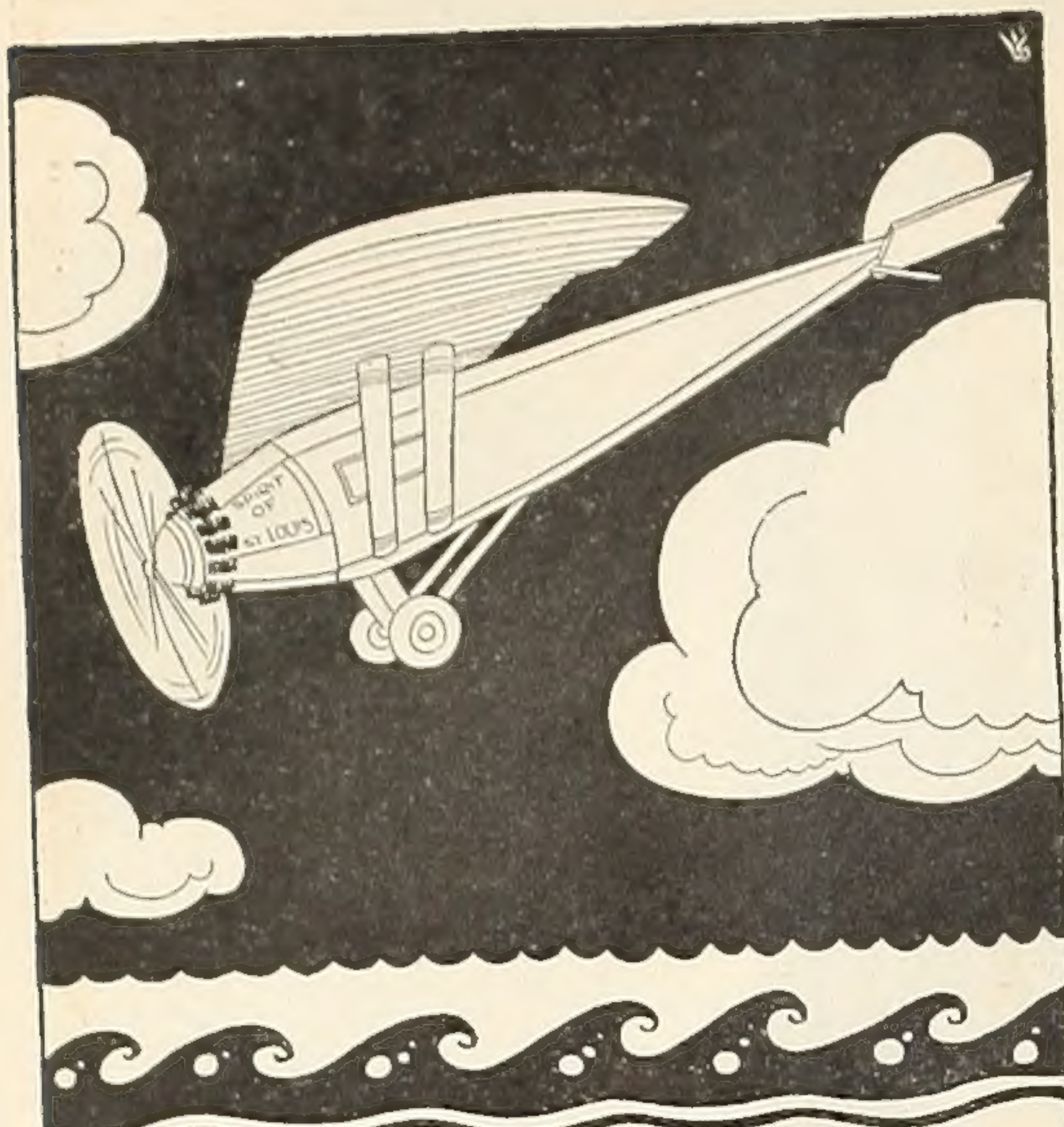
tempting sirens the world has known, living again a high romance that changed the destiny of nations. And unbelievably thrilling sequences in Sound! . . .

Yes, you will need an entirely new standard by which to measure the true greatness of "The Divine Lady." For there is nothing in screen history to compare it to--or which can be compared to it! Watch!



A F I R S T N A T I O N A L P I C T U R E
T A K E S T H E G U E S S W O R K O U T O F "G O I N G T O T H E M O V I E S"

With H. B. Warner,
Victor Varconi, Ian
Keith, Marie Dressler.
Produced by Frank
Lloyd, who made
"The Sea Hawk."
Presented by Richard
A. Rowland.



LINDBERGH

The Lone Eagle

THE most romantic hero in history. The shy, bashful lad, who came unheralded, clear across a continent, to conquer the mighty Atlantic by air. Alone, through the many sleepless hours over the ocean, with nothing but the steady, monotonous drone of the motor for company. Hours of mental agony, when to think meant to fear. And ever uppermost the thought that an injury to his motor meant the oblivion that enveloped Nungesser and Coli.

Lindbergh, the greatest hero of them all, provides the material for the greatest story of them all. "Lindbergh, the Lone Eagle" written by a master biographer, George Buchanan Fife, deals with the aviator's life from early childhood, his fundamental aviation training, his hardships in the preparation of the flight, climaxing in a tale, which for human interest is unexcelled—of the hero's emotions during the long trip between the New and the Old Worlds.

This is a special edition, bound in hard cover, with an attractive jacket. It is printed on high grade paper in very legible type. This special edition is being offered by the publishers, A. L. Burt Company, to SCREENLAND readers, at the unusual price of \$1.00 per copy. It contains thirty-two illustrations.

Fill in the Coupon Below and
Send for your copy today.

SCREENLAND,
Dept. 11-28,
49 W. 45th St., N. Y. C.

I enclose \$1.00 for which please send me a copy of "Lindbergh, the Lone Eagle," by George Buchanan Fife.

Name

Address

City..... State.....

Schildkraut was the leading in *Orphans of the Storm* with Lillian and Dorothy Gish. Joseph was born in Vienna, Austria. Other foreign-born players in the same film were Tom Cameron who was born in Derby, England, and Carl De Mel whose birthplace was Vienna. I believe if you write to Ivan Petrovitch, Rex Ingram Studios, Nice, France, you may be able to get in touch with that popular player. Ivan is a Serbian and is about 30 years old. He is 6 feet tall and weighs 178 pounds. He has black hair and dark brown eyes. *The Garden of Allah* was made in France and Northern Africa. Drop in again, for you're always welcome.

P. P. of Amsterdam, N. Y. Will I enlighten your mind on a few facts about Jack Gilbert? I'll bite but what do you want to know? He is an American. His real name is John Pringle. He is not married now. He has dark hair and grey eyes that photograph black. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 160 pounds. He gets more fan mail than any other Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star but I think he will send you a picture if you ask him. Am I right, Jack?

Kia Ora, Christchurch, N. Zealand. You want facts and figures of your favorites in swimming togs, do you? Hey, hey! Well, that would be easy to look at and I'll see what can be done about it. Your credentials as a keen swimmer, whatever that is, and the assurance that you never miss my department have put you in my good graces forever and a day; but who wants a day to last forever?

Eleanor of Cleveland, Ohio. Haven't you heard? Every one is talking about this speakie or that talkie—some go so far as to call them squawkies. Take your choice. I like 'em dumb, just as well, if anybody asks me, and I don't think they will. You can reach Bert Lytell by addressing P. O. Box 235, Hollywood, Cal. Gary Cooper at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Write to Ralph Forbes at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Paddy O'Flynn's Fan Friends. If you

don't think that's a nice morsel to roll around one's tongue, just try it. Paddy still has the same curly brown hair and blue eyes but he has out-grown his old uke days. Paddy wants to be seen and not heard. His latest film is *Face Value* and he has been playing the comedy juvenile in *Sweeping Against the Winds*.

M. Alexander, Norman, Okla. How should you address Billie Dove? Like a perfect gentleman, of course; but tone down your letter to a few goo-goo's of admiration. A sincere friendly letter will usually bring a picture of your favorite. You'll find Billie at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Ethelyn Claire can be reached at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. She was born in Talladega, Alabama. She has pretty brown eyes and brown hair. Bebe Daniels is at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Alberta Vaughn is with FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

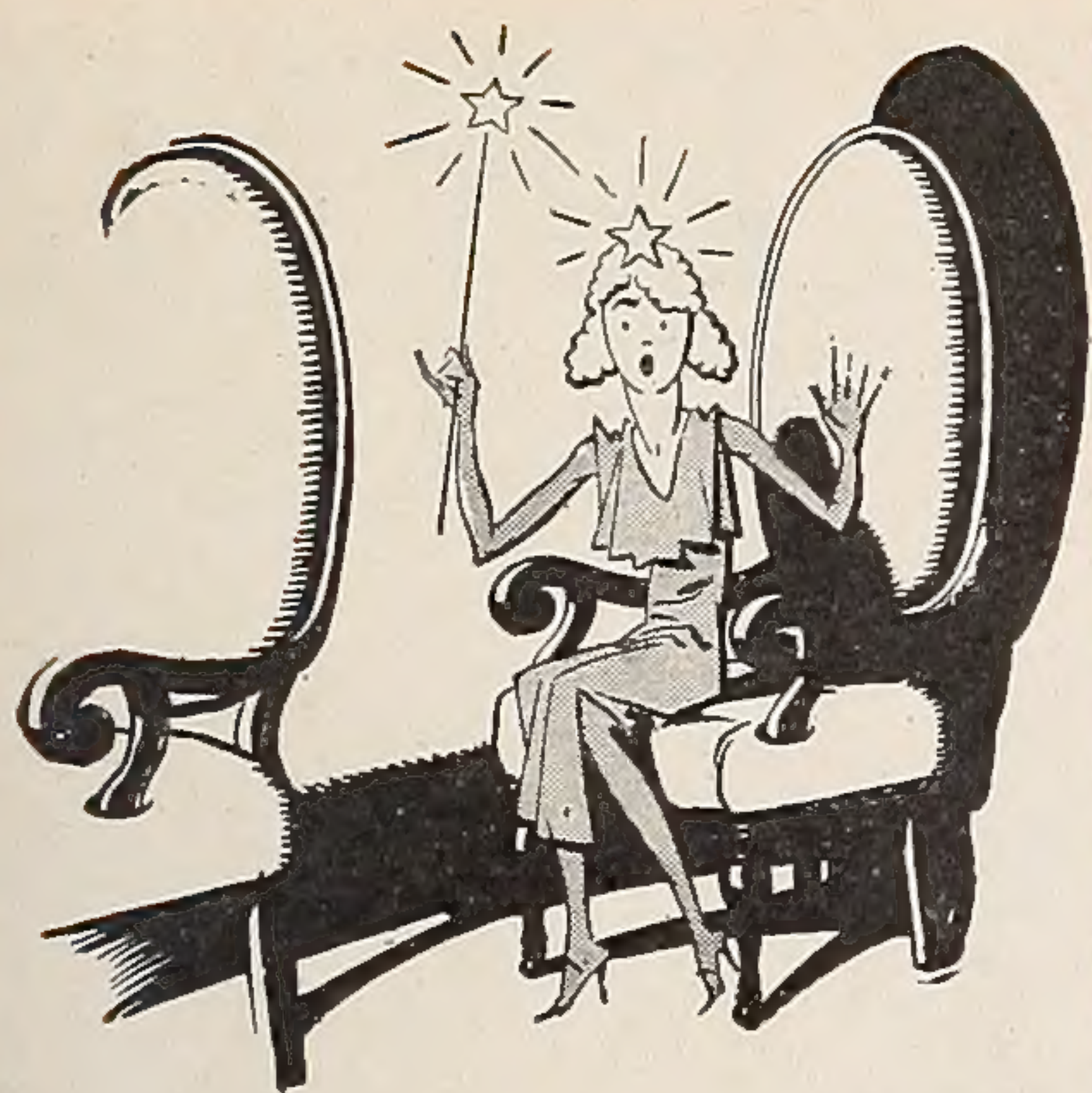
A Movie Fan from Pearl Harbor, Hawaii. Where the perfectly precious pearls come from or are you just stringing me? *The Understanding Heart*, in which Francis X. Bushman Jr. appeared, was a 1927 film. He is Franz in *Four Sons*, one of the outstanding pictures of the present year. James Hall, George Meeker and Charles Morton are the other three sons, who with Margaret Mann make a wonderful picture. Margaret Mann, after playing small parts and waiting for eleven years for success has finally come into her own. Francis X. Jr. was born in 1904. He is 6 feet 2 inches tall and has brown hair and dark blue eyes and is married.

Peggy of St. Louis, Mo. I have a cute name, have I? You don't know the half of it, Peggy. Do I think Richard Dix and Charles Rogers the handsomest actors of the whole bunch? My word, do I have to tell everything I know? *Varsity* is Buddy Rogers' next picture, now in production at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Richard's latest release is *Warming Up* with Jean Arthur playing opposite. Address him at Paramount Studios.

(Continued on page 101)



It looks as if
Clara Bow is
hugging herself.
Seems a shame!



LADY LUCK TAKES A BACK SEAT

Luck!

Sure! One smashing hit that sets all fandom talking might be "luck".

Two country-wide successes might even be wished onto Lady Luck—if you're good at wishing—

But one long unbroken parade of record-breaking wows—that's something else again!

Lady Luck didn't make Smash hits like "The Big Parade", "Ben Hur", "Tell it to the Marines", "The Merry Widow" and "White Shadows of the South Seas".

More stars than there are in Heaven, plus brilliant directors plus great stories plus the great resources of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer organization are some reasons for the long and imposing list of M-G-M's smash hits.

If you want a guarantee for the future it lies in the performance of the past.

When the lion roars—

M-G-M sound or silent, will always mean.

**More
Great
Movies**

HERE ARE THE FIRST
OF THE NEW M-G-M
PICTURES—SUPERB
ENTERTAINMENT



Broadway and Los Angeles hailed this flaming romance of the South Seas in Sound at \$2 admission. Sound or Silent it will be the year's picture sensation.



Laughs—tears—thrills—you'll find them all packed into the screen version of the Broadway success, "Excess Baggage." Don't miss William Haines' desperate slide for life and love in this pulsating comedy-drama. Sound or Silent—a hit!



Flaming youth de luxe—the epics of a jazz-mad age—youth! beauty! luxury! drama! You'll cheer "Our Dancing Daughters"—sound or silent.



Lon Chaney gives you another great characterization in a throbbing tale of underworld intrigue and hopeless love. See him as the fearless guardian of the public peace in "While the City Sleeps." Sound or Silent you'll be thrilled.

\$50
for the
keenest eye!

Test your powers of observation—it may bring you a prize. See how well you can answer the questions below. The man sending the best answers will receive \$50.00 and the riding crop used by Anita Page in "Our Dancing Daughters," and for the best set of answers from a lady I will give \$50 and the ukulele I play in the same picture.

And I'll also send autographed photographs for the fifty next best answers. I hope you'll find my questions interesting.

Sincerely,
Joan Crawford

- 1—What M-G-M picture was filmed on an atoll?
- 2—What M-G-M picture has the title of a famous wartime ditty?
- 3—In what new kind of part has Marion Davies captivated the public's heart and fancy?
- 4—What M-G-M picture is based on the life of Sarah Bernhardt and who is its star?
- 5—What M-G-M picture with a Canadian background was a famous musical hit in a long run on Broadway?
- 6—Why do you think Buster Keaton's "frozen face" is so effective in comedies? (Not more than 75 words.)

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to Competition Editor, 3rd Floor, 1540 Broadway, New York. All answers must be received by November 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

NOTE: If you do not attend pictures yourself you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines. In event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
"More Stars than the GREATEST STAR ON THE SCREEN there are in Heaven"



Her Pretty Hair!

*How does she keep it
so youthful-looking?*

Her secret lies in proper shampooing. Not just soap-and-water "washings", but regular use of a shampoo that really *beautifies*—one that was created especially to improve dull, drab hair and add that little something extra so often lacking!

What about *your* hair? Have you not wished for something that would keep it looking prettier—richer in tone? If you really wish to make it bewitchingly lovely—just one Golden Glint Shampoo will show you the way!

No other shampoo, anywhere, like Golden Glint Shampoo! Does more than merely cleanse the hair. There's a youth-imparting touch—a beauty specialist's secret in its formula. Millions use regularly! At your dealers', or send 25c to J. W. Kobi Co., Dept. K, 617 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wash. Money back if not delighted.



MOTION PICTURES

MOST FASCINATING—HIGHEST PAID OF ALL PROFESSIONS
A Nation-wide survey will be started shortly in search of STAR material and all (the Kiddies included) will be given the opportunity of having a SCREEN TEST made to determine their fitness for Motion Pictures.

THIS IS NOT A CONTEST EXPERIENCE IS NOT NECESSARY

The number of TESTS to be made is not limited but the time, during which you may register for these TESTS, is limited. Therefore your request for details and registration blanks, which will be forwarded FREE upon request, should be sent to us promptly.

CINEMA ARTS TESTING BUREAU
Box 425 Hollywood Station
Hollywood, California



Maybelline

DARKENS AND BEAUTIFIES EYELASHES AND BROWS INSTANTLY, makes them appear *naturally* dark, long and luxuriant. Adds wonderful charm, beauty and expression to any face. Perfectly harmless. Used by millions of lovely women. Solid form or water-proof liquid. BLACK or BROWN, 75c at your dealer's or direct, postpaid. MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

Books for FANS



Q Alice White as Dixie Dugan in 'Show Girl,' who 'shakes her scanty at the tired business men.'

Q The Picture Made from 'Show Girl' is as Modern as Tomorrow's Date.

By Alice White

WHEN Al Rockett, who manages production at the First National Studios, asked me how I would like to play *Show Girl*, I told him I liked the title, but didn't know anything about the story.

Mr. Rockett handed me the book, telling me to take it home with me and read the story if I didn't have anything better to do that evening.

Well, it happened that I was dining alone that night, so I took *Show Girl* to dinner with me as a companion. When I tell you that I never started a story that proved so fascinating from the first page, I am only sticking to the truth. I read all through dinner, and during the evening.

I raved about *Show Girl* for weeks. In fact, I am still raving. I don't pretend to be any judge of literature, but to my way of thinking, J. P. McEvoy has written a story so funny that it is in a class by itself.

I am just crazy about the character of Dixie Dugan, and if I can make her half as natural on the screen as she is in the book, I will be satisfied.

I read the book several times in order to get thoroughly into the spirit of the character and then I studied the continuity written by James T. O'Donohue. I had long talks with Alfred Santell who directed the picture. It was a lot of fun re-creating the girl whose character I felt I understood so thoroughly.

Mr. McEvoy seems to know all about

the theatres and the night life of New York. He also seems to be pretty thoroughly acquainted with show girls and how they live. I never read any story which seems so successful in developing real people.

In our picture version of the book, which I am told is having a very large sale, we tried to get, in every way, the same feeling of reality, and I think we have succeeded.

There will be a lot of laughs in the picture; also there will be plenty of realism in the depiction of behind-the-scenes life in the theatre and the doings of night-club entertainers before and after the show.

Lee Moran is immense as Denny Kerrigan, the greeting-card salesman whose mission is to strew cheer throughout the land. Then there are a lot of other characters taken straight from Broadway.

An odd feature of the story is Mr. McEvoy's way of telling it. The entire book is made up of letters, telegrams, cables and newspaper clippings with a little dialogue interspersed. The arrangement is so clever that the story is carried on without a break and the interest built up in the principal characters.

Show Girl is a picture in which the film version remains true to the original. If the story had been written directly for the screen, I do not believe it could have been better adapted to the needs of a motion picture.

Here are a few excerpts from the book
(Continued on page 99)



"Faux Pas" I Said... and Everyone Tittered!

If only I hadn't tried to use that terrible phrase. But I had seen it in print a thousand times and so I thought I knew how to pronounce it—it never occurred to me that my way might not be the right way.

It was the very first time I had been invited to the home of Mr. Blake—the President of our Company. Of course I wanted to make the best possible impression. After dinner we were all chatting idly, and somehow the talk got around to golf—my favorite subject. I began to explain some of my pet theories and they went over big—everyone was listening attentively. Encouraged, I launched into an animated description of the last tournament at the club. And then—it happened. "Tyler made a terrible faux pas," I said—and—everyone tittered! Embarrassed, ashamed, I flushed and faltered. My self-confidence fled—and for the rest of the evening I didn't dare open my mouth. I'd have given a thousand dollars if only I hadn't made that awful break!

That little experience opened my eyes to my miserable pronunciation and my meager vocabulary. Could that be the reason why I never seemed to get ahead—why I never got the big jobs with the real money? I had always thought it was luck that gave other men chances I never had, but now I realized that they had a surety and a confidence in their speech that I lacked. I was always groping for words—always stammering and stuttering—trying to avoid words I wasn't sure of—and making scores of mistakes daily. Of course no one ever tells you when you mispronounce a word—it is such a personal matter—and I never would have known of my glaring error that evening if it hadn't been for that embarrassing incident when everyone tittered.

One day, glancing through a magazine, I read about an amazing new method of learning cultured Speech, Correct Pronunciation and Vocabulary Building that had just been perfected. Through this new "learn by listening" method, I discovered I could actually hear a college professor—an expert in phonetics—pronounce each word clearly and distinctly! And I could hear the same word a hundred times

if need be, so as to get it fixed in my mind the right way.

Of course I lost no time in sending for this new method. I was amazed to find how easily I learned new words—learned how to use them and pronounce them—just by sitting back and listening—words I would never have dared use before. The first evening I learned to pronounce correctly exactly 39 words that I had been mispronouncing almost every day, and in less than one week I had enriched my vocabulary beyond my expectations. Today I find that I am using hundreds of words that I never would have dreamed of using a month ago. Not only that, but my new sureness with words, the new ease with which I express myself, has had a marked influence on my business success. Already I have asked for and secured a better job with a much higher salary. And what is almost equally important—I know that I am saved forever from the embarrassment of making such an unforgivable error as I made that night at the Blake's!

At Last a New and Easy Way

At last a new and easy way has been found to really teach Correct Pronunciation, Cultured Speech and Vocabulary Building. Not by the unsuccessful and almost impossible old dictionary method, but by a plan absolutely new—phonograph records—talking machine records electrically recorded in the most modern and scientific manner. You hear the actual voice of an expert in phonetics. Every word plainly and correctly pronounced.

This fascinating new method has been developed by a group of educators, writers and speakers under the direction of Prof. Edward H. Gardner, for 18 years a member of the faculty of the University of Wisconsin; and E. Ray Skinner, Phonetician of the Department of Speech at the same university. The instruction is absolutely authoritative. Over 2200 stubborn words are covered—words which should be familiar to every cultured person. Not a correspondence course—no studying—no lessons to send in. Instead, all you need to do is to sit back comfortably in your easy chair—and listen.

Everyone finds it delightful and easy to learn through this wonderful new method. And it is so interesting, so captivating, that the entire family will want to listen—and when your friends drop in during an evening, you will have a means of entertainment as fascinating as bridge or a cross word puzzle. "So that is the way to pronounce that word!" you say as you hear it spoken clearly and distinctly. You have seen

it spelled; you have used it perhaps, but seldom, and hesitatingly. Now you can be sure! Hundreds of men and women have proved that by spending only a few minutes a day this new way, results are astonishing.

Your speech, perhaps more than any other thing, reveals what you are. Correct speech is the first mark of education, of culture. Cultivated speech is a social and business asset of the first importance. No matter how poor your "ear for words," nor how incorrect your pronunciation, you can now master cultured speech and accurate pronunciation—easily and quickly! You can swiftly learn the right way to pronounce hundreds of hard words—as well as scores of popular foreign phrases—French, Spanish, German—which must now be a part of the educated American's vocabulary.

Try It 7 Days FREE—Send No Money

Right now we are making a remarkable introductory offer. This offer enables you to try the Pronunci-phon Method right in your own home—to see for yourself how quickly it will add hundreds of new words to your vocabulary—how it will disclose to you scores and scores of words you now mispronounce every day—without knowing it.

The coupon entitles you to the special seven-day free examination. Just send it off today, and the Pronunci-phon Method consisting of Seven double records (fourteen records in all) and including a unique Instruction Manual "Good Taste in Speech," will go forward to you promptly, all charges prepaid. If you aren't delighted, fascinated—simply return the Pronunci-phon Method within the seven-day period and the examination will have cost you nothing. Otherwise send only \$3.85 as first payment, and \$4.00 a month for four months.

Mail the coupon at once and see for yourself how this amazing new method will help you, in less than 30 days, to acquire a command of speech that will win recognition and respect. **The Pronunci-phon Co., Dept. 6328, Michigan Ave. at 36th Street, Chicago.**

**The Pronunci-phon Co., Dept. 6328,
Michigan Ave., at 36th Street, Chicago.**

You may send me for seven days' free examination the Pronunci-phon Method. Within the seven day period I will return it without obligation, or keep it and send only \$3.85 as first payment, and \$4.00 a month for four months (\$19.85 in all).

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

For the FIRST TIME at Popular Cecil B. De Mille's KING of The Greatest



CECIL B. DeMILLE'S masterpiece, "The King of Kings," will be exhibited simultaneously, beginning the week of October 1st, in an extensive list of popular motion picture theatres.

Sixteen stars of first brilliance in the cast, five thousand characters, backgrounds of majestic beauty and pageantry and the most soul-stirring story of all time. In sheer drama and pictorial magnificence, it will hold you spellbound.

As an attraction playing in theatres usually devoted to the legitimate drama, "The King of Kings," showing at advanced prices during the past year, established box-office records and was called back two and even three times for repeat engagements.

Now Pathe releases it to all picture theatres. The entire family should see it. It provides gripping entertainment for all ages, all creeds, all classes. The experience of seeing this immortal, emotional drama will leave a cherished memory.

Among the thousands of theatres which will season, these beautiful houses will show it

ARKANSAS Hot Springs Royal & Spa Fort Smith Palace Fayetteville Palace El Dorado Mission	CALIFORNIA Los Angeles Criterion Long Beach State Santa Barbara California Sacramento Alhambra Pittsburg California	COLORADO Denver State Pueblo Majestic Greeley New Tenth St. Sterling Rialto Montrose Dreamland Delta Colonial	CONNECTICUT Hartford Allyn Norwalk Regent & Palace Waterbury Strand New Britain Strand Middletown Capitol Danbury Empress Ansonia Capitol Willimantic Gem	ILLINOIS Springfield Lyric Champaign Orpheum Danville Terrace DeKalb DeKalb Kewanee Rialto Lincoln Lincoln Belvidere Apollo Princeton Apollo Morris Royal Watseka Star Hillsboro Grand Pana Palace Paris Paris	INDIANA South Bend Granada Fort Wayne Jefferson Evansville Coliseum Terre Haute Indiana Elkhart Orpheum La Porte La Porte	INDIANA Bloomington Indiana Frankfort Conley Hammond De Luxe Kokomo Indiana Mishawaka Temple	IOWA Iowa City Pastime Mason City Cecil Oskaloosa Rivoli Red Oak Beardsley Shenandoah Empress Decorah Grand	KANSAS Topeka Cosy Coffeyville Tackett Winfield Regent Emporia Strand Concordia Whiteway Leavenworth Strand Dodge City Crown Newton Regent	KENTUCKY Louisville Mary Anderson Lexington Strand Henderson Grand	MAINE Augusta Opera House Lewiston Empire Brunswick Cumberland	MASSACHUSETTS Milford State Detroit State Grand Rapids Regent Battle Creek Post Lansing Capitol Kalamazoo Capitol Saginaw Franklin Bay City Orpheum Flint Regent Jackson Rex Ann Arbor Wuerth Port Huron Desmond Pontiac Oakland Ypsilanti Martha Washington	MICHIGAN Alligan Regent Albion Censor Ironwood Rex Calumet Calumet Hancock Kerredge	MISSOURI St. Louis New Grand Central Kansas City Globe Columbia Columbia Hannibal Star Clinton Lee Kirksville Kennedy Trenton Hubbell	MONTANA Billings Babcock Bozeman Ellen Miles City Liberty Livingston Orpheum	NEBRASKA Beatrice Ritz York Opera House Holdrege Sun Wayne Crystal Falls City Rivoli Scotts Bluff Egyptian	NEW HAMPSHIRE Rochester Scenic Keene Scenic Berlin Princess Concord Capitol Portsmouth Colonial
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If your favorite picture theatre is not listed here, ask the

The Last Supper



Prices KINGS

by Jeanie Macpherson

*Picture Ever Produced
can now be seen in every
motion picture theatre*

exhibit "THE KING OF KINGS" this
within the next few weeks

NEW JERSEY
Newark Mosque
Jersey City Stanley
Paterson Fabian
Newton Newton

NEW MEXICO
Albuquerque Kimo
Carlsbad Crawford
Portales Majestic

NEW YORK
New York City
All Keith-Albee &
Proctor's Theatres in
Metropolitan District
Buffalo Lafayette
Albany Strand
Troy Troy
Schenectady State
Haverstraw Capitol

NORTH CAROLINA
Winston-Salem Colonial
New Bern Show Shop
Statesville Playhouse
Wilson Lyric
Concord Concord
Elizabeth City Carolina

NORTH DAKOTA
Grand Forks Metropolitan
Bismark Capitol
Minot Strand

OHIO
Cincinnati Lyric
Cleveland Hippodrome
Columbus Southern
Toledo
Princess-Paramount
Dayton Colonial
Hamilton Palace
Chillicothe Sherman
Troy Mayflower
Greenville Wayne

OKLAHOMA
Hobart Oklahoman
Sapulpa Empress
Clinton Family
Picher Mystic

OREGON
Portland Oriental
Salem Elsinore
La Grande Arcade
The Dalles Empress
Eugene McDonald
Corvallis Whiteside

PENNSYLVANIA
Philadelphia Stanton
Pittsburgh Stanley
Erie Strand
Lancaster Capitol
Allentown Cameo
Harrisburg

Loew's Regent
Williamsport Keystone
Shenandoah Capitol
Bethlehem Savoy
Shamokin Capitol
Lebanon Jackson
New Castle Cathedral
Auditorium
McKeesport J.P. Harris
Pottsville Hollywood
E. Stroudsburg Plaza
Washington

Harris-State
Greenville Strand
Lehigh Park
Milton Legionaire
Beaver Falls Rialto

RHODE ISLAND
Pawtucket Leroy
Woonsocket Rialto

SOUTH CAROLINA
Charleston Academy

SOUTH DAKOTA
Yankton Dakota
Redfield Lyric
Lead Homestake

TENNESSEE
Nashville
Loew's Vendome

Knoxville Booth
Johnson City Liberty
Jackson Gem

TEXAS
Dallas Capitol

TEXAS
San Antonio Aztec
Austin Hancock
Galveston Martini
Lubbock Palace
Brownwood Lyric
Mineral Wells Grand

UTAH
Salt Lake City Gem
Provo Strand

VERMONT
Burlington Majestic
Montpelier Playhouse
St. Johnsbury Palace
Bellows Falls
Opera House

VIRGINIA
Richmond Loew's State
Roanoke American
Norfolk Norva
Danville Rialto

WASHINGTON
Seattle Columbia
Spokane Clemmer
Bellingham Avalon
Olympia Avalon

WEST VIRGINIA
Wheeling Court
Charleston Capitol
Clarksburg Ritz
Huntington Lyric
Morgantown

Metropolitan
Fairmount Virginia

WISCONSIN
Milwaukee Alhambra
Racine Rex
Kenosha Kenosha
Beaver Dam Odeon
Superior Princess
Two Rivers Rivoli
Waupun Waupun
Sheboygan Sheboygan

WYOMING
Casper America
Laramie Crown
Torrington Wyoming
Rawlins Strand



Raising of Lazarus



Pathé

Exchange, Inc.

Offices in 32 American Cities

Manager when he is going to show "The King of Kings."



Clive Brook

Dry-point by W. TATES

Screenland

NOVEMBER 1939

Honor Page



☞ In 'The Perfect Crime' Clive Brook introduced to the screen a new type of villain whose meanness is all above the neck.

Clive Brook

HE IS a living exhibit in refutation of all the 'Smile' slogans. He is a heart-breaker who doesn't try to hide the wife and two babies.

He has had a claim on this page since he played 'Rolls Royce' in *Underworld*.

He has given *Forgotten Faces* never-to-be-forgotten fame.

And he is the rightful owner of this Honor Page because he is the outstanding artist of the month.

☞ Clive Brook wears his clothes like a gentleman and his honors lightly.





Emil Jannings in his garden in Hollywood. He is making a talking picture about a German-American bartender.

GENIUS

An Editorial by
ELIOT KEEN

HERE is a picture of Emil Jannings with an editorial of its own. He descends the steps to you. His picture, *The Patriot*, marks the highest art of the screen. To reach this magnificence, Jannings has continuously descended, nearer and nearer to the common heart of humanity, the fundamental emotions that stay with us through all our days even down to the dregs. *Variety* was the story of a murderer; *The Way of all Flesh* revealed the soul of one outcast, and *The Last Command* told the greater loss of a man's mind. Jannings descends to the true universal realities and all can understand him.

These fundamentals are yours to use for your success and to win you friends. They are the keys that unlock the hearts of strangers. Robert Browning told us of them long ago:

"Love, hope, fear, faith—these make humanity."

The Newest PICTURE GIRL

KATHRYN leaves

the Legit

By Ruth Maier



Glenn Tryon has a new leading lady in 'The Kid's Clever.' Her name is Kathryn Crawford, and—yes, the Kid's Clever!



Give her regards to Broadway—Kathryn Crawford is too busy making pictures in Hollywood to convey her greetings in person.

A GIRL stood behind the counter of a department store measuring off ribbon. "A yard and a half? Yes, madam. Here's your change, madam—thank you."

"Say, Kathryn," the girl at the next counter leaned over, "want to go on a party tonight?"

Kathryn Crawford, who had just rolled up the last loop and replaced the bolt of ribbon on the shelf, smiled her thanks and shook her head. "I've got to study," she replied.

The other girl laughed. "Study!" she exclaimed. "What do you get out of that? Come on and have some fun."

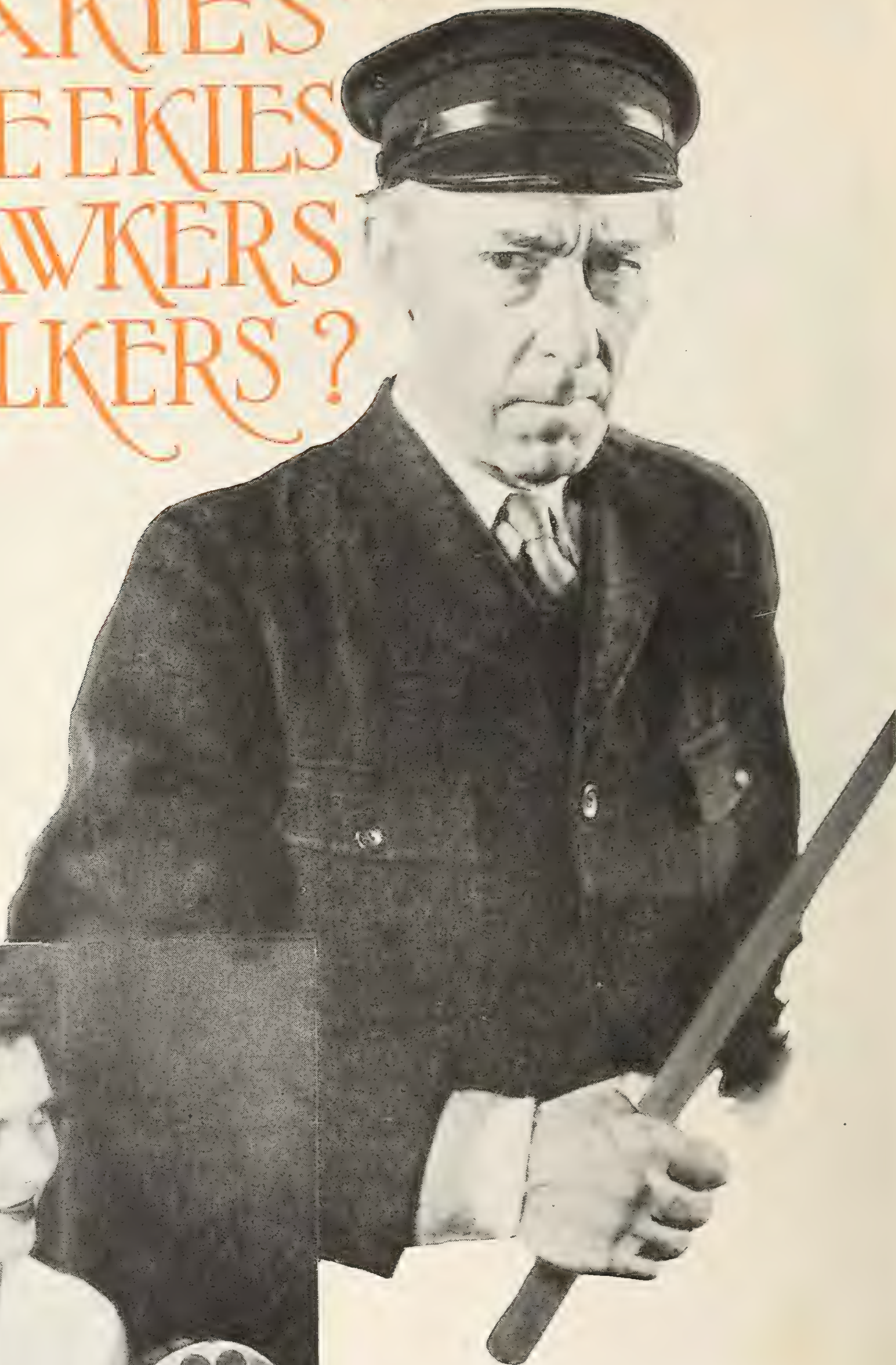
Today the other girl is still measuring ribbon and Kathryn Crawford is driving to the Universal Studio to report for work as leading lady on a new production. The transition has taken three years.

From the time that the sixteen-year-old girl graduated from the Huntington Park High School near Los Angeles, to today, when she is being groomed for individual stardom, she has been out on her own. By her work in a department store during the day, she earned the money to study dancing and singing at night, denying herself many things to accomplish her purpose. A rather stirring picture, that—this frail girl, coming home after a hard

(Continued on page 100)

SPEAKIES SQUEEKIES SQUAWKERS OR TALKERS?

☞ Tully Marshall is a veteran actor who believes that talking pictures will bring back the lost art of speakin' c'rectly.



EVERY new mechanical invention claims its martyrs. Early lithography slaughtered the great works of proud artists. Our immediate ancestors who faced the exciting adventures of the first photography are now laughed at in the cardboard pages of the family album. Only the luckiest pioneers of the

☞ Voices must be trained today in Hollywood and Jean Arthur is giving the microphone a little exercise.

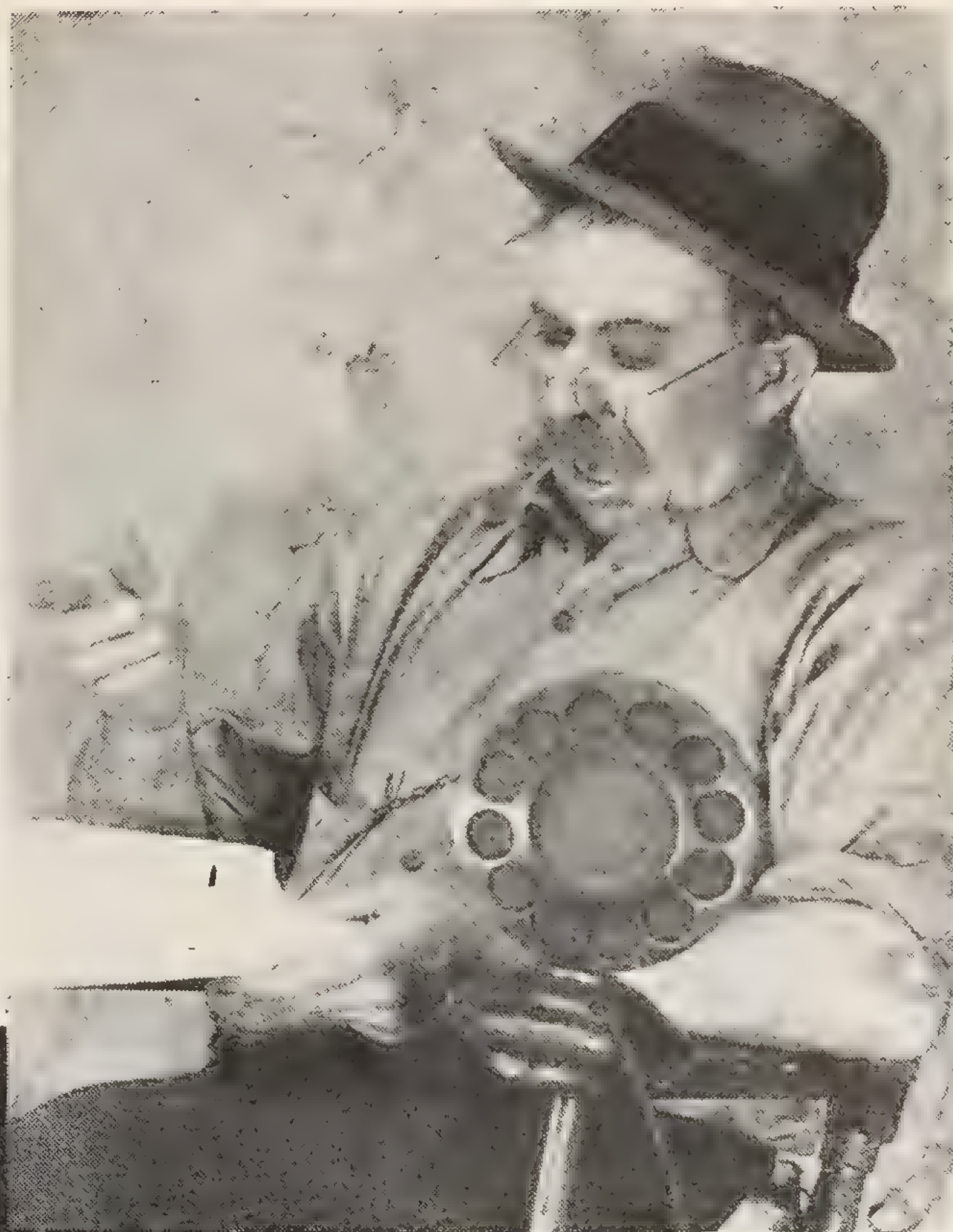
primitive movies survived flickering destruction. And now those excited souls who so gaily address this new art-expression known as the talkers, the

by Rob Wagner

Hollywood is learning to dot its I's and cross its T's for Talking Pictures.

speakies, the noisies and the squeakies are taking their artistic lives in their hands.

The reason for this martyrdom is based upon the fundamental fact that no mechanical device can ever record that elusive something we feel by direct contact. And 'that elusive something' may be the keynote of the artist's charm. A device such as a mirror or the radio may reproduce the image or the voice with deceptive fidelity, but the moment the image or the voice are impressed upon a record



☞ Chester Conklin training his warble.



☞ Vera Steadman finds her voice in good shape.



☞ Gladys Brockwell, in 'Lights of New York' made the first sound hit in feminine roles.

and then reproduced, not from the thing itself but from the record, we enter the realm of physical mechanics with all its limitations and editings. At its best a mechanical reproduction is imperfect; at its worst it is terrible.

At present voice reproduction from sound records is far from perfect, and though vast strides are being made toward mechanical improvement, there will always lurk strange and unaccountable factors that will edit the result.

Even in its present high state of development we are familiar with the inexplicable mysteries of motion picture photography. How, for instance, when testing two blondes with apparently identical coloring, one will 'wash out' as a minus blonde and the other darken up into a plus blonde. In fact, so deceptive is the mechanical recording process known as photography, that one of the most beautiful stars of the screen is downright plain in real life, while Winifred Kingston, one of the prettiest girls in Movieland, had to give up hopelessly before the camera.

Thus, in the reproduction of the human voice, the speakies are showing some very surprising results, exalting those whose voices are 'in sympathy' with the mechanical device and discarding those who develop discordancies. Yet in spite of these unaccountable results certain definite facts are emerging.

For instance we are learning that—as in the radio—men's voices generally reproduce better than do women's. Almost without

(Cont. on page 93)

NEW Lovers, for the Hollywood LADIES

Q Fresh Faces Add Zest to Pictures and the Generous Movie Girls Share Their Success with the Newcomers.

By Delight Evans



Q George Dur-yea, the boy friend of 'The Godless Girl.'



Q The delicate charm of Vilma Banky finds stalwart support in Walter Byron, who is Ronald Colman's successor as Miss Banky's leading man in 'The Awakening.'

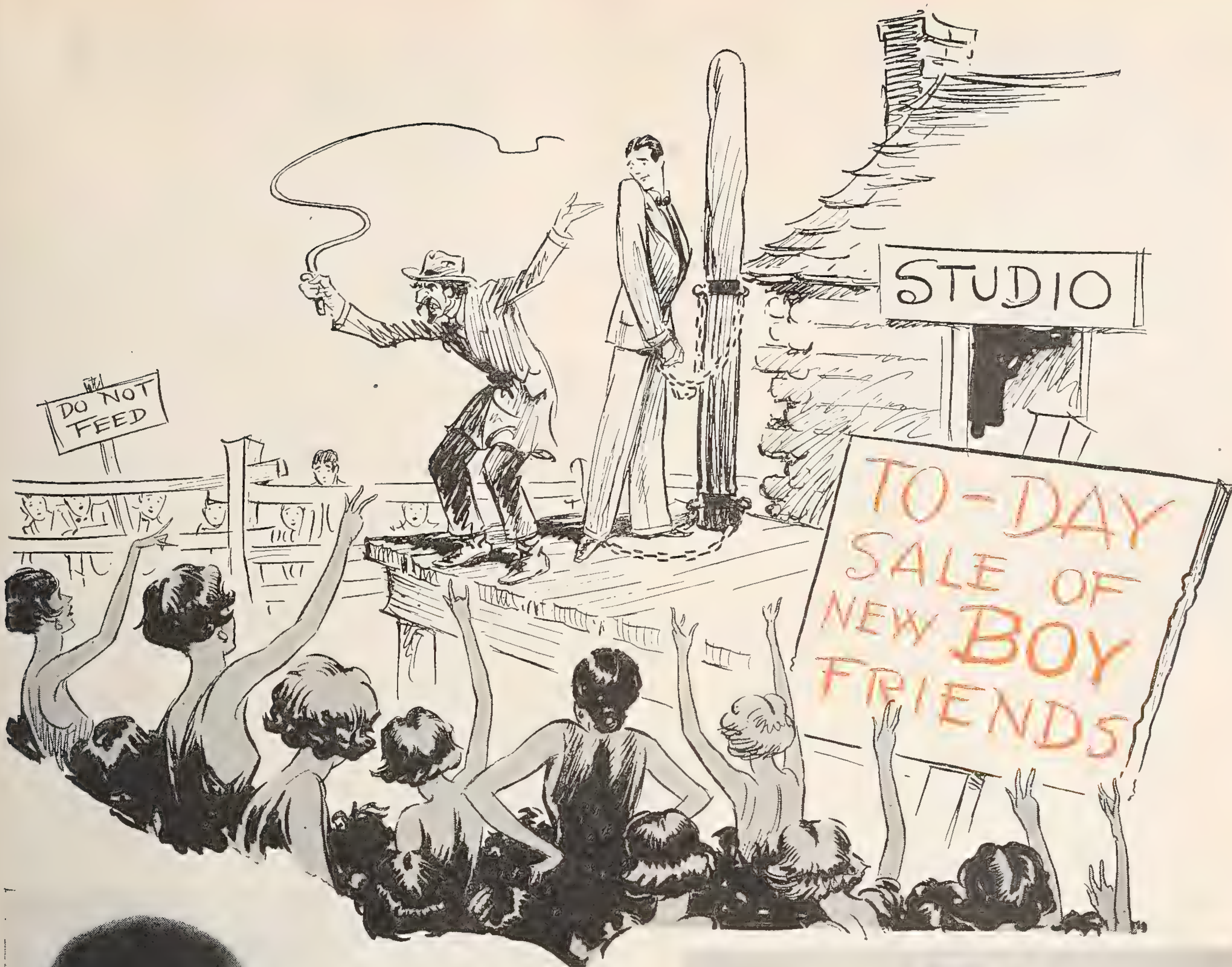
LIVE and let love.

Ah, Love! What a wonderful thing it is, anyway—or is it?

Take Hollywood, for instance. Maybe it's the 'wood' in Hollywood that makes it the garden spot for lovers. Sort of a Forest of Arden effect, or what not. Cupid hangs out in Hollywood. He has tried everything—Venice in moonlight, Paris in June, England in April, and Central Park benches in summer; but he always comes back. He can't help himself. Like the actors, come to rest like tired turtle-doves after their troupings, Cupid too, has settled down in Hollywood—bought himself one of those pink stucco places with swimming pool and patio, and squatted. He says he's happy. There's always plenty of work for him to do. Home, to Cupe, is where the

heart is. And why not? Love's love, no matter how you splice it.

This seems to be the open season for movie lovers. Is there anything lovelier than Fall, anyway? Yes; falling in love. Oh, now——! Out where the zest begins, the picture girls change their lovers with their moods. No wonder the Hollywood leading men are so clean-cut; they



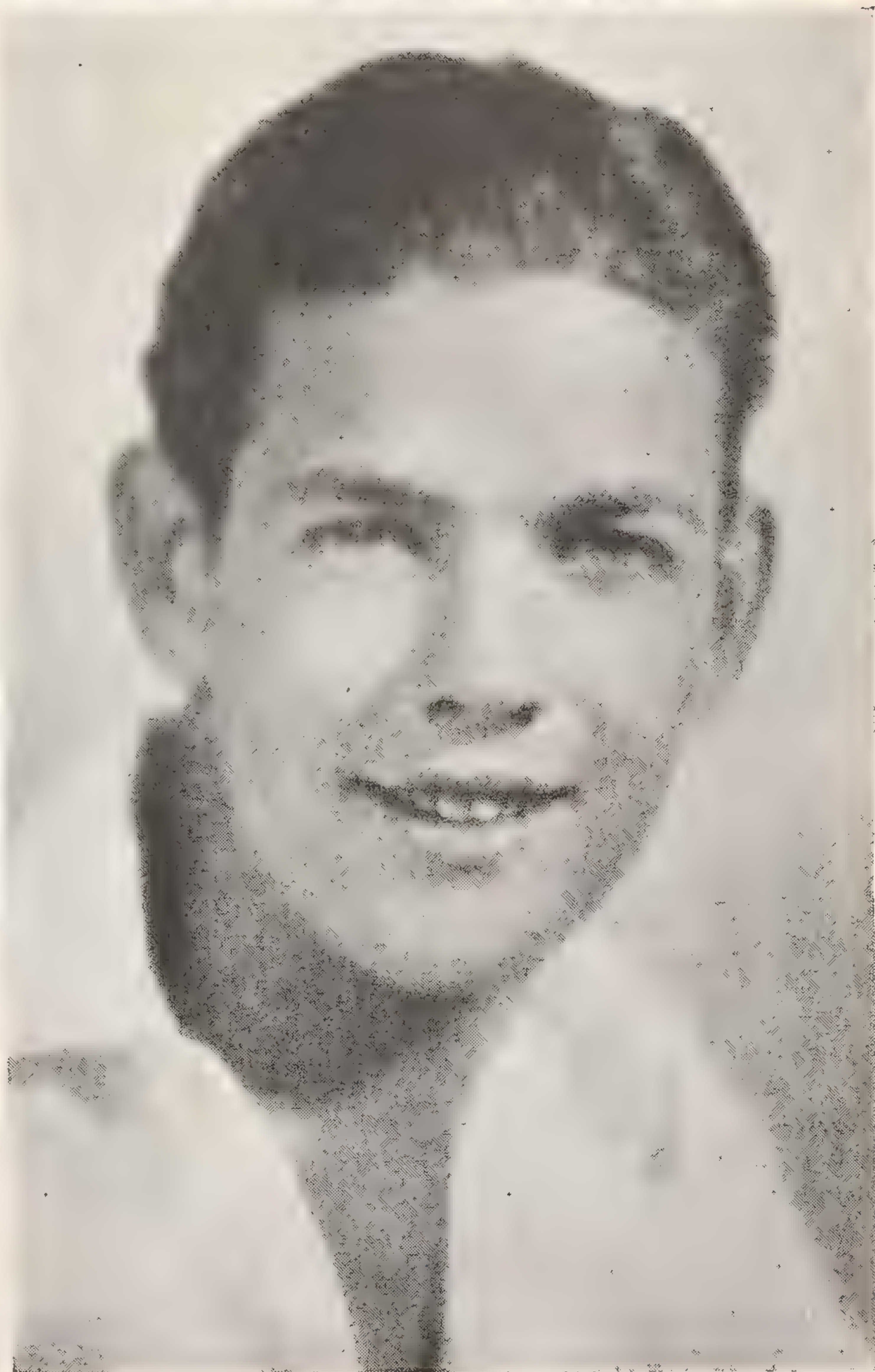
☞ Every young actor in pictures looks forward to the day when the bidding starts.



☞ A new leading man from England—John Loder.



☞ John Boles is both seen and heard in 'The Last Warning.'



☞ In 'The Air Circus' David Rollins soars to popularity.

are changed so often. If Hollywood ladies seem fickle it is only the old law of supply and demand asserting itself. The public wants change and the movie stars do, too. There is practically no argument.

Besides, the picture girls are human. Don't you suppose they ever get tired of being hugged by the same dodo film in, film out? Of course they do. And if they get tired, how about (Cont. on page 90)



¶ Charlie Chaplin, the genius of comedy.

The BOY *who LOVED his* MOTHER

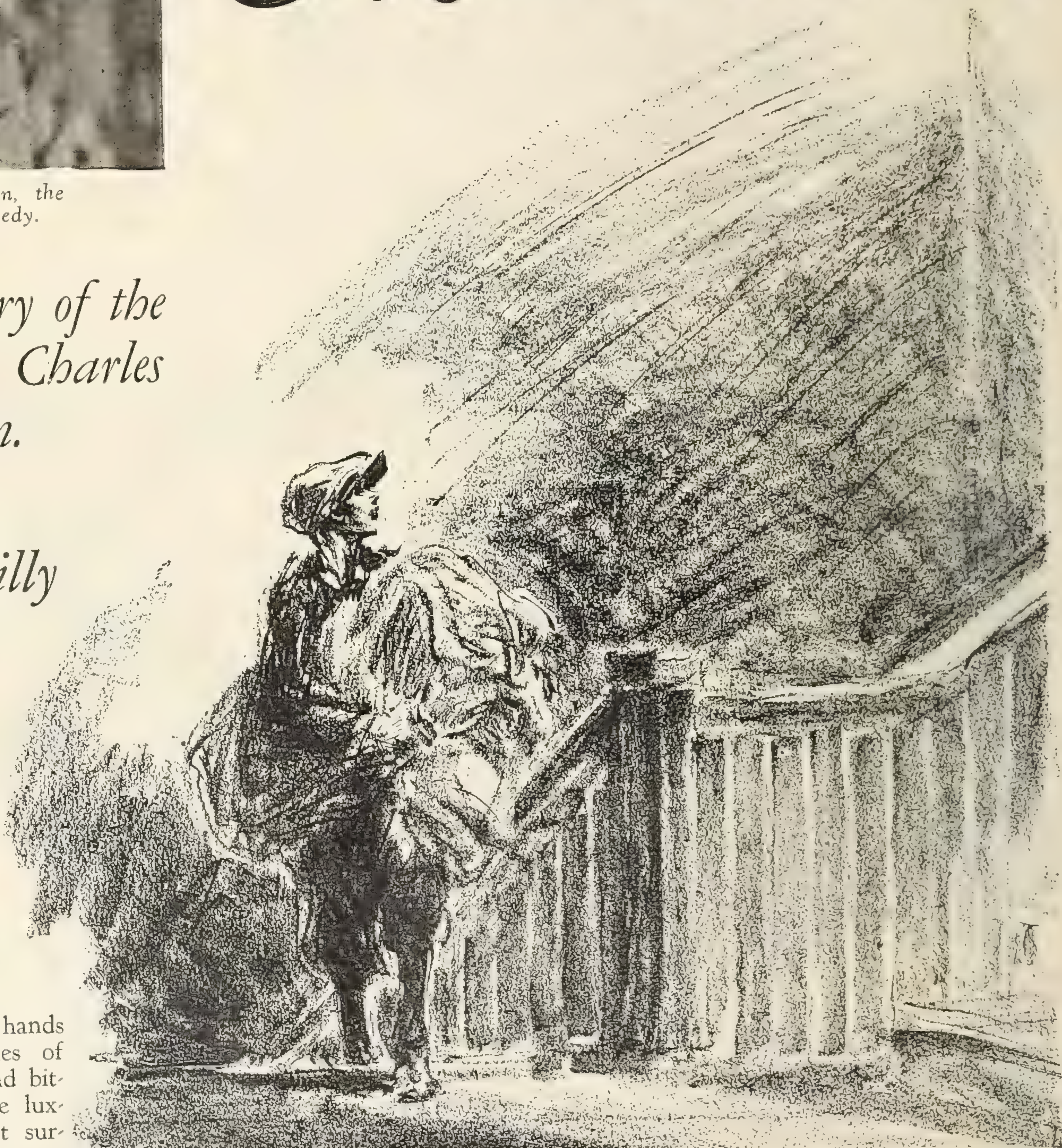
¶ *The story of the life of Charles Chaplin.*

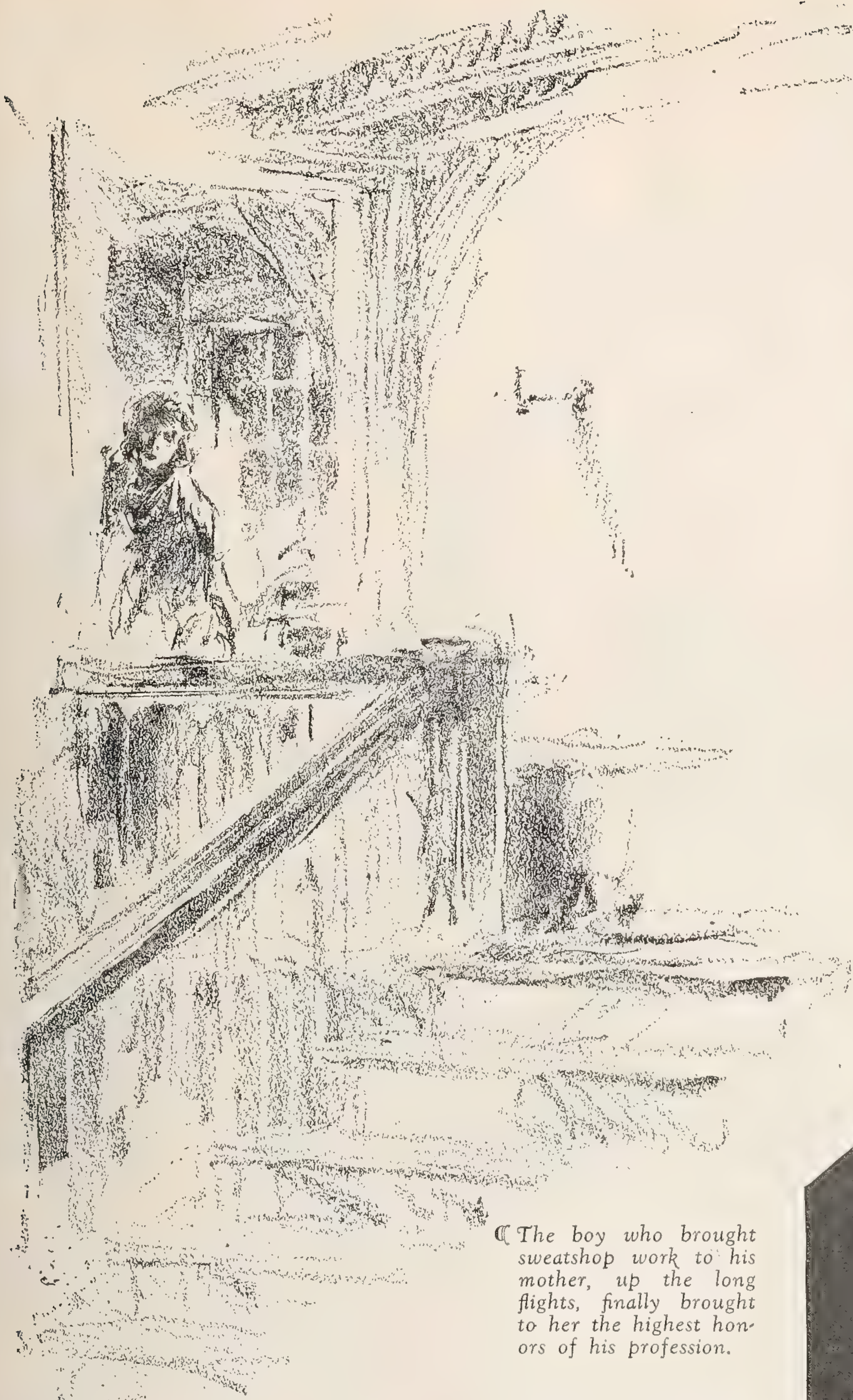
By Rosa Reilly

LILY HARLEY lay dying in the Physicians' and Surgeons' Hospital in Glendale, California. She was sixty-one years old. Her finely moulded face and finely moulded hands were ravaged by lines of poverty, hard work and bitter want. Despite the luxurious atmosphere that surrounded her—the soft satin eiderdown that rested on her bed, the silver vases filled with flowers, the heavy quilted dressing gown, the bottles of ointments and eau de cologne that covered her dressing table—Lily Harley looked old far beyond her three-score years.

At her bedside sat her son, Charlie Chaplin, the greatest clown in the world. Brown hair streaked prematurely with gray. Brown eyes filled prematurely with sorrow. There was nothing he could do for her now. Three or

four times each day, this man, who has achieved his greatness by bringing laughter to half of the people in the world, would steal away from his work and sit quietly by the dying woman hoping that the cloud which had—at intervals—dimmed her brave spirit, might lift. So that she would know he was there to cheer her on her last cheerless journey as she had cheered him through the poverty and misery of his early years.





“The boy who brought sweatshop work to his mother, up the long flights, finally brought to her the highest honors of his profession.”

“The first artist of the movies.”

He took his linen handkerchief, dipped it into eau de cologne and gently wiped the wrinkled forehead and the dry, tired lips.

His mind went back thirty-four years to when Lily Harley was celebrated in English music halls for her magnificent voice. She sang character songs. And danced. And did imitations in an inimitable way. Her husband, Charlie Chaplin, (the comedian was named after his father) was a baritone whose memory is still revered in Great Britain. They both travelled in the same company but never in the same act. And their two children, Syd and Charlie, travelled with them. A happy, reckless, hand-to-mouth existence.

One night—the comedian recalled he must have been about five years old then—Lily made her stage entrance to sing her opening song. The first verse was scarcely

commenced when she heard a hoarse whisper from the wings. Smiling and dancing, giving her heart to her audience, she edged towards the voice. It was the wardrobe woman: “’Urry. Your ’usband’s took bad.”

As Lily Harley came to the end of her program—and to the limit of her endurance—she started offstage. The audience applauded tremendously. Lily Harley was scarcely conscious as she reached the wings, where she was pushed back on the stage. “Tyke your bows, dearie,” the wardrobe woman whispered. And then when the singer was out of earshot, she added: “No use to ’urry now.” The voice of Charlie Chaplin, England’s popular baritone, was stilled forever.

In California, five thousand

(Continued on page 78)



DOROTHY Gift Coat

☞ *This beautiful coat will be sent to the writer of the best letter answering the question. Think out your answer and write briefly. It will sharpen your wits; and the prize, if you are the fortunate winner, will add to your appearance.*

DOROTHY MACKAILL is one of the most alluring girls in pictures and she is the most modernistic. Her style is the style of the girl who has made the flapper old-fashioned and obsolete. Her trimness has a distinction, her laugh has abandon. Her type is the product of Prohibition and Freud. She is a new note on the screen where romping tomboys have romped and home girls and vamps have shown their stuff.

The modern girl is first of all proud of being a woman and counts sex as not necessarily clashing with intelligence. She wears her clothes with assurance and while she responds to the call of Whoopee, she sets the pace herself.

Do you like the modern girl? Dorothy Mackaill wants to know.

The coat is of needlepoint cloth trimmed with nutria fur and is cut in the stylish boxcoat model.

Address—DOROTHY MACKAILL

SCREENLAND Contest Department

49 West 45th Street

New York City

Contest closes November 10, 1923

MACKAILL'S

¶ The question you must answer. Do you approve of the modern type of girl? Why? If not, why not?

¶ This stylish coat will be won by a girl who is smart and not afraid to try. Does that describe you? Anyone may enter the contest. If a man wins, the coat is his.



¶ Dorothy Mackaill wearing the coat which she offers for the best answer to her question. Cover the subject cleverly and the coat may cover you.

FOX APPEAL

By Grace Kingsley



☞ Patsy Ruth Miller setting the style.

"To be giving your wife a birthday party after you have been married to her for five years is surely a sweet gesture, isn't it?" demanded Patsy. "You know by that time it is usually wife who is giving hubby a birthday party."

All of which led up to the information that Patsy and I were invited to a birthday party which William Russell was giving for his wife, Helen Ferguson, who of late has deserted the screen for the stage, although Billy Russell himself still sticks to the films.

When we arrived at Helen's and Bill's beautiful home in Beverly Hills, it did just seem as though everybody in the film world was there. Their house is a sort of Old English on the outside, but is largely Italian period within—and somehow so entirely homelike and hospitable in its atmosphere.

"Helen and Bill are very happy," exclaimed Patsy. "Helen gives up a good deal of social life with her old group of girl friends, in order to devote herself when not at the theatre to her husband and the care of her home, and Billy allows Helen to play in the theatre, and never thinks of



☞ Doris Hill may sneer at stockings now but what will she do when Christmas rolls around?

making another engagement when he can be with her. Both are wise."

Almost the first person we met was Monte Blue, who came back from the South Seas only to go over to Europe. He was very busy debunking the South Sea Islands for a group of listeners, saying that all the romance has gone out of them.

We asked him about the foreign studios, and he said that he found the German studios very formal.

"The studio gate keeper bows to the office boy, and the office boy bows to the stenographer, and the stenographer bows to his boss, and everybody bows to the visitor.

I took seventeen bows at the Ufa studios alone!"

Monte Blue's beau-

☞ Phyllis Haver is going in for tan as far as possible.

¶ *New holds and clinches from distant places. Hollywood embraces the opportunity.*

¶ *From the South Seas we get the Mammy Palaver or nose rub. James Hall and Clara Bow are working out the modern version, the Red Hot Mama Palaver.*



¶ *Joan Crawford and Johnny Mack Brown illustrating the old parlor pastime known as Flying Into a Pet or Love at First Night.*



timed, Klieg-lighted, and figured out; but still, considering the handicaps, they do as well as could be expected. Their slogan is "Osculate than never." Often a poor little screen player gets so accustomed to forcing her partner's head around back to the camera that when her boy friend comes he thinks he must have called at the wrong house, on Mrs. Zbyszko or something.

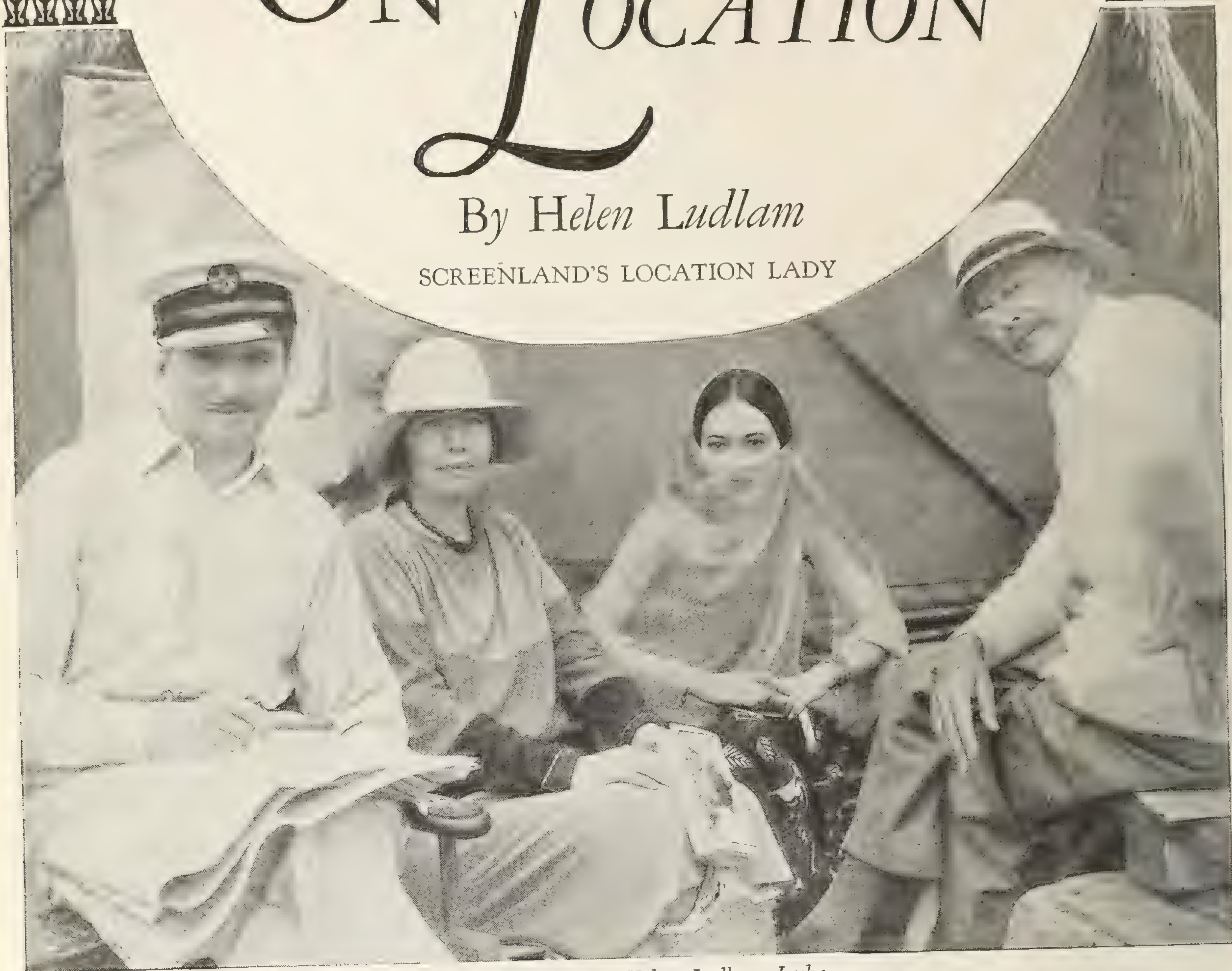
Love is grand. You can't fool when it comes to expressing a deep classical passion, whether you kiss her in Santa Monica or on her request.

FROM the torrid sands of the Coral Islands to the cold pavements of Broadway the natives are all engaged or about to be on the fine art of petting. It is therefore interesting to see how the techniques compare. In Hollywood making love is, of course, all

ON LOCATION

By Helen Ludlam

SCREENLAND'S LOCATION LADY



© Phillip Strange, Helen Ludlam, Laska Winters and Alfred Hickman on location with 'The Rescue' company.

"**H**ow about running down to Malibu tomorrow to see what we are doing on *The Rescue*?" said Herbert Brenon who is directing Ronald Colman and Lily Damita in Joseph Conrad's story.

Malibu! The newest playground of the screen stars! And the wily Mr. Brenon who has one of the loveliest cottages down there had picked out a bit of the ocean not a mile away from the colony and had 'The Hermit' anchored there.

To be sure it was only part of the coast line that matched up with the Santa Cruze location where the land action had taken place, but everyone chaffed Mr. Brenon about the soft spot he had picked for himself. It was fine for Ronald Colman, too, who also has a cottage at Malibu, but for Lily Damita, the French demoiselle Samuel Goldwyn brought back with him from Paris to succeed Vilma Banky as Ronald's screen sweetheart, and for the rest of the company, it was just too bad, because they had to journey the fifty miles from Hollywood each day.

Would I go! Well, try and stop me!

It has been said by those who should know that the California Riviera will, in a few years, rival the Italian one. I can't step in on that argument, never having been in Italy, but I must say that California's Riviera is lovely

enough to hold me for a season. And then for twenty miles you drive along an almost perfect road with the ocean not two hundred feet away and on the other side the mountains rising sheer.

Just before you get to the screen colony where the cottages are built right on the sand between the road and the ocean, you come to a long dock at the end of which a private launch waited to take us to 'The Hermit,' riding at anchor just a short distance out. We were first greeted by Bill Collins who is water technician. Which means that he handles all the detail connected with the water scenes, such as finding and negotiating for the best boat to suit the purposes of the picture and a thousand and one other things. Bill has been on Frank Lloyd's staff for years, and handled the water sequences for *The Divine Lady*, *The Sea Hawk* and others. It was just an accident that he got into pictures—"if it hadn't happened I suppose I'd still be working on the coast of our little New England village for \$200 a month," he said.

There was a thatched cottage built in the centre of the boat and around on the deck sprawled a motley crew waiting to be called to work. These 'natives' were supposed to be a band of marauders whose leader was Sojin. Sojin always plays villains in pictures; I don't know why, except that he wears scimitars and daggers so successfully. But it



☞ Lily Damita, Ronald Colman, Herbert Brenon and Theodore Von Eltz illustrating the pull they have with the rest of us.

takes a lot of make-up to make his face look cruel, and a heavy frown to hide the kindness of his eyes.

The thing that interested me about the 'natives' was that they all had, for men, very long and luxuriant growths of hair which I discovered were real.

There was a powerful and handsome young man, stripped, save for a loin cloth and a necklace of human teeth which he had probably extracted from his unfortunate victim's head after the kill. This fierce personage turned out to be none other than Duke Kahanamoku, world-champion swimmer, who gave up his place in the Olympic Games to play in *The Rescue*, his first important part in pictures.

Oh, Hollywood! Enchantress of the world! Do your eyes grow brighter and your full lips redder while musing on the victims you have lured to disillusionment and death? Or is your beauty fed by those who have stood the cruel



☞ Dorothy Arzner directing Richard Arlen in the smiling fashion which has made her our finest woman director.

test of sacrifice, hunger, discouragement, the temptations that loneliness brings, and overcome them, hoping for a smile from you? Your smile—the fulfillment of their highest thoughts. If that is true then it must be good to serve you. For a smile means happiness, and happiness is a bit of God.

But we digress. We digress indeed!

There in all the glory of the morning sun stood the stalwart Duke and not far off

looking dejectedly out at sea was an Indian Prince—by jove!—another mistake. The Indian Prince is your old friend John Davidson who, in *The Rescue*, is Ronnie's friend. His dejected appearance might have been the result

of a five-thirty call so that he would be sure to be on the ship all made up at nine. Otherwise he might not be ready for the scene which would be taken at three or possibly four in the afternoon. What was he (Cont. on page 84)

IN NEW

By Anne Bye



☞ Tommy Meighan, having made 'The Mating Call,' came back to his home in Great Neck, Long Island, for a rest—and all the rest.

☞ When the Hollywood Workers Come to Broadway to Play.



BROADWAY is all a-buzz. We have taken a new lease on life, love, and the pursuit of whoopee, what with fall and screen stars coming on, and new revues and clothes coming off, and—and everything. And just to keep us excited, we have had two Hollywood beauties in our midst—two stars whom New York has been just palpitating to see. One has never visited us before; the other hasn't been here since she climbed to film fame. I give you—Dolores del Rio and Sue Carol. Wait a minute—stand back, there. I can't give them to you. They belong to Hollywood, and Hollywood is jealous of her rights. But I can give you a glimpse of them, can't I? You can't stop me.

Altogether, then: Dolores—del—Rio! Del Rio means river. No, it doesn't, either. It means Romance. Wait till you see her. Carramba! Also, zounds. And hoopla. Dolores, on her first visit to Manhattan, gave the town such a kick as it hasn't had since Anna Held took her first milk shake. You see, Dolores is that kind of a star. She doesn't bathe in milk—she drinks it. What I mean is, she sparkles. She's glamorous, and all those other adjectives. Dark, glowing beauty—the most intense brown eyes I ever saw, with the longest and curliest lashes—they say she may have to have them boyish-bobbed to keep them out of her hair. Measuring Dolores and Greta Garbo eyelash to eyelash, I don't know which would win. Anyway, Dolores wears her jet-black hair parted in the middle and drawn back just as it is in her pictures. Of course, you have been seeing her only as Ramona, you poor souls, and so you'd hardly be prepared for the vivid, Parisienne figure she presents in person. No smocks and shifts for the real del Rio. Long jade earrings, jewelled bracelets, beautiful imported gowns. She is little—much tinier than you'd expect; and graceful—you'd know that; and so very much alive. Her gestures are quick and expressive.



☞ The brilliant beauty of Dolores Del Rio gave the Broadway electric signs a little competition, before she sailed for Europe.



☞ Joe Brown of 'The Hit of the Show' is also a hit on New York's Main Street, where he played in musical comedies before the movies claimed him.

YORK



☞ "Howdy!" says Bebe Daniels as she alighted at Hadley Field, N. J., from her transcontinental 30-hour flight by airmail plane from Los Angeles. She came east for a vacation visit with Mr. and Mrs. Tom Meighan.

And yet, with all the beauty and charm and glamour, she is curiously direct and honest and outspoken. She'll be frank with you. She says exactly what she thinks. There are none of the coquetties and evasions and posturings you might excuse in so picturesque a creature. Dolores has depth. It shows on the screen, making her the fine actress that she is. It's a quality of sincerity. It makes her not only a fascinating girl, but a gallant one.

"I live for one thing only," she says in her low voice. "Work! I love it. A picture actress must love it to be willing to make all the sacrifices a film career demands of her. It absorbs her whole life. When she is not actually working before the camera from nine until six or so she is posing for pictures, or having interviews, or costume fittings. She has no time to herself. She has to love it!

"I was never so happy in my life!" she exclaimed. She has surprisingly little accent, considering she couldn't speak a word of English when she first came to Hollywood three years ago. "When I lived in Mexico City I was just a girl. I knew nothing but my home, and social

duties, and my music. It is only since I have been in pictures that I have really found myself. Now I am a woman—I have work to do—and I love it!"

Dolores seems awfully sensible for such a beautiful girl. She says in five years she will leave the screen—absolutely. "You know, a movie star's career is short. Only youth can please the camera. Later, still a young woman, a star is passe. Maybe wrinkles come. Before then I will go. I will try the stage."

She has a voice, you know. She has made records of *Ramona* and a little Mexican song for Victor. She has also warbled over the radio. But she much prefers to remain silent. No talkers for her.

"I'll bet you do!" I said with a sickly smile. I expected a vase thrown in my general direction—I had just finished reading Van Vechten's *Spider Boy*, and Latin stars are supposed to be so temperamental.

Dolores is not. She said: "I'll bet I don't! The motion picture is an art. It is pantomime. It needs no words. Let it stay so. Sure!"

She'll say 'Sure' right in the midst of her exquisite English. It's nice.

☞ Sweet Sue Carol arriving in New York. She sailed on the *Leviathan* that afternoon—to play opposite Nick Stuart in the continental location scenes of *Chasing Through Europe*.



Sixteen pictures in three years—she has earned her European vacation. She'll be back in two or three months and then make *Evangeline*. She finished *Revenge* before she left. It's her third picture with an R in it. She named it herself. It completes the trio: (Continued on page 94)

Turning the Corner Toward SUCCESS



Get down to work
and get up in
the world.

By Marion
Brooks Ritchie

Director Otto Brower,
Leading Lady Doris
Hill, Chief Assistant
Director Charles Barton
and Cameraman Roy
Clark. Below, at work
on 'Avalanche,' with
Jack Holt.



JUST take my hand, and we will see if we can manage to get by Kenneth at the information desk and in onto the Paramount lot.

Follow me down First Street, past Star Dressing Room Row—you know, Clara's and Richard's, Emil Janning's and Florence Vidor's—by the quiet-looking Valentino bungalow, the Old Barn, the restaurant, and through to the interior of Stage Four.

Be careful! Don't get too close. The Kliegs are all on; the music has started, and they must be all ready to go.

Shh-hh! Quiet, now.

"Camera!"

It is obviously a scene from a "western." The bar is on the left. Cowboys and dance-hall girls are around the set, away from the actual shooting, and you certainly can't miss seeing that old nickle-in-the-slot player piano.

The cameras are trained on a group seated around a table. They are playing cards. That girl dressed as a dance-hall girl and standing back of the dealer is, I am sure, Baclanova. And the cowboy, dealing the cards, is—why, of course, it's none other than my old friend, Jack Holt.

"Camera!"

In Hollywood, that word is called at least five thousand times a day. It holds the joys and heartaches, the hopes and even fears of almost millions. Today, on this particular set, to at least four people it means glorious joy and the hopes of years, fulfilled.

The picture is *Avalanche*. The young lady playing the lead opposite Jack Holt is Doris Hill. The good-looking fellow who shouted the word "Camera!" is Director Otto Brower. The smaller one, next

(Continued on page 96)



A. BACHRACH, Still Photographer

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

TOM MIX
in
"Son of the Golden West"

How sweet, how passing sweet, is solitude;
But grant me still a friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper—solitude is sweet.

—COWPER



EVELYN BRENT and William Powell in *Interference*—but obviously nothing can come between them.

Photograph by Hommel

SCREENLAND



LILLIAN GISH and Lars Hanson are the lovers in the forthcoming special production, *The Wind*.

Photograph by Ruth Harriet Louise





RAQUEL TORRES—she's *Itty* and she's pretty, so she is slated for success in Hollywood.

SCREENLAND



Raquel Torres

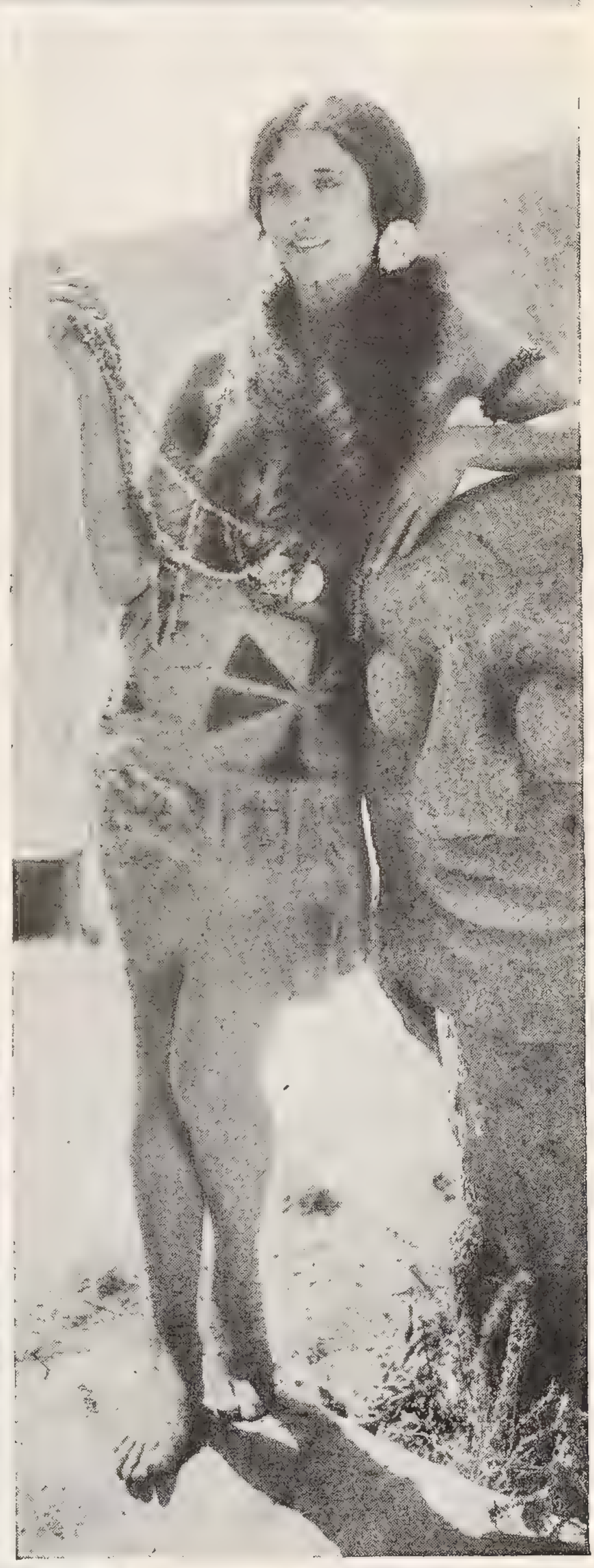
¶ *She Marched Down the Aisle and Right Up Onto the Screen.*

¶ Raquel and Monte Blue down in Tahiti. She supports Monte in 'White Shadows in the South Seas' and he returns the compliment

By Val Lewton

A BRIEF year ago she had been an usherette at Grauman's Chinese Theatre, Los Angeles. She had watched other stars sweep from their magnificent cars, through the applauding first-night crowds, and into the theatre. She had been a little envious of their furs, their jewels, their orchids. But never had she been hopeful of attaining to their position, of winning their wealth.

Tonight, however, it was her night. Her picture was opening at the Chinese Theatre. She swept out of her car and into the theatre. Here
(Cont. on page 98)



¶ Raquel Torres as the heroine of a south-sea cinema special casts a wicked shadow.

¶ "This way, please," said Raquel Torres in her usherette days—and her Mexican glance is still showing the movie customers to their seats.

CREATED *in* PARIS



☞ The latest from Paris! Norma Shearer wears a Lanvin evening gown of silver mesh with sequin motifs worked into ecru tulle. At the side is a tulle chou. Note the pointed hem line. Silver slippers are worn with this frock.



☞ Happy Norma—gowned by Paris for Hollywood parties! This frock of flesh-colored net is striped in folds of black net. A double rhinestone coil at the left hip holds a cascade of black tulle in place.

for Norma Shearer



¶ Norma Shearer went to Paris on her honeymoon-vacation with Irving Thalberg, and inspired the foremost couturieres to design some of their loveliest creations for her. Here she is wearing one of the smart new knee-length evening wraps.

¶ An old-rose ensemble designed by Chanel for Norma Shearer is printed in pale yellow and green daffodils. The blouse is fitted and the skirt is trimmed with rows of shirring. Her hat is a lovely shade of green.



Making *Movies* Among the Fish



☞ Director Nat Ross is commander of the submarines, George Robinson is at the camera, and Eddie Phillips stands below. The gentleman with the derby hat is doing his bit for art.

The Collegians Pool Their Interests



George Lewis is rescuing Yvonne Howell from a watery sequence. George is a great athlete. He has carried 'The Collegians' into its third edition.

DELIGHT EVANS' REVIEWS

¶ The most sophisticated motion picture ever made

The PATRIOT

¶ *Saluté!*

¶ Lewis Stone and Emil Jannings in the big scene of 'The Patriot'—directed and acted with matchless art.



WHEN you come up against a picture like this you wish you had Hooverized your adjectives. Here you have been scattering 'em all over the place on second-rate pictures, when along comes a really great one and leaves you gasping. There is nothing left but to turn hand-springs. Here are a few for *The Patriot*.

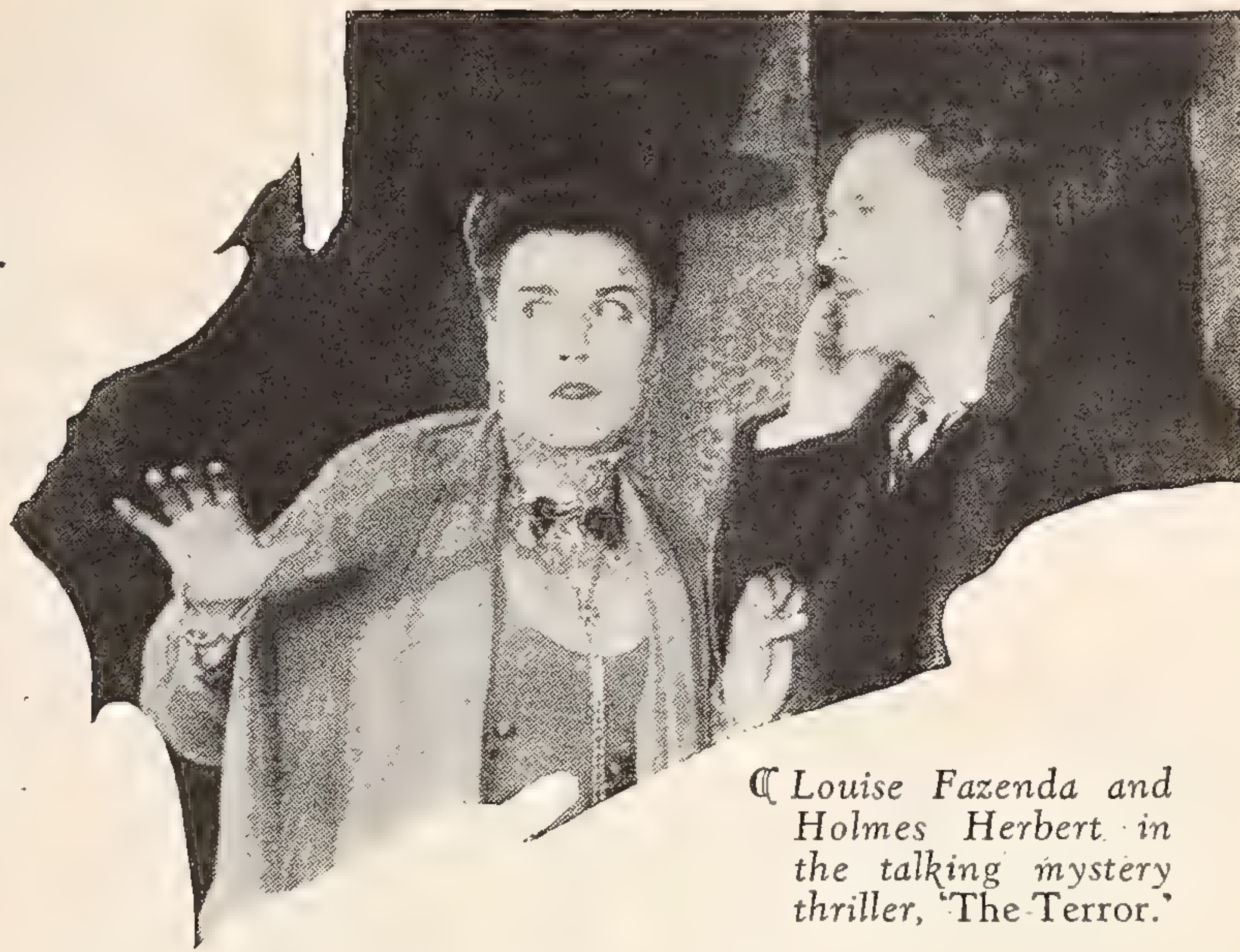
The most sophisticated picture ever made, this is a triumph for all concerned, including the audience. It marks the American reunion of those two German giants, Ernst Lubitsch and Emil Jannings. The heavenly twins of the cinema combine their genius on a dramatic story, and the result is inevitably a masterpiece. *The Patriot* is a little tribute for Paramount Pictures to the great American movie public—an indication that at least one motion picture company has sufficient respect for our intelligence to present us with a grown-up photoplay.

Here is a picture of imperial Russia in 1801, under the reign of Paul, the mad son of Catherine the Great. From the very beginning you are conscious that you have at last come upon a very nearly perfect motion picture play. Lubitsch directing—Jannings acting—Lewis Stone, Florence Vidor, Vera Veronina and Neil Hamilton assisting—all on their toes—what could be more exciting? It's Lubitsch's very best picture. It abounds in what producers and public have come to know as 'Ernst Lubitsch touches.' Sometimes they take the form of desperate drama; often they are highly comic—this Teuton has invented the movie epigram. There is no scene in movie history more amusing than that in which Lewis Stone, as Count Pahlen, right-hand-man of the czar, describes to his master in intimate detail his latest amorous adventure. No sub-titles are

necessary. And Lubitsch proves that in addition to supremacy in the sly innuendo he has a heart—a kind heart. The pathos in *The Patriot* is never forced. In a picture so stirring, so rich and dark and violent and lusty, it is good to find a tender touch. As for Jannings—he surpasses himself, and when you remember *The Last Laugh*, and *Variety*, and *The Way of All Flesh*, and all the others, you must admit there's no higher tribute. This actor gives what can only be called the greatest performance ever seen on the screen—or the stage either, as far as I'm concerned. His portrait of the imperial madman is perfection. It's a flamboyant part, yet Jannings never overplays. It is a repellant, a horrible part—but such is the art of this portly German that the lunatic Paul becomes at times a pitiful small boy lost in the mazes of an awful nightmare. Lewis Stone, too, is fine—very fine, as the conspirator-patriot, Pahlen. It's a typical Lewis Stone role, and has never been better played. The big scene in *The Patriot* is between the two men, Jannings and Stone. The czar pleads with his trusted Pahlen never to desert him—even as the Count is consummating his plan to do away with the madman whose whims are ruining Russia. This scene is directed and acted with matchless art. The feminine interest is beautifully upheld by Florence Vidor and Vera Veronina. Miss Vidor plays an aristocrat whose attachment for the Count is sacrificed in the interests of a better Russia. She is exquisite, aloof—and very alluring. Veronina, the only real Russian in the cast of this Russian drama, as the czar's mistress, is a delicious bit of feminine dynamite. She makes her occasional scenes count. *The Patriot* cannot be appreciated at one sitting. And when I say sitting, I mean standing room only, and such popularity must be deserved.

The TERROR

¶ The Scarer



¶ Louise Fazenda and Holmes Herbert in the talking mystery thriller, 'The Terror.'

Ow! What was that? Look behind you! Is that a h'ant? No, just an usher with her little lantern. But anything and everything seems mysterious when you're on the trail of *The Terror*. Sit next to people you know personally so that when you have to grab somebody in the excitement you'll surely be among friends. Those shrieks—you can't tell whether they are coming from the cast or the audience. *The Terror* is a talker on both sides of the screen. A screamer, I mean.

Shrieks and clutching hands and tapping sounds and stabs in the dark—it's a nice, blood-curdling evening you're in for. It seems there were strange doings at the Grange, or the Abbey—the old organ played when there was nobody around to play it; a strange old lady appeared on a stormy night from nowhere; and at intervals Louise Fazenda or May McAvoy or somebody sitting next to you emits a long howl, and you don't see how you can stand the strain a moment longer. Edgar Wallace wrote it, Roy Del Ruth directed, and everybody concerned seems to be in on a conspiracy to scare you to death. The plot? Why, the home of that gentle, peace-loving Alec B. Francis and his lovely little daughter, May McAvoy, is made miserable by the machinations of a sneaking villain. That's all. But it is plenty. Edward Everett Horton solves the mystery, on the screen and also the one about his own position in

pictures. I know now why Mr. Horton is generally considered such an engaging comedian. Give him any kind of a situation and he will talk his way out of it and right into your regard. He is an ingratiating man, and he will be a big drawing-card as long as the talkers are. Louise Fazenda also fares well in her first talking venture. She is a Beatrice Lillie character, with a voice that adds to her comedy attractions. Mr. Francis, John Miljan and Otto Hoffman are outstandingly interesting. *The Terror* is a pioneer picture—the very first to eliminate the sub-title in favor of the spoken word. The title, cast, directorial and camera and author credits are all announced by a sort of dignified Mistah Bones, who then retires and lets the cast speak for themselves. And they do a good job of it. Now a lot of people are going to take you aside and tell you that the surface of the speakies has only just been scratched, and more like that. You just agree with them and then go along and see *The Terror*. It may not be art but it's fun.

¶ The male version of the Mammy song

FORGOTTEN FACES

¶ Pappy!

PAPPA love Mama? Of course he does. Pappa has always loved Mama. But does Mama love Pappa? That's the question—the great, big question staring us in the face right now. Give a thought to Pappa. Father's face has been forgotten long enough. Let this be Pappa Month among the movie theatres. Here's the male version of *Mammy*—just to make you remembah!

I'm just masking my real feelings when I go on like this, as you may have guessed. *Forgotten Faces* is a picture that leaves you with that choked-up feeling that can only be relieved by a real good cry, and I can't cry here. Besides, you can't cry over a Pappa picture. It isn't being done. Just the same, I suspect you'll be stealing a sob over Clive Brook before he's through with you. As Heliotrope Harry, gentleman burglar who dedicates his life to his little daughter, he is noble and self-sacrificing and pathetic—but never too noble. He always remains a man. There is no one who can assault your sympathies with the

savoir-faire of Mr. Brook. I don't know how the man does it. He's as frozen-faced as Buster Keaton but he manages somehow to achieve tremendous pathos simply by standing still and looking glum. Why, the man must be an actor! Heliotrope stirs me. He'll stir you too. He goes through fire, water and a jail for his little girl, who, grown up, is played by sweet Mary Brian. His object all sublime is to save her from a life of crime—and the slightly soiled clutches of her worthless mother, played by Olga Bac-lanova. Brook's performance could not be improved upon—from the opening scenes which show him as a deft and agile thief, in faultlessly fitting clothes, through his sufferings as a betrayed husband, a helpless prisoner, and finally as a butler in his own daughter's home, striving to save her happiness. *Forgotten Faces* has all the appeal of *Sorrell and Son* and *Underworld* with a dash of *Stella Dallas*. Daddy!

JUST MARRIED

☞ *Wives and Otherwise.*

HIP ahoy for the Honeymoon Special! *Just Married* is one of those cute little comedies that doesn't mean a thing but gives everybody a good time. It has James Hall as an expert farceur. James plays a slightly naughty young boulevardier and makes you believe he is just a little bit frisque without once chucking a cutie uner the chin or pulling a long black silk stocking out of his pocket by mistake. Who'd ever believe that James could do it? I had him on my list as one of those young men who never would be missed. Now I take it all back. He is very charming and most amusing and what more can any one young man be? *Just Married* also offers the tried-and-true comedy talents of Harrison Ford and William Austin, and a brace of pretty girls—I don't

know what a brace is but they do brace you up. Ruth Taylor, Lila Lee, and Ivy Harris are the three little bride-mades. Ruth is engaged to William until James appears on the scene. Lila pursues the English Mr. Austin, and Ivy is married to Harrison Ford. Then they all get mixed up. That's where all the fun comes in. There are several hearty ha-ha's in this comedy and enough snickers to go round. Ruth Taylor is an optic-ful in her chic Paris frocks—f.o.b. Hollywood. Lila Lee plays a part that would have shocked the old Lila out of her demure coiffure. Yes—she is one of those French girls. Very pretty, too. *Just Married* is recommended to all—engaged couples, old married couples, and in fact all kinds of couples except those just married.

☞ More murder—very polite, pleasant, and well-managed murder

The PERFECT CRIME



☞ 'The Perfect Crime' has a Big Trial Scene—what would a murder picture be without one?

☞ *Murder Made Easy.*

suavity for which he is justly famed. The solving of the crime involves the happiness of himself and his fiancée, Miss Irene Rich, and also of another couple who have been implicated in the proceedings. An atmosphere of ominous, brooding uncertainty hangs over the picture and also over the audience. You sit tight and hardly dare to breathe much less rustle your program as the story slowly and somberly unfolds. Then comes the Big Trial Scene—what is a murder picture without one? This has been done in dialogue and none too accurately. It stands out for its novelty

HERE'S to crime—*The Perfect Crime*. More murder—and this time a very polite, pleasant, well-managed murder. Trust Clive Brook to see to that. Anything this English gentleman undertakes is bound to be charming and well-bred. I don't mean that Mr. Brook steps from his pedestal and does anything we wouldn't do, even in a nice way. But he does introduce an entirely new note into the murder mystery motif. He makes you pleased and proud to be, with him, an accessory after the fact, or even before. He plays a famous criminologist immersed in his last case—the murder, under most mysterious circumstances, of our old friend Tully Marshall. It is Mr. Brook's business to track down the murderer, and at the same time retain all the polish and

and nothing else. A highly unnecessary old-fashioned dream ending has been tacked on this picture supposedly as a sop to tender-hearted movie-fans. All the picture patrons I know happen to be quite as sturdy and intelligent as the average play-goer and novel-reader, so I am at a loss to understand why it is that the picture producers persist in treating us as if we are children whose mothers never told us. The best part of *The Perfect Crime*, besides Mr. Brook, is the amusing speaking sequence—a prologue and an epilogue employing the talents of Claire Adams and Lynne Overman. You have seen Miss Adams before but you have never heard her, and I think you are going to like her a lot. She is one woman who can never talk too much to suit us.

Excess BAGGAGE

Excess Baggage.

HERE is what we have all been crying for—Billy Haines in a 'different' part. Billy himself, they say, has been fed up on playing smart-alecks all the time. He wanted change—well, he gets it. In *Excess Baggage* he goes to the other extreme and plays a failure. And he is awfully good, as a young vaudeville actor whose wife inspires him to do his 'slide for life' over the heads of the audience. When the pretty bride gets an offer to go in the movies, the husband unselfishly steps aside, though he knows he can't get along alone. With her gone—an over-night success on the screen—he flops, and joins the only-their-husbands club. But as he sees her apparently drifting away from him and falling for a handsome movie actor—Ricardo Cortez—he sees red,

white and blue and a few other colors, and asserts himself. Now, this should have been a very human little picture. And it is, in spots. But it never seems to realize its possibilities. Boy, a nice new Covered Wagon for Director James Cruze. Haines not only plays an unselfish character; he practically steps aside with a gallant gesture and hands the picture to his leading lady, little Josephine Dunn. I feel like saying "I told you so" when I see Miss Dunn sharing honors with a star of Haines' calibre. Long ago I told you to keep an eye on her. I hope you have because she is worth seeing. Josephine has beauty and pep and a certain wistful quality of sweetness that makes her just a little bit different from all the other girls. She scores a spanking success in *Excess Baggage* as you'll see for yourself.

The movie version of the best-selling mystery story

The BELLAMY TRIAL

OF good entertainment. *The Bellamy Trial* is the movie version of the best-selling murder mystery that ran in the Saturday Evening Post and made strong men and women readers begin biting their nails and picking at the coverlet while waiting for the next chapter. The big-hearted movie producers give it to us all in one picture. They come right out with it instead of teasing us along with 'See Next Instalment for the Solution.' Just one more reason why the movies are my favorite form of entertainment. Movie fans can get all the murder mystery they crave in one dose, and I think they should express their appreciation by refusing to tell their friends just who really did kill Cock Robin—or in this case, Mimi Bellamy.

Monta Bell presents *The Bellamy Trial* on the screen, with Leatrice Joy as Sue Ives, Kenneth Thompson as Stephen Bellamy, husband of the murdered lady; George Barraud as Pat Ives, and Margaret Livingstone as the luckless Mimi. It is a faithful transcription of the novel up to a certain point. The story is told in the court-room from the testimony of the witnesses, just as it is in the book, with flash-backs as the characters explain their actions preceding and during the night of the murder. 'Who killed Mimi Bellamy?' is the great question, and everyone who has not read the book will have

Guilty!

his own guess. Miss Joy, Mr. Barraud, and Mr. Thompson perform capably as the harassed trio of suspects, while the humor and romance are provided by two very charming youngsters, Eddie Nugent and Betty Bronson, impersonating reporters. Indeed, Betty is so piquant and pretty you wonder why you don't see her more often. She is inimitable. *The Bellamy Trial* has a summing up of the case in sound by the prosecuting attorney that adds to its effectiveness. But why did they have to deviate from the original by making the murder an accident instead of a deliberate affair? Probably to conform with the old-fashioned idea that a fact may be told in a book or a newspaper and presented on the stage but never, never in a motion picture. It's a quaint old Hollywood custom.



The humor and romance in 'The Bellamy Trial' are provided by those two charming youngsters, Eddie Nugent and Betty Bronson.

LILAC TIME

¶ Sniff, Sniff!

YOU can see and you can hear *Lilac Time*. You should be able to smell it, too—bright theatre managers will doubtless oblige by spraying you with lilac scent as you enter. Pretty soon we'll have not only talkers but smellers and feelers. See, hear, feel and sniff your pictures. But right now it is enough to see and hear them—especially when they are as elaborate and spectacular as this one. *Lilac Time* is a great, big special war production. You get your money's worth of drama and thrills and then some. As far as I am concerned you also feel as if you have been in a couple of battles yourself before it is over. *Lilac Time*, what with the whirring engines of the airplanes and the explosions as

they crash is a stirring experience comparable only to *Wings*. Wear your ear-muffs.

Colleen Moore is the star—playing the role of Jeannine of Lilac Farm where the brave boys of the flying corps are billeted. Jeannine is not one of those French girls. Oh, no. She's a nice American girl in a trick costume, and somehow I could never forget that fact. Gary Cooper is the flying captain who is captivated. It is all directed by George Fitzmaurice, which means it has moments of surpassing beauty. Miss Moore's own share of the drama will continue to be silent as long as she has anything to say. Now, you know what I mean! This expert little pantomimist doesn't have to speak to her audience to make them understand.

¶ With two kinds of smacks—the osculatory and the nautical

The FIRST KISS

¶ Smack --- Smack!

THERE are two kinds of smacks in this picture—the osculatory and the nautical. Both are nice. Gary Cooper and Fay Wray furnish the first; Chesapeake Bay the second. If it hadn't been for those smacks *The First Kiss* would hardly have kept me up. Just as I would be dozing off—smack!—Fay and Gary would get together again, or a beautiful boat would come sailing on the screen, and the film would take a new tack. Gary is the poor suffering hero as usual. They seem to be trying to make a sort of male Lillian Gish out of this husky young man. He has to suffer, and suffer, and make sacrifices for the family name and his three brothers. He broods and acts bashful, but comes into his own in a swimming scene. Maybe you can believe this story about the boy who determines to lift himself and his family out of the poor white trash heap; but it was never very real to me. Probably because it keeps a woman waiting for an unpardonable length of time—something like five or six reels. Fay Wray is the waitress and she is much too pretty to be stood up for any time at all. She is the daintiest thing on the screen—so cool and detached; almost the last of the 'Don't-dare-touch-me' school. Well, that may be the reason she was kept waiting. Lane Chandler is cast as one of the weakling brothers. He is so obviously designed by nature to play big, strong-minded men it's a wonder he could keep a straight face. I couldn't.



¶ Leslie Fenton, Fay Wray and Gary Cooper against a Chesapeake Bay background in 'The First Kiss.'

FOUR WALLS

¶ *Ye Olde Prisoner's Songe.*

“OH, I wish I had someone to love me!” sings John Gilbert. Girls, girls—control yourselves! Let Mr. Gilbert alone. It's only a part he's playing. And how he plays it, to be sure. Four walls do not a prison make—is that so! But John has to spend a term behind bars to find himself a free man. You see he was one of the bad boys of Greenwich Village—they don't all read Shakespeare down there. And he is sent up for a stretch—only to learn in prison the Better Way. He comes back to his mother—Vera Gordon—resolved to follow the straight and narrow. And he would have had no trouble at all, for he was good at heart—if it hadn't been for Joan Crawford. Now you know as well as I do what Joan can do when she wants to. She is one of the most devastating girls in pictures. This time she sets out to win Jack back to the old gang and—the old girl, herself. He is human—he is tempted—for this Crawford girl never looked so beautiful. But he summons the strength to repudiate her, never guessing that maybe she, too, would like to leave the old life for something finer. The girl and the man fight it out. A cafe

party—more temptation—lights and jazz and soft arms and mocking eyes—and Jack is right back where he started. He wants to be a bad boy again. This is drama, tense and stirring. The man is licked. But the girl isn't! She has a strain of unsuspected steel in her—and she grabs him and she shakes him and taunts him and shames him, into manhood. It's good stuff. *Four Walls* is a rather worth-while picture. It packs a punch at the same time it preaches a sermon. The cast is perfect. Vera Gordon—a movie mother who doesn't whine. Carmel Myers—come back not in her usual vamp role but the direct anti-thesis—a plain, shy mouse of a girl, splendidly played. John Gilbert—no Great Lover heroics, but restrained, dignified, human acting; as good as anything he has ever done, and maybe a little better. Joan—oh, Joan! Wait until you see her. I mustn't paint this tiger lily, but I must tell you her work never misses—sincerity shines through—always beautiful, she is also real. This girl is one of the greatest bets who ever stepped on the screen—if they treat her right. They'd better!

¶ Just a little pleasant Davies dallying, with pretty trimmings

The Cardboard LOVER

SO you think you are too old for paper dolls, do you? You're just an old cross-patch. The rest of us still like to play, and here's *The Cardboard Lover* to toy with. This little picture will not get you worked up into a lather. But it will keep you mildly amused, especially if you have become addicted to Marion Davies—as who has not? Just a little pleasant Davies dallying, with pretty trimmings. Marion is the screen's foremost comedienne these days and she has only to wink an eye to send her considerable public into convulsions, and she looks so pretty all the time she is being funny that she is a treat to the eyes as well as to the ribs—and if you think that isn't a trick try it over on your own features sometime.

Marion entertains as a cute American cut-up who is doing Europe—and the Europeans. The grand tour is just a personal *tour de force* for our little heroine. She is seen pursuing a famous French tennis champion, Nils Asther, with her autograph book and also with her attentions. If you know your Marion you don't need to be told that she finally emerges triumphant—not only with the young man's signature but also with his affections. And she was up against quite some competition in the person of Mlle. Simone—the French demi-mondaine of snappy fiction superbly played by Jetta Goudal. What is



¶ Marion Davies, a treat to the eyes as well as to the ribs in 'The Cardboard Lover.'

it about this Goudal that gets you? She gives a delicately decadent impression of a siren in her few scenes—you won't forget her soon. *The Cardboard Lover* is not *The Patsy* by a couple of impersonations. Marion does only two here—Marion Davies and Jetta Goudal. Both are good. In fact, when there are better—and keener and crueller—impersonations, Marion Davies will do them—and then heaven help the poor movie girls.

Do Numbers



☞ Sue Carol was surprised that her numbers knew her past.



☞ Revelations that amazed the Hollywood players.

By Helen
Ludlam



☞ Mary Pickford still is under the spell of 'Gladys,' her numbers show.

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I
J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R
S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9

How they arrive at it: suppose your name is Mary. M, you will see, is 4; A, 1; R, 9; and Y, 7. Added, these numbers make 21. These two—2 and 1—equal 3. Hence Mary's number is 3.

Do you know that your baptismal name or if you have not been baptized the name your mother gave you, and your birthday, contain your fortune? Well, they do if you know how to read them. This discovery has interested me so that I am continually looking for opportunities to pass

the knowledge along and since it is also a form of amusement I have had a lot of fun reading the names of the girls in pictures and they seem to enjoy it, too.

I'll begin with Mary Pickford whom all the world knows

Direct Destiny?



☞ Pulling you this way and that are the influences of your numbers.

was Gladys Marie Smith so I am not giving away any state secrets. According to 'Numerology' the vibrations of her life changed when she became Mary Pickford, but her first name is still the greatest influence in her life. Without going into the technical side of how it is done I will just give you the number of the Ideality or inner nature, the Expression or general ability, and the Impression or appearance. Our month, day and year of birth reveal our Path of Life or lesson we have come to learn and tell us in what we can best succeed. It is divided into three cycles, the birth month being the first, which spans the time from birth until about 22 years of age; the second cycle, the day of birth, from 22 to about 42 or 45 and the last cycle, the year of birth from 45 until about 65. These three cycles have vibrations that if lived constructively fit us for the lesson our Path teaches and we are then ready to go on.

Mary Pickford, then, has a 7 Ideality, a 3 Expression, and a 5 Impression. That means that the thing that she really wanted to do was to get away by herself to (Cont. on page 80)

☞ Ben Lyon took it good-naturedly.



NEW SCREENPLAYS

Reviewed By Rosa Reilly

“Bantam Cowboy” is a great picture for juveniles and everybody else. It features Buzz Barton and Nancy Drexel is the heroine.



BANTAM COWBOY

WHEN I was in my early teens I used to thumb over countless books and magazines and wonder: “Don’t they ever write any stories for girls of fourteen?” You could find stories for grown-ups and stories for mere kids of eight and nine, but for a still growing young person in her teens, in those days there was nothing.

I’ve often felt that way about pictures, too. But at last young folks who are neither kids nor yet grown-ups have come into their own with the new western film, *Bantam Cowboy*. It’s a great little picture for juveniles who are tired of watching the heart throbs of elder people. It features Buzz Barton, the pint-sized cowboy. And it shows him holding his own and getting away with the girl—Nancy Drexel—against a villain who would make a couple of him.

Good picture goods even if it is wrapped up in a miniature package.

HAROLD TEEN

Come on, jump aboard this high school special! See your old friend *Harold Teen* (Arthur Lake) positively in his first appearance on any screen. See Mary Brian as the innocent little heroine. And Alice White as a knock-out vamp. Watch the school kids make a western movie and flash it in the auditorium.

There’s a good soda-fountain sequence, a foot-ball game and the bursting of a dam to pep up the crowd. And, of course, our little friend Harold getting in all sorts of trouble with the girl he loves.

A grand picture for anybody under eighteen.

BEWARE OF BLONDES

There, there, gentlemen. Don’t crowd. There’s room for you all—old and young. This theatre holds six hundred people.

“What the Well Dressed Man Is Choosing” might be the name of this film for it’s all about Dorothy Revier, the mysterious unperoxidized blonde.

Is she bad or is she good?

Is she a crook or is she straight?

These are the thoughts that almost crack Matt Moore’s skull when he wakes up one morning to find his beautiful fiancée and his priceless emerald—both missing.

Roy D’Arcy and his gleaming molars don’t help Moore much in solving the puzzle. For Roy is the dark, dark villain. But when the police break into the den in Manila well, that solves the mystery. And Dorothy falls into the arms of one of the handsome gents.

Which gent?

Don’t make me laugh. When did the villain ever get the girl?

LINGERIE

Lingerie—pronounced lan-zhe-re, is a hot little number

about a warm little mama, who on her bridal night in the darkened library inadvertently gets her husband mixed up with her lover.

Right off at the start we have fire-crackers and they keep up right until the end. War, a wounded, paralyzed husband, a cute little French girl and a happy ending—there you are, all the ingredients necessary for a snappy movie where Alice White, Malcolm MacGregor and Mildred Harris carry their appointed roles with distinction.

THE LURE OF THE WEST

The Lure of the West isn't so alluring.

Slow as cold molasses and just that sticky with sentiment. The owner of a saloon hires a quack doctor's daughter as a cabaret girl and then when her father gets out of town, he starts the well-known business of trying to get the girl.

Of course, young Lochinvar rides out of the west and virtue once more triumphs.

THE VORTEX

Noel Coward's stage play, *The Vortex*, when presented in New York some months ago with Coward playing the leading role, created a little furore. If you've ever lived in England, particularly in those first bitter years after Armistice, you will appreciate what an unmistakable portrait the play gave of a cross section of English life. It

shows a light mother and a neurotic son finding out the unpleasant truths about themselves and each other.

But in the film, it's not the same. For this story deals with certain unsavoury facts which simply cannot be trans-

lated into plain screen captions. If they were, the police would come in and stop the show.

However, you will be interested in seeing the work of Ivor Novello who plays the leading role of Nicky and of Willette Kershaw as the mother. They have done their best with a deflated story which turns out like a champagne cocktail without any champagne.

MIDNIGHT MADNESS

A man never buys a book that he can borrow!

Learn that sentence by heart and the Salvation Army will never have to care for your fatherless children.

In *Midnight Madness*, pretty Jackie Logan has a right miserable life. She lives in the back of a shooting gallery with her Pa who never draws a sober breath except when her pocket book is empty. And that's not all. Jackie works as a stenographer and falls in love with her high-stepping employer. But his intentions are not—ahem—honorable. So getting kind of desperate, she marries a rich man with diamond mines in Africa. But, like a lot of women, she's a poor little sport. For she says right out that she

(Continued on page 82)



“See your old friend, ‘Harold Teen,’ in the person of Arthur Lake. Alice White plays the knock-out vamp.”



“Dorothy Revier is the mysterious blonde heroine, Roy D’Arcy the dark, dark villain and Matt Moore the puzzled hero in ‘Beware of Blondes.’”

¶ *The talking pictures have revived the short subject and 'The Treasurer's Report,' here reprinted, is one of the best talkers ever made.*

ROBERT BENCHLEY

Shows that all the talking pictures need is TALENT.

¶ 'THE TREASURER'S REPORT' AS GIVEN IN THE FOX MOVIE TONE.

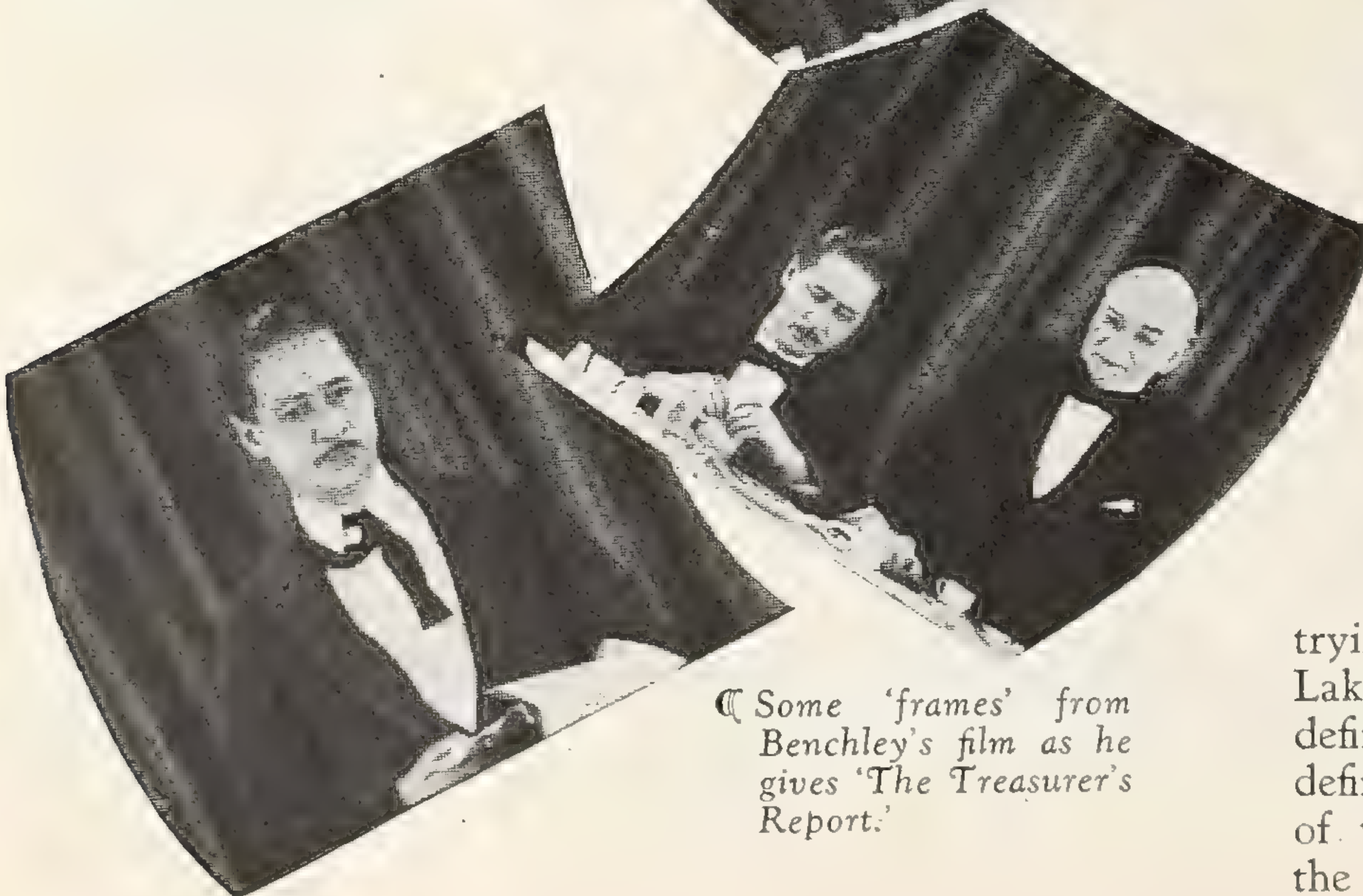
Robert Benchley is one of the merriest men in America. As dramatic editor of LIFE, he has inaugurated a new style of theatrical criticism—with chuckles. His books, such as LOVE CONQUERS ALL, have been best sellers. His fame as a writer of humor is firmly founded. But for Benchley this wasn't enough. He turned actor, and presented a monologue to Broadway audiences—in a revue and in vaudeville—that sent New York into hysterics. It was inevitable that the talking pictures should claim him, and Fox Movietone was the lucky bidder.

MAN: "And now before we go any further in our program perhaps it would be well to pause for a moment to listen to a practical account of our club's affairs. As you all know, we have to have money, and during the past year we have tried to raise as much as possible and to spend as little as we possibly could. Mr. Benchley, who is our Assistant Treasurer, has consented to give us a statement of the year's finances. Mr. Benchley."

BENCHLEY: "I shall take but a few moments of your time this evening for I realize you would much rather be listening to the interesting program than a dry financial statement, but I am reminded of a story which you probably all of you have heard. It seems there were two Irishmen walking down the street when they came to a



¶ Robert Benchley, who also gives a Movietone talk on 'The Sex Life of the Polyp.'



¶ Some 'frames' from Benchley's film as he gives 'The Treasurer's Report.'

... to a ... I should have said in the first place, that the store belonging to the first Irishman ... the first fellow's store ... Well anyway, in connection with reading this report, there are one or two points which Dr. Morrison wanted brought up in connection with it, and he has asked me to bring them up ... to bring them up. The first, with regard to the work which we are trying to do up there at our little place on Silver Lake, a work which we feel not only fills a very definite need in the community, but also fills a very definite need in the community. I don't think many of the members of the Society realize just how big the work is that we are trying (Cont. on page 88)



LEILA HYAMS was selected as California's Golden Girl and also as William Haines' girl in *Alias Jimmy Valentine*.

SCREENLAND



BETTY COMPSON has won back the fame that was hers as 'Rose' in the always-remembered *Miracle Man*.

Photograph by Russell Ball

SCREENLAND



LOVELY Virginia Bradford came to Hollywood to write about pictures and remained to act in them. *Craig's Wife* is her next picture.

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr

STUDIO CITY



BARRY NORTON'S appealing performance in *What Price Glory?* and *The Legion of the Condemned* have the touch of greatness. We believe he will someday be one of the great stars.

Photograph by Autrey

Screenland

Predicts

A FORECAST OF THE FUTURE

the MOVIE FAN

gen'tle-man.

Percy Marmont

A man well-born, of gentle and refined manners, of fine feelings. He is the ideal English hero of polite fiction, but he can delve deeper, too, as Mark Sabre in *If Winter Comes*. Percy Marmont would always be kind to children and dumb animals and even to third assistant heroines.



he-ro'ic. Ronald Colman

Brave, illustrious, larger than life size but smaller than colossal. Colman is not the man next door—he is more commanding; but he is not a god, he is too human. Now he is playing a Joseph Conrad character in *The Rescue* that is typically Ronald.



in-dif'fer-ent.

Louise Brooks

Not interested or concerned for one thing, or alternative, more than another. She mocked Beery and Hatton; she made a sap of McLaglen in *A Girl in Every Port*; and now she is making a *Beggar of Life*. The look that has made Louise famous is the look that says 'I don't care.'



in-dom'i-ta-ble.

Douglas Fairbanks

Untamable; unconquerable. No obstacle is too big for Doug to overcome—no mountain too high, no road too rough for him to ride over rough-shod. *D'Artagnan*, *Thief of Bagdad*, *Gauche*—we salute you!



in'no-cence. Janet Gaynor

Purity of heart; guilelessness; artlessness. When a comparatively unknown little girl leaped into world-fame as Diane in *Seventh Heaven* Hollywood asked: 'Why?' The answer is: Janet is virginal sweetness and girlish innocence wrapped in one small pretty package.



ir're-sist'i-ble. Clara Bow

That cannot be successfully resisted or opposed; overpowering. Clara has swept all before her like a young tornado. Her next is *The Fleet's In*—that's one port they'll never forget.



in-tense'. Gloria Swanson

Feeling deeply; highly-wrought; expressive of strong emotion. Gloria rose from the Sennett beach brigade to be one of our leading actresses—all because, in scenes like the conversion in *Sadie Thompson*, she feels so deeply she makes her audiences feel, too.



lus'cious. Thelma Todd

Deliciously sensuous; often, honeyed. One look at Thelma in her costume (?) for *Vamping Venus* in which she burlesqued Helen of Troy to Charlie Murray's consternation, and you'll agree that luscious was coined to describe her. As for honeyed—we don't know her well enough for that.



The STAGE COACH

Conducted by Morrie Ryskind

Elmer Gantry

PAT KEARNEY, who used to be our boss in the publicity department of Famous Players some eight years ago, has undertaken the task of making a play out of Sinclair Lewis' novel. By and large, we would say that Pat has turned out an effective play.

We say by and large, because we make reservations: the show is effective, but not convincing. The first act, indeed, is perhaps the best of all, and yet it seemed to us incredibly cheap. Lewis is a caricaturist, but for all his distortions, he leaves you something genuine of the character he depicts. Kearney hews to the line of the comic cartoon. Gantry, in the play, sticks to the specialty of seducing women. There are at least four conquests in the piece, and, even if you allow for some exceptionally fast work, that doesn't leave the drama to be concerned with much else. Yes, there's a fire that is supposed to be sensational, but to us movie addicts, it's just a false alarm.

The Song Writer

Here is one you will probably be able to see and hear as a talker, if you can possibly restrain that impulse and avoid seeing it in its legitimate form. Written by Crane Wilbur, once of ye movies, it marks Georgie Price's first appearance as a dramatic actor. It is a rather cheap play, making no pretensions at art, but aimed only at the box-office. What merit it has is contained in Price's series of imitations, and in some fair performances, notably that of Jennie Moscovitz, as the song writer's mother. Some of the critics have hurled questions of taste, asserting the story parallels that of Irving Berlin. It does not, is our

IN THIS ISSUE:

ELMER GANTRY
THE SONG WRITER
THE FRONT PAGE
HE UNDERSTOOD WOMEN
THE BIG POND
GOIN' HOME
EVA THE FIFTH
RINGSIDE



Photograph by White

Ⓒ Claiborne Foster, one of Broadway's favorite actresses, in a scene from her new play, 'Eva the Fifth,' with Buford Armitage.

assertion. As one tremendously fond of Irving Berlin, we could resent as strongly as anybody. But the fact that it concerns a tunesmith who marries into society doesn't make it Berlin any more than Shaw's *Cashel Byron's Profession* or Jack London's *The Abysmal Brute* concern themselves with Gene Tunney. This is said in an effort to be fair to Mr. Wilbur. To be fair to Shaw and Jack London, Mr. Wilbur's writing doesn't resemble theirs.

The Front Page

In the August number of *SCREENLAND*, we noted that we had been to Newark to attend a try-out of *The Front Page* and advised our clients to see it when it came to town. The show is here and we must reluctantly amend our advice to: try and see it.

For it's a sell-out, and a pretty definite proof that New York will support something worth while. Here is, within the memory of old-timers, the first successful newspaper play. But, being produced by Jed Harris, the boy wonder, written by Ben Hecht and Charlie MacArthur, directed by Geo. S. Kaufman, it is a little more than that. It is a crackling series of incidents and wisecracks, rushing along with the speed of an airplane, looping the loop and yet keeping you securely in your seat. For pace, it makes *Broadway* seem like a leisurely one-hoss shay. It is coarse, at times, as Rabelais is coarse: but it has none of the leers that make coarseness unforgivable. It has the tang of men around it, men who talk in Anglo-Saxon monosyllables, not in polysyllabic Latin derivatives. It has a gorgeous atmosphere of reality about it; it has the life and vividness of that page in the paper from which

it takes its name. It is, in brief, a superb show, shrewdly conceived by an association of superb showmen. If you can afford to miss this, you're leading a more exciting life than this correspondent can imagine.

He Understood Women

In contrast to the healthy language of *The Front Page*, there is the furtive sexy leering of *He Understood Women*. That we can be shocked will come as a revelation to our readers, and it surprises us, too. But *He Understood Women* proves it to us. Get us right. There isn't a single 'dirty' word in the latter show. But it hints and points and suggests till it gives you acute symptoms of *mal de mer*. A stupid, silly, boresome, dull and sickening show.

The Big Pond

If you like smooth, rippling dialogue—and we do—you will like *The Big Pond*. Here's a neat situation: the girl of an American family of Vernon, Ohio, falls in love with a foreigner under the spell cast by Venice. Her family, disapproving, feel the girl will fall out of love if they can take the foreigner back to Vernon with them. They do. By a strange coincidence, there's a nice American boy around, too. One of them has to get the girl; which one, to our bigoted notion, is immaterial. Indeed the authors have tried letting each get her — at different performances to be sure. Which one gets her when you see it, we can't foretell. But we are certain that you will like the dialogue.

Goin' Home

This could have been the dramatic smash of the year, and if Jed Harris had done it, it would have been. It contains a magnificent idea that is allowed to disintegrate into a shoddy play; it could have been, under the whip of an able jockey, the black *What Price Glory*?

The war is over, and the troops are going home. One of the colored men has remained in France, married a white girl, and is the prosperous owner of a cafe, which was her dot. The race problem is over for him; he has won French medals and esteem, and has been accepted by the French as one of their own.

The black forces stopping at his bar, getting their last drinks on French soil, give him an acute sense of homesickness. The white major in command turns out to be the head of the family to which the black and his forebears are united by ties that began in slavery. With the Southerner's entrance, and his shock at discovering that



Photograph by White

⌘ A scene from 'The Front Page,' the sensational newspaper play with Frances Fuller, Lee Tracy, and Osgood Perkins.



Photograph by Craine

⌘ John Meehan, who plays the important role of the father and manager of the lightweight champion in the prize-fight hit, 'Ringside.'

his old servant has married a white woman, a terrific conflict tears the black's soul. He becomes *The Admirable Crichton* after the shot has warned him that rescue is at hand.

That conflict is genuine and real and heart-rending; its solution, unfortunately, is cheap and unconvincing, pulling down even the basic foundation of the story.

Maybe there is no solution in these times; but at any rate, it is not to be found on the stage of the Hudson Theatre.

Eva the Fifth

Some day Claiborne Foster, one of the loveliest ladies on the stage or off, is going to get a vehicle as good as she is. *Eva the Fifth* is not quite that; but it provides a decent evening's entertainment. It recounts the adventures of a stranded *Uncle Tom's Cabin* troupe, and does it with some skill and craftsmanship. In the main, an honest and well-managed piece about the struggles of our traveling players.

Ringside

A pretty good play about the prize ring. A little slow for two acts, but a racy, vivid third act, laid in Madison Square Garden, with a well-staged prize fight, helps you forget that. It is staged by George Abbott, one of our favorite directors, and written by him in collaboration with Edward E. Paramore, Jr., and Hyatt Daab.

CHATTER

from

Hollywood

By Martin
Martin



☞ It worries Wallace Beery's dogs to see a bite they can't scratch.

ANOTHER month and the latest rumor about talking pictures still finds eager ears in Hollywood.

The situation is little clarified, for as Cecil B. De Mille confessed to me, "We know nothing and we are all experts."

In view of Joseph M. Schenck's reactionary statements in London that talking pictures are to last only a few months, it would seem that the industry, for the first time, is not *en rapport* with the czar of United Artists.

For the greatest ones in the colony are ready to admit the permanence of the new art.

I had a most interesting talk with De Mille on the subject.

"In their present state," C. B. explains, "talking pictures are an illegitimate child of the stage and screen. Like all illegitimate children they are causing embarrassment to their parents. There is talk of assassination and there is talk of sending them to college. But I believe that they are healthy offspring."

One of the prime doubters has been Harold Lloyd. Yet a demonstration by Roy Pomeroy, head of Paramount's sound device, sends him away singing the praises of dialogue sequences.

Harold assured me that most of the talking pictures now being shown are unbelievably crude compared to what the improvements even of these few months will render possible now.

An order has been given to wire the Lloyd home for talking pictures. This, I believe, is the first private home to be so equipped.

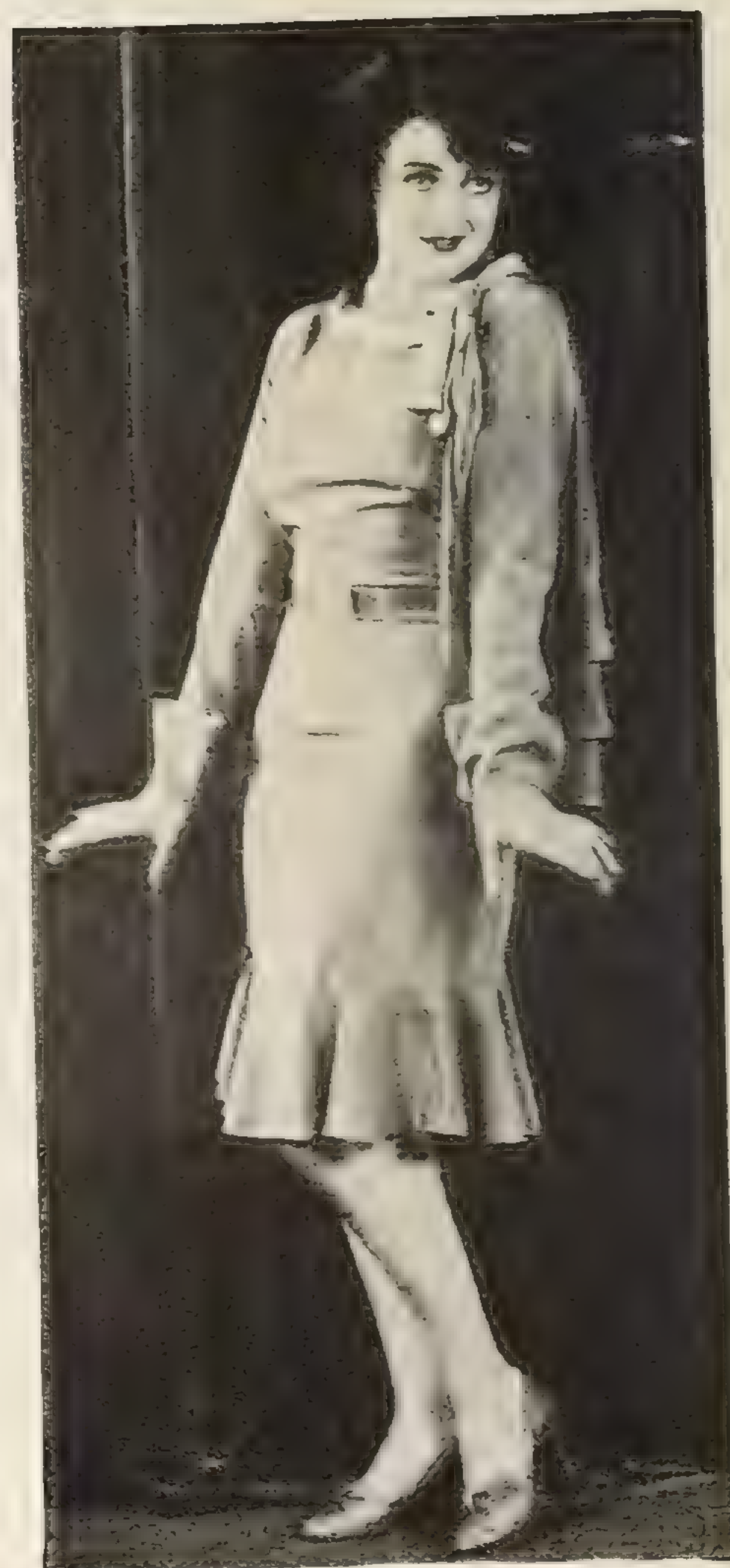
In his new picture, Harold uses his first completed script. This is because of sound effects and dialogue that are to be incorporated.

To return to De Mille, he frankly intends to use dialogue in his first picture for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. (How glad C.B. is to relinquish the mantle of director-general of Pathe-De Mille for the modest title of director!)

C. B.'s going to make a love story next—the strongest one he can find. It will be modern, too.

—o—

Shortly before Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque left for a return visit to



☞ Molly O'Day, who is winning her battle with the weighing machine.

Lake Tahoe, where they spent part of a delectable honeymoon, Vilma took her first voice test.

"It was shocking," she confessed, "but they tell me the tone is all right—only the English is bad. You see I never studied English before. What I know I picked up around the studio, and from Rod."

Vilma takes an interesting view of the talkers. She predicts that many stars will have to change their screen personalities. Particularly those who continue to play youthful parts after the freshness of their voice is gone.

"Age shows nowhere more than in the voice," she says.

It seems to me this is a very pertinent remark. Of course Vilma doesn't have to worry herself, as the warm blood of youth flows through her veins.

Fortunes have been made already in the new kind of pictures. Jack Warner is said to have taken a \$1,000,000 profit from the rise in his company's stock alone.

—o—

De Mille grants Warners a three years' start in the talkers. "Fox," he says, "has a start of one year. Of the other companies, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is by far the most advanced. Most sound stages have been made over from the ordinary type. Those at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have foundations sunk 40 feet. They are really sound-proof and represent the most advanced type of construction."

The intense activity at the Fox lot has been surrounded with a veil of secrecy but Winfield Sheehan reveals to me that he expects to have five 100 per cent talking pictures completed by January 1.

The first will be an Earl Derr Biggers mystery story, *Behind That Curtain*. *Through Different Eyes* will be another. It is significant that this was written as a play and had been scheduled for fall production in New York when the presiding genius of Fox snatched it to the bosom of the movies. Fox controls every right, stage and all.

A comedy called *Badges*, an underworld story, and a

production not definitely settled upon will complete the quintet.

—o—

The talking picture presents serious dangers to the thousands of extras in Hollywood. One of its inevitable results will be smaller casts and fewer spectacular scenes. In fact, Paramount already is at work on one extra-less production. This is *The Crime of Interference*, which was a stage play with a cast of less than a dozen people.

The same sized cast will be used in the film.

—o—

Clara Bow fans will be interested to know that a disinterested person told me her voice reproduction is a sensational success and exactly fits her screen personality.

—o—

It's easy to see why Charlie Chaplin is worrying. Having created a tramp as his definite characterization, he is faced with the possibility of having the tramp speak with a cultured English accent!

—o—

The entire United Artists group of stars is being mighty quiet on the subject. Doug Fairbanks is about ready to start on his sequel to *The Three Musketeers* and John Barrymore has left for the north to take location scenes for *Conquest*. Camilla



Adolphe Menjou and his Sealyham terriers.

Horn plays opposite.

"Will I ever stop traveling?" she laments.

The day I saw her she had just arrived from Germany and had to pack up right away to join the Barrymore company on location.

—o—

Wouldn't it be ideal if Ramon Novarro were to be given the opportunity to sing the 'Song of the Riffs,' 'The Desert Song' and 'One Alone,' those lovely Romberg melodies in *The Desert Song*?

Warner Brothers is making every effort to get him, as I write this letter.

Everything depends on whether he is able to finish *Pagan* in time and on the studio's willingness to let another



☞ Dolores Costello being initiated into the Breakfast Club by Herbert Rawlinson and Jack Warner.

company glean the prestige of first presenting Novarro's voice to the fans.

I can't believe M.G.M. will let him go, which is too bad for Ramon, for this would be a golden opportunity.

Walter Pidgeon also is being considered for the role of the Riffian chieftain.

—o—

It seems very commendable to me the way M.G.M. is allowing King Vidor to choose his own pictures and make them without an eye to expense.

You see King's ideas do not cater slavishly to the box-office.

He now has a plan of filming a picture with an entirely negro cast. It is to be made in the South and will depict the life of an average negro family.

While King is bitterly opposed to talking pictures, I can conceive of marvelous negro spirituals and rich dialect being worked into such a story.

One impression I always get on visiting the M.G.M. lot. They are always pushing forward; always in the vanguard—ready to experiment.

Bill Haines, who has been so discontented with his smart aleck roles, was allowed to vary his characterization in *Excess Baggage* and even more so in *Alias Jimmy Valentine*. He is grateful, and eager to experiment even more.

Jack Gilbert is satisfied, too. I was talking with Jack about the approaching termination of his contract (it expires in December) and he expressed the belief he will sign again at M.G.M.

—o—

Another important star is to be free in December. This is Dick Barthelmess. He has been seen on the Paramount lot, but so far as I can discover a new contract with First National awaits only the company's signature. Dick is away on his yacht with his new wife and I can't confirm this.

Paramount has always wanted Barthelmess to play the leading role in *An American Tragedy*. They offered him the chance two years ago, but Dick couldn't see his way clear to accepting at the time. I happen to know, though, he would like to play in the Theodore Dreiser novel.

It is time someone did! The story has been knocking about Paramount a long time without being made.

Rumors were that the Hays office frowned on it, but I am of the opinion this ban has been lifted or will be if certain changes are made in the story.

—o—

Fox is one of the busiest studios in the colony. It is borrowing players



☞ Marceline Day stretched out on the sands assisted by Eddie Nugent.

freely from other companies: Sue Carol is one. What a thoroughly nice person Sue is!

I saw her off today and she was in a state of great excitement at being allowed to play opposite Nick Stuart in *Chasing Through Europe*. You see, Nick's her best boy

friend, and he's been away in London for some time. The boat can't get over fast enough for Sue, and Nick, too.

Conrad Nagel is another important loan made to Fox. He and June Collyer are to appear in a Movietone picture called *The Slice of Life*. It is a domestic comedy.

Winfield Sheehan also has persuaded Rudolph Schildkraut to give up his proposed visit to Germany to play in Janet Gaynor's next picture which is to be a story laid in Holland.

And F. W. Murnau is trying to borrow Jean Hersholt from Universal for a role in *Our Daily Bread*. Mary Duncan is to play in this.

Mark my words. Here is the rising star of the Fox lot. Winnie Sheehan has the greatest confidence in her and is overwhelming her with fine parts.

—o—

As far as I know Universal will be the first to begin production on a story of the north pole.

It was sure to happen. The Nobile disaster was one of the most picturesque in the decade and was enough to fire the imagination of any scenario writer.

An explorer, composite of all the famous ones, is to be the central figure.

Uncle Carl Laemmle has bought the rights to *Dracula*, too. Here is the most hair-raising play of recent years and a natural vehicle for Conrad Veidt.

I don't know he is to play it, however. My only information is what Uncle Carl told us at a dinner—that he was going to produce the play as a movie.

—o—

The most amusing dispute arose this month between Paramount and Clara Bow's father as to whether Clara's name could go on a restaurant.

The parental argument resulted in a sign 'Clara Bow's Steak House' being hoisted over a small eating house on the outskirts of Los Angeles.

Paramount said no and just to show how much a father has to say the sign now reads 'Robert Bow's Steak House.' (That's Clara's papa.)

—o—

I have been wondering how long it would be before Bert Lytell's name was announced in an important talker and Warner Brothers have satisfied my curios-



© Jean Hersholt, a graduate of the Danish National Academy, draws his own.

THEY SAY

By Marion of Hollywood

I KNEW the talkers would do some secret, hidden good that none of us would even dream of, and yesterday I found out what it is. Anyone happening to visit one of the studios would doubtless notice, as I did, a number of bells ringing at various intervals—bells like the one on your front door. First there would be a long, drawn-out ring; then, maybe two minutes or five minutes or ten minutes later, there would be two short, snappy rings. I listened to them for a whole day, couldn't understand them for the life of me, and then asked.

"Watch those carpenters," was the



☞ May McAvoy's turkey is a gay old bird. He doesn't believe in signs.

I watched. It rang loud and long. Every one started pounding and a whole bunch of carpenters betook themselves to their tools and sat down to rest. Then came the two short, snappy rings. Up jumped the flock, and on they went hammering. The talkers, of course! The gentle workmen working near the sound stage, naturally, the banging near the ordering apparatus had to cease. Tough on the poor fellows?

* * *

O'Day has lost her last part of being too pleasingly. Molly says so herself, and I think she is the one who ought to know. She is going to the hospital to have her appendix removed, and after that's over, she'll just watch her melt. No candy, no cake 'n pie nor nothing. It's easy, this being a movie star, but you have to admit that it has some serious drawbacks.

* * *

I met Mrs. Otto Brower at Paramount the other day, and while we were talking, a friend came by, shook her hand profusely and asked her if she isn't terribly proud of her husband, who has only recently been made a director after many, many years of working at the studio. "Proud of him?" she answered. "Why, I've always been proud of him. I was as proud of him when he was an assistant director, or an actor, and I'll always be proud of him as long as he does what he has to do well." I think that was pretty good, and I guess when I see *Avalanche*, Otto Brower's first picture, I'll feel as if Mrs. Otto Brower ought to be handed at least one tiny little bit of credit.

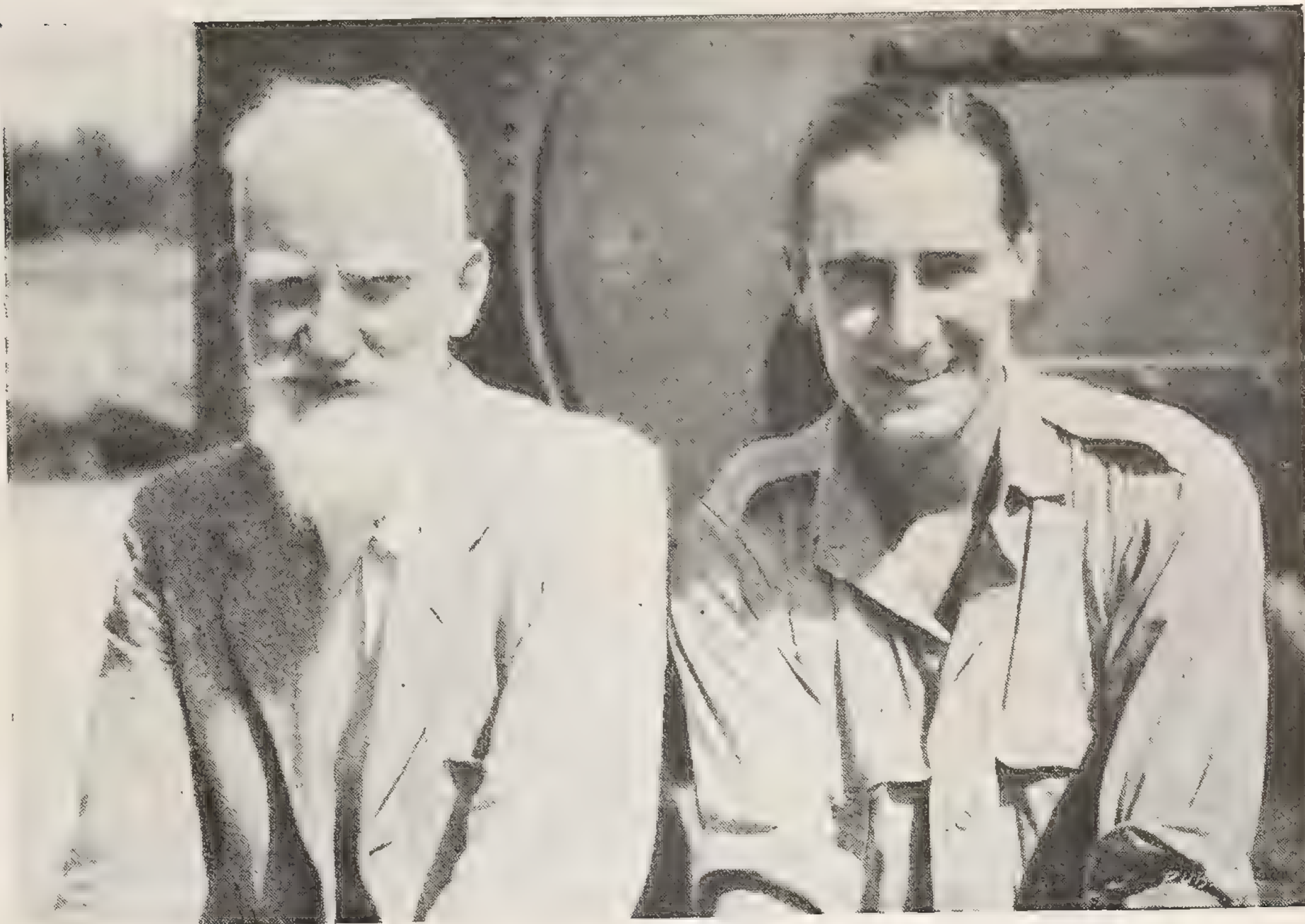


☞ Ruth Roland and Ben Bard have announced their engagement. Ruth is the original serial and real-estate queen and Ben is doing well as a handsome menace, thank you.



☞ Lew Cody and company making a beach sequence for 'The Single Man.' If a man is single it's his own fault.

Maybe the papers did say that Mary Brian and young "Biff" Hoffman are engaged, but from the way Mary was talking to me, Mrs. Brian doesn't have to worry yet awhile about losing her Mary, Mary, sweet contrary. Mary smiled, and of course, blushed somewhat, because after all she has been having some mighty nice times with "Biff," but that's not meaning anything about being serious. As a matter of fact, right while I was talking to her the phone rang, and another young fellow whom you might know called and asked if he couldn't take her to the Cocoanut Grove to dance. I'll have to tell you, too, that Mary accepted, and that the dark-haired swain answers to the name of Mr. Charles Buddy Rogers. Now please don't start getting them engaged, because it might spoil things, and they won't be able to have their pleasant little evenings together every now and then. With Mary playing Buddy's leading lady in his new picture, we certainly wouldn't want to start spoiling things for them.



☞ Two famous Irishmen meet in France. George Bernard Shaw, our favorite movie actor, and Rex Ingram, the director—caught between chapters and scenes.

Talking about being engaged, reminds me of Ruth Roland and Ben Bard. Out here folks were quite sure that it was completely settled, but now that it is all announced we are merely doubly sure. And not only that—they are to be married in a very few months. Some silly person brought up the question of money, and asked Ruth how she figured things would work out inasmuch as she

has been such a smart girl and has saved and invested so well that she is worth millions (yes, really millions!), which is a great, great deal more than has her husband-to-be. She replied that it certainly isn't any fun to have money and to have no one with whom to share it, and as long as a man is working for all he is worth, what difference is it whose money it happens to be? Anyway, I really started out to tell you that Ruth is coming back into pictures. She assures me that it is not one of these come-backs in name only. It is actually true, and the first of a series of twelve two-reelers is even 'shot' and in the 'can' right now.

No—not a serial. Simply a series of complete two-reel dramatic pictures. And Ruth can take it straight from me that I know a whole bunch of fans who are tickled to death to have her with us again!

Things are getting *awful* busy over on the lot where there is a sign over one door reading 'Mary Pickford Company' and 'Douglas Fairbanks Corporation.' The little girl who used to have the little curls is plunging right in, curls or no curls, and is going to do a talker. Now that, seems to me, is something to write home to the folks about, because you know the producers out Hollywood way are going mighty gingerly on plans for the talkers. I guess it must be a case of not knowing exactly what to do, and I'll tell you right now it was a terrible surprise to me to find out that it costs a theater manager over \$10,000 just to install this talking apparatus. And what's more, he doesn't even own the thing then, and pays additional rental every month for its upkeep. It looks to me as if it would

on the actual production, but they have been cranking almost unceasingly on these nerve-wrecking 'tests.' Did you ever have to take a 'test' for any kind of theatrical thing? Boy, if you did, you'll understand the feelings of some of the poor souls who are taking them for this new sequel to *The Three Musketeers*. It was Sunday when I was over there last, and Doug, with his director, Allan Dwan, was testing here and testing everywhere to get his cast set. The set consisted of a long, long flight of stairs,

☞ Join the movies and meet the Army and Navy. Anita Page, Ramon Novarro's leading lady in 'Gold Braid,' greets some gallant gentlemen.



almost be cheaper to hire the actors themselves to come to town! No curls and all—America's sweetheart certainly has a lot of courage.

☞ Emil Jannings and his daughter Ruth, who will play in his picture, 'Sins of the Fathers.'

But to come back to Douglas Fairbanks Corporation. While I'm writing this, cameras haven't started cranking

with a bannister, and each player, dressed in costume and with so much on that it was no joke at best, had to walk down the flight, and then at the very bottom, doff his plumed hat and bow low to an imaginary queen. After the ordeal, would come from Doug or Dwan either a shake of the head 'yes,' or the dreaded 'no.' I watched them for quite a time, and at last came the turn of a thin, nervous-looking fellow who had been standing around for over an hour and a half. Down the stairs he started, hanging on to the bannister for dear life. As nervous as he was, I am positive that he wasn't near the state of concern that I had reached by the time he was within six or seven steps from the bottom. Then, sure enough, came the inevitable. His heel caught, he came almost headlong, and off doffed the plumed hat long before the queen could have been anywhere near in sight. But the funniest part of the whole thing was that just when I was feeling my sorriest for him,

darned if Doug didn't shake his head 'yes,' he was put on the payroll, and the whole show went straight ahead as if nothing unusual had happened at all! Your hand, Doug Fairbanks—shake!



good gossip has been around Hollywood, and figured that she might as well be the doctor. There's nothing like taking a nice airplane trip out of town to start a bit of fun!

* * *

Who knows—Jackie Logan might be handing us a new line on 'get your man,' even if she did go ahead and get him a trifle previous. Of course you have heard that Jackie is now Mrs. Larry Winston as far as the laws in Mexico are concerned, no matter

what our California law says. However, please let me assure you that everything is going to be all right, because Jackie and Larry have returned from Mexico, and they each have separate homes, and Jackie is already hard at work on her new talker for Warners', *Stark Mad*, and when California laws tell them it is okay, they are going to the minister and be married right over again. Another thing is that possibly Jackie realized how slow

James Hall getting a load of that California climate.

Novarro is having a little fun with himself just the way friend Richard Dix did some time back. Ramon, the bad boy, told a very good

friend of mine that he doesn't own a car because it costs too much to run it! Personally, I think there must have been a twinkle in a pair of very black, shining eyes, because I know that he has at least *two* bee-u-tiful buses. It's not so nice, either to call a Rolls-Royce roadster a 'bus,' but I think Ramon must have been thinking about how Warner Bros. wants to borrow him from Metro-Goldwyn to play the lead in *The Desert Song*—real singing and everything. I'd be excited if I were Ramon. To love singing the way he does, to have the beautiful voice that the kind heavens bequeathed him, and then to be able to make love to a beautiful girl in a beautiful song 'midst beautiful desert surroundings would be too much for most any of us! And by the way, Jimmy Hall has his eye on that part, too, and you mustn't forget that Jimmy was a musical comedy star before he came to us in Hollywood. Hand me the dice! We'll see who gets it on the toss.

* * *

To come back to Richard Dix—now that he has left on his *Redskin* location, even minus a leading lady—do you know what that fellow told me once? He was being interviewed, and because the feminine heart of the interviewer seemed to want him to have a definite romance or something he told her very confidentially that he was engaged, when he wasn't at all, and he described the girl very minutely to her and all that sort of thing. I bawled him out terribly, and told him he'd never go to heaven, telling so many fibs, but he said he was absolutely justified in fibbing because it gave the young lady interviewer such a thrill and such a lot of joy.



Jackie Logan. She went to Mexico and got married.



Ruth Taylor and that Lorelei look—it doesn't matter whether she wants diamonds or drum sticks.

PICTURES THAT TALK

¶ Talkers to the right of them, talkers to the left of them, volleyed and thundered!

By Edwin Howard

FOR the discerning the trend of the tide in the sound waves now becomes apparent. News-reels with sound are still 100%, and the only department of talking pictures that is 100%. Synchronized orchestral accompaniments are good and for small houses these records are probably an improvement. When crowd and sound effects are introduced they are excellent and would be 100% if the actual sound itself were more skillfully produced as we know it can be.

However, these types of sound do not arouse the discussions that dialogue stirs up. Great directors are for it or against it; great critics likewise. As we see them stumbling along the road over which some time ago we ourselves came, we are moved to help them from the pinnacle of our wisdom.

Talking pictures can be 'canned theatre' and succeed as such. Talk added to great films lowers the art of pantomime. It does not add to the art that we know as the motion pictures but it changes that art into something else. Some will always prefer shadows that do not speak, and some will delight in talkers. Who shall say which is 'better?' They are different. A silent picture may be and often is a work of art, but no one ever called a phonograph record a work of art. The song on the record, yes; but the record itself, no! Pictures do not simply show actors. They show scenes, atmosphere, action—such as wings, wheels, waterfalls; and as these support the actor a work of art may result. But the phonograph record adds nothing to the artist and even at best takes away a little.

All great art is symbolic, and pictures having no color nor depth, are so removed from what your eyes see out of your window as to be classed as a symbol of what you see. Talk, however, reproduced by mechanical means, is not a symbol of sound but is the same identical thing.

Therefore it is not possible to combine them and add to the symbolic quality. On the other hand, 'canned theatre' is coming, and will make a lot of money. Suppose, for example, Jeanne Eagels in *Rain* was still packing them in on Broadway, and suppose at your neighborhood movie house you could for 35c. see and hear the great actress and her company in the original sets speaking the famous lines, do you think any theory of symbolic art would keep you at home? This is 'canned theatre.' It is coming. It is good and we welcome it, but it is not motion pictures. Even canned vaudeville acts are good.

In New York hundreds of shows open and close, and the successes that remain are very few. 'Canned' shows can never take the place of the eight hundred or so films which are released yearly; there are not enough good ones, and poor ones with mediocre stars and no prestige will offer weak competition to our now 'movies.' Great directors are trying to combine these two separate successes. That is to make a movie and put in some dialogue. So far they combine just as gracefully as a real horse's tail stuck on to a Rosa Bonheur canvas. I have spoken!

* * *

We wish to warn our readers not to invest in any television stock. Television is not a fact and it will not soon be in use, as certain magazines predict.

Three of our great scientists, DeForest, Alexanderson and Jenkins have said that television is not ready yet but in spite of this we read that the movies are soon to be in every home by this method.

Eighty years ago a man named Amstutz sent a picture by wire; yet this service did not start until 1921, waiting for DeForest to supply the amplifying tube. Television has arrived only in the minds of some people who are content with words without deeds.



¶ "The beauty of a microphone," says Jean Arthur, "is that it can't talk back."

LEE F. RODGERS, 722 Stonewall Street, Portsmouth, Virginia
won the TOM MIX CAMPING OUTFIT.

For his excellent letter, Mr. Rodgers was awarded the camping outfit offered by Tom Mix in the August issue of SCREENLAND.

We quote a paragraph:

"In 'Westerns' the sharp line is drawn between right and wrong. Evil forces are known for what they are and they ride swiftly and decisively to their undoing. 'Westerns' preach to us in such a way that we applaud and like it."

Sox Appeal---Continued from page 25



☞ Barbara Kent and Dorothy Gulliver getting all tanned up. Oil's well that ends well.

Milton and Mrs. Cohen, Carmelita Geraghty, May McAvoy and Maurice Cleary, Thelma Salter, Virginia Valli and a dozen others.

"And nearly everybody here either married or romantic!" cried Patsy.

"And some married and also romantic!" amended Robert Leonard gazing admiringly at Gertrude.

We found Lois Wilson sitting out long dances out on the stairs with Edward Everett Horton, in whose company she is appearing on the stage in Hollywood.

And we learned that Marie Prevost and Kenneth Harlan never let their divorce decree become final, but have made up.

"Let's explore!" exclaimed Eduard Raquello. So we got Patsy and went into the garden at the back, where there were electric lights, and where you could go swimming or play croquet if you wished. Laura La Plante and Bill Seiter were there, but Laura said that she had to do stunts enough in pictures without going swimming at night in real life.

In the house, upstairs, we discovered Bill Russell's room—a vast masculine-looking place indeed. The feature of the furnishing that intrigued us was the presence of two old-fashioned plain lamps, such as we used to burn kerosene in years ago, placed at either end of his dressing table, but outfitted with electric lights inside the old lamp shades.

Downstairs we found Virginia Valli chatting with a group, and clad in a wicked shade of red. We told her it was wicked, and she said she "hoped so!" "I'm tired," she explained, "of being thought just insipidly good."

We asked Patsy Ruth Miller about her trip to Europe, and she said she would never be able to talk about it in the midst of a Hollywood party. However, she told us about a real Apache cafe in Paris, where Americans do not go and where she and her companions did not dare speak English, but conversed in French.

"You danced a few minutes," said Patsy Ruth, "and then the music stopped, while a man collected the dance fee from the men on the floor. Those French take no chances of losing any money! One man we saw thought to sneak out of paying. He and his partener slid quietly into the back of a booth. But the collector saw them. He went over and asked for his money. The man said he would pay later. Quicker than a flash—zing!—into the table at his side a knife was sticking. A special knife-hurler was employed for just such emergencies. Again the collector demanded his pay. He got it."

Buster Collier is a quiet sort of boy, and we don't often have a chat with him. But when we found him lingering over the radio, we found he knows all about such things — that he has a little laboratory at home where he is always working on some sort of electrical invention.

After supper Archie Mayo, Bill Russell and

Robert Leonard insisted on singing. Somebody thought to stop the barber shop harmonies by shanghaiing Bob and taking him out into the garden; but it didn't do any good, as he came right back.

There were the music of the radio and of the orchestra, and much dancing. Though we left awfully late, the last we saw of our hospitable host, he was daring anybody to go home and leave the party.

"ONE doesn't need a party to remember that beautiful Dolores del Rio by, while she's in Europe," remarked Patsy, as we drove up to the portals of Dolores' beautiful Spanish home in Hollywood, with its high walled garden, and its little arched garden-gate doorway leading right into the veranda, "but nevertheless I'm happy she is giving one."

Dolores wore a fascinating black gown, tight-fitting in the bodice to several inches below the hips, then flaring in billowy lace waves to the floor, and looked as Spanishly lovely as always.

We removed our wraps in Dolores' beautiful bedroom, with its little shrine and ever-burning candles, at which she worships always before leaving the house.

Leatrice Joy came with Tom Mix, Leatrice looking lovely in a white lace gown, long and with wide skirts. Leatrice told us how her small daughter, Leatrice II, had fallen head over ears in love with Tom.

"She always chooses an athlete for her hero worship," said Leatrice. "First it was Lindbergh; then it was Jack Dempsey, and now it is Tom. I don't think she'll be an artist when she grows up. I think she'll turn into a tennis champ."

Leroy Mason, who, people say, will be a sensation when he comes out in Dolores' next picture, was there with his bride, Rita Carewe.

"It's a good thing Rita grabbed him off quickly," remarked Patsy, "before all the women fans turn his head."

We hear that Leroy was spending his last quarter for a cup of coffee in Henri's when Eddie Carewe caught sight of him and grabbed him off to be Dolores' leading man. He had tossed up to see whether he'd go in to Henri's or around the corner for chili beans! Such is fate.

Roland Drew had come alone, which gave all the admiring ladies a chance at him; and Ona Brown came with Harvey Barnes, who, it is said, she is going to marry.

There was quite a little flutter when Agnes Ayres arrived with Ralph Forbes; and another when Molly O'Day came in with Carl Laemmle, Jr. Carl was supposed to be engaged to Alice Day, but we hear it is off, and it is whispered that the reason is due to difference of religion, Alice being a Catholic and Carl a strict Jew. It does seem a pity; both are such charming, clean, sweet young people.

Warner Baxter and his wife, Claire Windsor and Charles Rogers, Finis Fox and his wife, Lilyan Tashman and Eddie Lowe, Johnny Hines, Victor Varconi and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Moreno, Joseph Schildkraut, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Lewis, Jose Crespo and others were guests.

Almost none of the feminine guests, however elaborate their evening toilets otherwise, wore any stockings.

Billie Dove looked lovely as usual. She was with her husband, Irvin Willat. Both had just come up from Coronado Beach, where Billie had grown nicely brown.

There was dancing in the big living room after supper, and it was dawn before every one had left.

Everyone wished Dolores, most genuinely, a nice trip to Europe, and she most generously promised to write to us all.

YOU enter a gorgeously green wooded canyon, travel past many beautiful homes, and at last wind around a long hill up to the wide doors that lead into Carl Laemmle's house.

"It's exactly like a palace!" gasped Patsy, hugely impressed, at sight of the great Spanish house.

Glenn Tryon caught up with us as we were entering. Glenn never is awed at anything.

"Oh," he said, "there are parts of this house that the family doesn't reach only once in two or three years. I wonder if they know there is an organ in that room down stairs. They are awfully troubled with squatters!"

Carl Laemmle, Sr., and Carl, Jr., met us in the big living room, which can easily be turned into a ball room. And then there hastened forward the tiny, capable, brilliant figure of the house's mistress, Rosabelle Laemmle, sister of Carl, Jr. She laughed as she told us that Carl, Jr., had asked her only the day before if he might have a 'small party.' The small party had turned into a party of a hundred guests or so; but a hundred are easily lost in that huge house.

Rosabelle led us downstairs into the great den, which is Aztec in its finishings, but which had been turned into sort of a picnic room for this evening, with its little tables with red checked table-cloths, and its buffet supper table from which the servants helped us.

Glenn Tryon's wife was there—a pretty little blonde woman, with a wit and wisdom all her own.

Tom Reed had put on a gag whereby everybody in the big living room was made to think, as he stepped up to a microphone, that he was talking through a radio which

broadcasted to a waiting world, but which as a matter of fact reached only to the supper room below.

Molly O'Day came. She is getting very slim and looks lovely.

Joseph Schildkraut and Elise Bartlett were there at another table, Elise, who has gone into the picture, *Show Boat*, with her husband, looking lovely and shimmery in green.

John Boles was there, which was a thrill to Patsy and me. He sang for us in a fascinating voice. Not even the fact that he has a pretty wife dimmed our joy at meeting him.

Reginald Denny had brought his fiance, Betsy Lee, but kidded that he was engaged to Molly O'Day when Molly came over to chat.

"Oh," exclaimed Nat Goldstone, "then you'll have to announce two engagements of Molly's—one to yourself and one to me!"

William Seiter and Mervyn Leroy were there, wifeless, their wives having gone over to the Our Girls Club party which Mary Pickford was giving.

We were interested to find that lovely little Barbara Kent had come with Dr. Paul Fejos, and she danced all evening after supper.

Mary Philbin was there, but not with her fiance, Paul Kohner, who was on his way to Europe, where she will join him to be wed, we hear.

The guests included Ben Lyon and Marion Nixon, William Beaudine and his wife, Nat Ross, Paul Leni, Conrad Veidt and his wife, Beth Laemmle, and a lot of others.

George Lewis was there with his lovely bride, who was a society girl before she was married. She might easily be a picture actress if she chose, judging from her native cleverness and her beauty, but George wants her to stay at home like a good little wife.

George told us that he was rather discouraged because Universal is keeping him in the college pictures.

"I shall be playing the college professor with long whiskers if I keep on," he complained comically.

"The Laemmles always do give such pleasant parties," sighed Patsy, as we left with regret, among the last guests to depart.

"OH, Priscilla Dean is giving Dolores del Rio a flying party in a Maddox plane, and we're invited!" cried Patsy ecstatically the other morning.

It was just before Dolores left for Europe, and a dozen girls were going to play bridge—if they could keep their mind off the scenery—and have tea as they sailed down to San Diego and back.

We hopped in, sat at little tables, and played bridge—or played at bridge. When the plane made a bank turn and tipped a little, Dolores took hold of Priscilla and shrieked.

"Oh, but I love it!" she cried. "I must have a plane when I get back home!"

Jane Winton looked down at a town as we flew along, and exclaimed:

"This is a nice town—wasn't it?"

It takes only a little over two hours to

fly to San Diego. Down there we landed to have a bite of supper, for tea hadn't been very seriously drunk in the plane. Then we hopped back again. It was a lot smoother riding than on the water, even.

Claire Windsor, Ona Brown, Loris Fox, and a number of other girls were on the trip.

"Oh, if somebody only would give me a plane!" cried Patsy. "If I only had a millionaire husband, I'd certainly wish audibly for one next Christmas!"

"MALIBU BEACH is the very latest summer resort of the picture people," declared Patsy, as we sat having tea in her garden the other day. "Marie Prevost and Kenneth Harlan want us to come down there on Sunday."

Of course we went. And we found that most of the picture stars who summer down there have built the simplest houses—just little cottages comfortably but most simply furnished and containing four or five rooms.

"It must be so nice to get away somewhere and be one's own self, after all the parade," said Eduard Raquello, who had gone down there with us.

On the sand under umbrellas we found Kenneth and Marie, dressed in bathing suits, and hospitably handing out hot dogs to their guests. Among these were some of the players from the *Good News* company, and some non-professionals.

We loafed on the beach until the sun went down a bit, and then went in for a swim.

Roscoe Arbuckle was there, having a lot of fun throwing sticks into the ocean for Marie's dog to retrieve.

It was all very quiet and enjoyable, and we had a delightful time.

"Far from the madding crowd, where the fashions cease from troubling and the press-agents are at rest," paraphrased Patsy.

We took a stroll down to Louise Fazenda's house, and found Louise, hugely embarrassed at being caught in a big kitchen apron, making crab-apple preserves!

Later she brought me some of them, and they were delicious.

"And there wasn't a photographer in sight either, so we know these actresses really do put on a kitchen apron and cook once in a while," remarked Eduard.

Hal Wallis, Louise's husband, and Louise had run down for a quiet week-end. They have a charming little cottage, but very simple and plain and comfortable, like Marie's.

Back at Marie's in the evening, her cook had prepared a sort of barbecue supper, which was awfully good, served in the tiny dining room; and we had a nice chat with Kenneth about going back to New York to go on the stage. Marie was to drive back with him, and then come back to Utah to make a picture there.

Both are very happy since their reconciliation, happier, I think, than they have ever been. And what a handsome, charming couple they are!

On the way home we desecrated lights in Warner Baxter's house, and stopped off for a nice cool drink and a little chat. He and his beautiful wife are very happy down there by the sea, where Mrs. Baxter, who is not very strong, is recuperating.

The Boy Who Loved His Mother — Continued from page 21

miles from foggy England, Charlie Chaplin, the clown, looked down at his mother's face. Success had come to him certainly

but it had come too late to benefit Lily Harley. The bitter London years had done their work and neither love, money, nor

medical skill could hold Lily Harley's worn spirit longer in this material world.

For weeks after his father's death, his

mother lay in a coma. The two boys were taken to the poor house. And she herself was placed in the ward of a nursing home. Finally, when she recovered consciousness, her first words were for her boys:

"They are all right," the doctor told her. "They're at the poor farm. You rest here a few months and then you'll be fit to go back on the stage."

The woman didn't answer. But got up and put her clothes on.

"If you leave here now," the physician said, "you will never sing or dance again. Your endurance is gone."

The woman did not seem to hear. But walked out of the hospital. Four miles she tramped to a slum near Chester Street, where a friend let her have a room on the fourth floor of the dark tenement house. And it was there that same night that she brought her two boys from the poor house. For supper there were two rashers of bacon.

The man at the California bedside leaned over and took his mother's work-worn hand and folded it in his own soft, smooth fingers. Somehow he couldn't keep his mind on the present. It kept going back to those London days. After his father died, his mother had to give up her stage work. She was too weak to carry on. And yet somehow a living had to be earned for herself and the boys. The least that three people could exist on in those days—even in the London slums—was twelve shillings, three dollars a week. The only work that Lily Harley could find to do in her weakened condition was sewing linings in the sleeves of sweat-shop coats. But even sewing all day long she could not make the necessary twelve shillings. So the two boys volunteered their services. From seven in the morning until seven at night, the three stitched together in the dingy room while the autumn rain beat down and the fog crept in through the broken window pane. But the hours didn't seem so terribly long. For Lily was a cultivated woman. She could speak four languages. She would sing comic little *chansons* to the boy in her gay laughing voice. Or a funny, whirling old Italian barrel organ song. Or maybe a rollicking English hunting song. And sometimes, when the children were very, very tired, she would tuck the little one in her lap and put Syd on the cot and sing them to sleep with that oldest of lullabies: "Schlaf, Kindchen, Schlaf."

When they woke up there was usually a little something for tea. On rare, rare days a kippered herring. But more often boiled potatoes. And not nearly enough.

After tea the boys would be taught stage craftsmanship. All the tricks Lily had learned in her years on the stage. She taught them to dance, too. Buck and wing, jigs, sailor's horn pipe, cartwheels, everything. That is where Charlie learned to become one of the best step dancers in the world—a fact few people know. They had to do lessons, too. For the lessons she gave them were the only schooling they ever had. This time could ill be spared from the sweat-shop work but Lily realized if the boy's didn't have some diversion, some recreation, they might become prey to that same melancholia which was slowly creeping over her, dimming her laughter.

Soon a dip was lit—a bit of rag in tallow. Candles were too dear. The last piece of work had to be hurried through so that Charlie could take it back to the sweat-shop six miles away. Syd worked nights as 'lather boy' for a neighboring barber.

Tired with his long day, Charlie started out. He had to walk all through the factory section. A town of machinery, it was,

whose blackened chimneys blotted out the sky. Blackened chimneys from which endless snakes of smoke coiled and uncoiled themselves. A canal ran through that part of the city. A canal, deep purple in color, from dyes and offal and dirty strips of leather refuse. Even though the evening was advanced and night had shut down, the factories kept up their terrible hum which made the lad's head hurt. "Queer," he thought, "how people must work no matter how tired they feel."

Many times Charlie felt like putting the coats down and settling himself in a doorway to freeze. He was too tired to care. But he would think of Lily Harley who never seemed too tired to care. And a wave of warmth would sweep over him. It was as if somebody had put a fur-lined coat over his shoulders. One of those coats which Charlie had seen men wear in the evening when Syd held horses in front of the theatre.

When he reached the sweat-shop he would receive two shillings and another load of coats to be returned the next day. And so he would start home again. Dreaming of the time he would become a grand musician. Or maybe a member of Parliament—like his fellow countryman, the great Jewish statesman, Benjamin Disraeli.

In Chester Street, Charlie had slept for a whole week the time he ran away from the poor farm because they cracked his knuckles with a ruler for writing left-handed. In Chester Street, Charlie had slept in the straw with the horses. It was the warmest bed he'd ever had. And he liked to wash in the horse trough outside in the mornings. The water was so clear and cold. At home you had to drag it in from the pump in the middle of the square and up the three long flights of steps.

Dreaming and walking, Charlie walked under the bridge where the blind man sat with his ear muffs on. The blind man always had his back against the damp wall down which murky water trickled. At the blind man's side on a little mat, crouched his unhealthy-looking pup with his pale watery eyes. Past the blind man with his Bible in his lap which he read with sensitive dirty fingers, Charlie tramped. And he didn't realize he was in his own street until he heard a thin little girl yell: "Hello, funnylegs."

Charlie eased the coats from his arm to a roll on his back. That last climb was the hardest. Could he ever get up those three flights of steps?

As he walked up the first three steps from the street to the doorstep, somebody took the load off his back. It was his mother. With the coats in her right arm and her left around the tired boy's back and under his left armpit, she half carried half lifted him up to their top-floor room, never pausing for breath and talking gay nonsense all the time.

In the California sick room, it was midnight now. Still Charlie couldn't leave. The doctors said his mother would never again regain consciousness. But, even unconscious, maybe she could feel his love.

"If Syd were only here," the comedian thought. But Syd was somewhere in Europe making a picture.

The clown wiped his forehead. It was certainly warm in the sick room. But maybe he only imagined it. It seemed suffocating. The heat made Charlie think of the time in London that he went to work as a glass blower's assistant. It was just after he had finished working with the Lancashire Lads. Eight boys who formed a dancing troupe well-known throughout Great

Britain.

His mother had begged him not to try the glass factory. She always wanted him to stick out for stage work, even if he starved. But he couldn't stand it any longer. And when he saw an advertisement in the 'London Times' for a glass blower he applied for the job, not realizing that a glass blower must be a highly skilled technician.

The man at the factory laughed at him. "A fine glass blower you'd make. A glass blower's job is a man's job. But we might use you as an assistant."

The child of eleven was led towards the room where his work was to commence. Seven shillings a week—that was pretty good, the boy thought. But when he stepped into the furnace where the work was to be done, he almost fainted. Thin, undernourished, anemic, he could not stand the shriveling heat. Promptly he lost consciousness.

When he came to, it was five days later, in his own room, with his mother bending over him.

"Listen my son," she said as she drew a stool towards his bed, "your father, your father's father, and your great-grandfather have all been of the stage. For generations the Chaplins and the Harleys have known no other life. You must stick to it. For it is in your blood. You will be unhappy, you will be miserable, you will be starved, but it is your destiny."

In the hospital as Charlie Chaplin watched his mother, her breath seemed to come faster and faster. He took the newspaper which was lying on the night table and gently fanned her. How true all her prophecies had been. He had stuck to the stage. First with Karno's Company. Then into the movies. Then money rolled in so fast he was frightened. He had brought his mother to America even though the United States Government had tried to keep her out. Tried to keep her out because, as they said, her mind had become impaired by the London air raids. But it wasn't the London air raids that had brought the cloud of melancholia on her shining spirit. Charlie knew better. It was hunger and cold and weariness. And even with all the hundreds of thousands at his command, even with a beautiful home on a California ranch, with nurses and a companion and the love and communion of her two sons, Lily Harley's spirit sometimes darkened.

The clown was alone. He walked to the window. He felt the California sun, warm in every bone, in every pore. But it meant nothing to him. Nothing meant anything to him. Women had failed him. Men had disappointed him. Life was like the Kreutzer Sonata he played on his violin. Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata which ceaselessly excites but never satisfies. Lily Harley was the only woman who had ever covered his soul with peace.

He walked back to the bed. He would get some breakfast now and go to the studio to finish his picture *City Lights* which would make the world laugh.

As he leaned to kiss his mother she opened her eyes. And they were clear, and her smile was happy, radiant.

"Charlie," she said. Quite distinct. Quite strong. But whether she meant Charlie the baritone or Charlie the clown, nobody will ever know. For the next moment the last post sounded for Lily Harley.

The boy who loved his mother smiled gently and looked down upon the mystery of death. He had beaten the grim one. Lily Harley had known happiness before the final curtain.

Do Numbers Direct Destiny?—Continued from page 49

think things out: to be a great deal in the country or some quiet spot; to give something beautiful to the world that would help and uplift humanity. It was never her real desire to mix in the commercial world; rather would she have stayed quietly at home and given through writing, painting or music her message to the world without sharing in its turmoil. Had her expression also been seven this is what she might have done, but being a 3 her ability lay in her personality. Through the unusual things she said and did she was able to interest and attract and her impression being 5 the last thing in the world she was able to do was to be alone and to work subjectively. She must have been a very vivacious little girl, for she was constantly thinking of new things to do. Although often depressed in her own heart she never seemed so to others; she was always full of fun, full of inspiration, an interesting companion; and at a party Mary could always be depended upon for 'keeping things going.' The inner nature of 7 made her all the more interesting because it gave her an air of mystery which she was entirely unconscious of. The first cycle of her life being a 4 it was her job to work, and work being difficult to buckle down to she unconsciously changed her name to one that helped her fulfill her destiny. Mary Pickford gave her the same Ideality but her Expression became 4, which made it easier for her to get into harness; and her Impression became 6, which being a stabilizing, dependable number, helped to offset the hectic vibrations of the changeful 5. With her numbers 3 and 5 which gave her the power of entertainment it was not surprising that she chose a stage career, and as her first cycle path meant work it is no less surprising that she earned her living thus. Her middle cycle being 9, and in the position that we all know she rose to, it must have been a pretty large order for a little girl to live above, for it brings with it the possibility both of highest good and greatest evil. We all know that she was torn by conflicting emotions but no one but Mary will ever know how terrible was her struggle.

Mary's job is to learn impersonality and creation in the highest form.

"My word," Mary said to me when I told her this. "You frighten me to death. How can I live up to half of that?"

"In your work," I said. "If you always strive to give the highest of which you are capable—if you try to put constructive thoughts in the place of destructive ones, you are gaining. And your gift for humanizing what you do so that everyone understands what you are trying to say is almost the most valuable one you have."

Mary thought a minute. "It's true," she said slowly. "When I look back at the turmoil in my life I wonder how I ever lived through it. I think it was only because I knew I had to for my mother's sake. My dear mother went through the agony of losing a beloved daughter a hundred times in imagination, because even when I was later getting home than she thought I should be I would find her at the window, her eyes wide with fear. 'Why, mother,' I would say to her. 'How can anything happen to me? And how can I be here always on the minute?' 'But if I should lose you, Mary!' she would say, 'I couldn't bear it if I lost you.' My mother's love won many a battle for me. I knew I had to win, for her."

"It would be fun to check up ten years

ago and now and see what progress we have made, wouldn't it," she said eagerly.

"Is this something? This morning I put on these high-heeled shoes and I thought, 'Now I mustn't forget to change these shoes to low-heeled ones before I go out or they will tire me walking about all day.' As I was about to change them I thought, 'Now what a silly idea that is. Some people think that walking about in low heels tire them and here am I thinking just the opposite. That's just a destructive thought trying to rule me and I won't have it,' and as a matter of fact," she went on, "I haven't noticed a particle of fatigue and it is now the middle of the afternoon. That's progress—isn't it?" she asked with as much interest as though she were a child of nine begging to go to a party. "Putting a constructive thought in place of a destructive one? The trick is to think of it in time."

Her fierce desire to be a constructive instead of a destructive force in the world, won. How well, we who are her audience know better, perhaps, than she. Do you ever leave the theatre after seeing a Mary Pickford picture without feeling a little better, a little happier, a little kinder toward your neighbor? I never do, and I know that many other people feel as I do. I have seen men and women leave her theatre with their faces shining actually with exaltation. That's our answer, and Mary's answer if she ever wonders, and I know she does for she is a keen self-analyst.

This year for Mary is one of adjustment after the unexpected changes of last year, and next year she will have an opportunity for study and deeper research.

"My whole life now," Mary said in answer to this, "is to adjust myself and my life to my mother's loss. Next year I mean to do some studying."

Of quite a different quality are Sue Carol's numbers. It is a wonder to me that Sue ever sleeps at all with all the 5's she has in her name, her baptismal name, I mean. There are eleven of them! And one is enough to keep people traveling and restless. Sue would be miserable if she had to sit at home alone for a day. In fact, I don't think it would be physically possible for her to do. If there was no other sign of life she would be out in the garden talking to the birds. Not that I can picture her doing that, either. She'd find someone to talk to if she had to trail all over the city. The name she chose in her work has helped her greatly. Instead of a 5 Ideality she now has a six which quiets her when she is ready to burst with restlessness. But Sue could no more help being fascinating, the life of the party, energetic, beautiful than she could help breathing. She will be dead tired, almost to the point of voicelessness, before dinner, and afterwards she will be dancing about ready to dash to a party or to the beach or some place, her energies entirely recovered. She cannot bear to do the same thing over and over again. She must do different things. She must see crowds of people, be in constant contact with many friends. Having also a creative mind, if she hadn't gone into pictures she would have been a dancer or a singer or both. Subjective art would drive her crazy; she would have to be very active, expressing through her personality at top speed every minute. Her inner desire is to gain experience in every phase of life—her lesson in life is to learn Universality—to inspire

hope and courage in the hearts of all with whom she comes in contact.

It is hard for Sue to finish things; it is also hard for her to stay in one place for any length of time, no matter how good a time she is having. She will want to travel, and if she can't do that the only way she will be able to bear life will be to crowd her time with work. The unexpected things are most important in her life. She gets nowhere by planning. Therefore her judgments should be trained so that she decides things instantly and yet with wisdom. Otherwise she may have many regrets. When things need time to decide, life is pretty hard for Sue, because she is afraid that it will be too late.

Last year being a 5 year for her meant that a change or an offer of it came to her. This year she is adjusting herself to her new conditions and her domestic life claims some of her attention. Next year she will be subject to periods of depression unless she can realize that it is merely a chance for her to study deeper within herself and find the power that she can use to her own and others' advantage.

"Maybe I won't be in pictures any more," said Sue unconsciously voicing the fear that will worry her next year for no reason at all. "I won't be able to afford to unless something happens. I don't make enough to meet expenses and constantly have to wire to mother for help. She's going to get tired of that pretty soon."

Sue gets \$250. out of the \$1500. weekly paid for her services, because of an unfair contract. Her expenses because of her sudden and unusual popularity having trebled in the last year, her salary is inadequate for her needs. But the settlement of this is one of Sue's battles, one of the most important she has ever had, because the way she meets it will influence the rest of her life. She has to fight it out herself and that is hard for Sue to do because of her restless nature.

"I have never really decided anything myself," said Sue. "I find myself in circumstances many of them that I have wished for, but things outside of myself, circumstance more than people, seem to have settled the matter for me. I suppose going into pictures last year, which was the change you speak of, was the most important step of my life, but it all happened so quickly that I found my name on the dotted line before I knew what I was doing. That's what you meant when you said that unexpected things are most important to me. The biggest things in my life have fallen from a blue sky. Things that I plan, big things I mean, never work out. This trip to Europe I am going to take, for instance. When it was decided that *Chasing Through Europe* was to be done abroad I was dying to be the girl. I longed to travel. And Nick and I have so wanted to play together. They gave me the part and I was wild with joy and began getting ready. Then I was told that talking sequences were going to be put in several pictures I made and that I couldn't go to Europe. I cried and cried but it didn't do any good. When Nick left it was worse than ever. That was a month ago and just yesterday I was told that they had to send someone over after all and could not take the sequences here as they at first thought they might. I finished all my sound sequences last week so they are going to send me to Europe and I leave next Tuesday. And just because it

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Hollywood, Calif.—Max Factor showing
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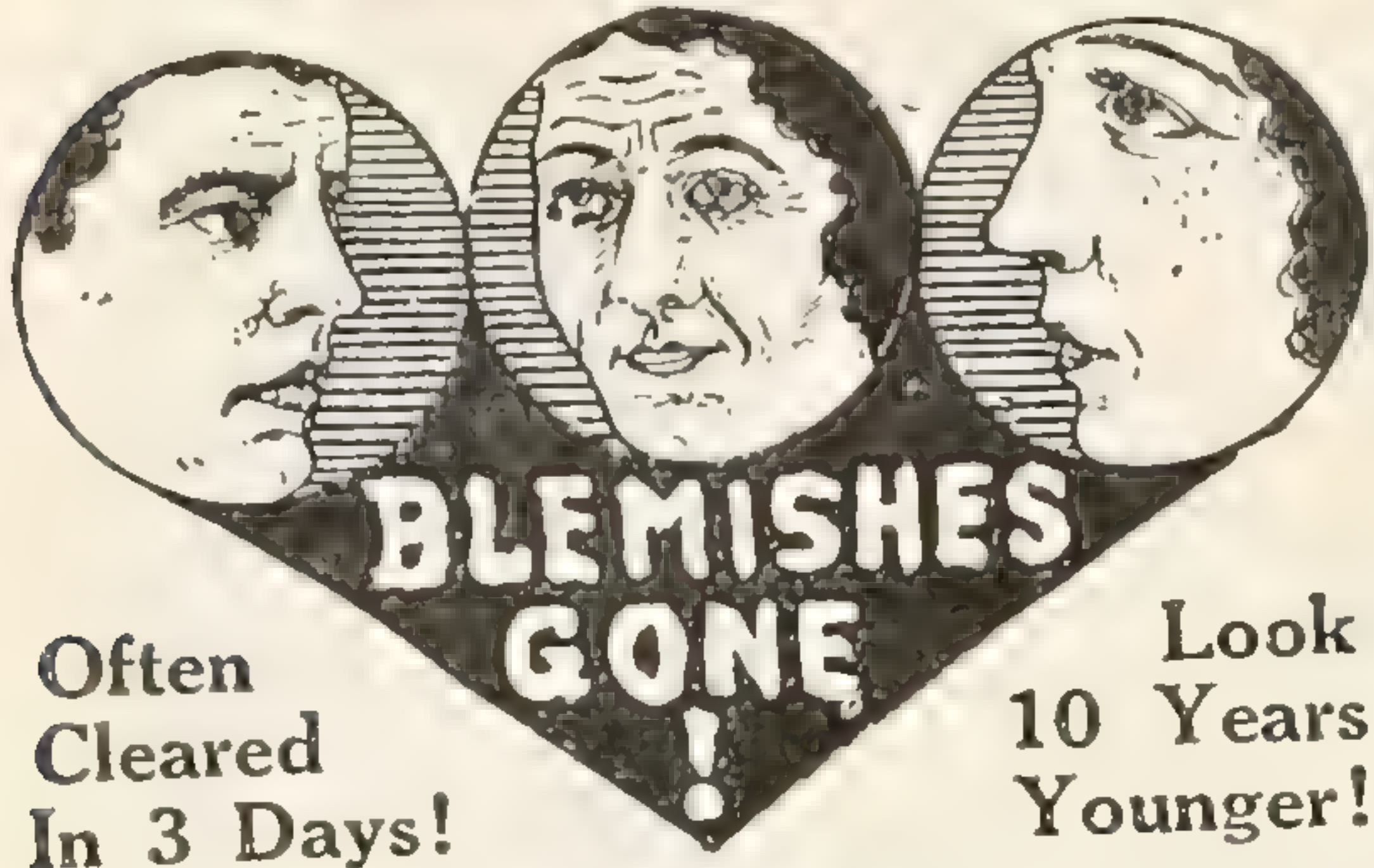
Name _____

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Complexion	Color of Eyes	LIPS
Light		Moist
Fair	Color of Lashes	Dry
Medium		SKIN
Ruddy	Color of Hair	Oily
Dark		Dry
Sallow	Answer in	Age
Olive	spaces with check mark	

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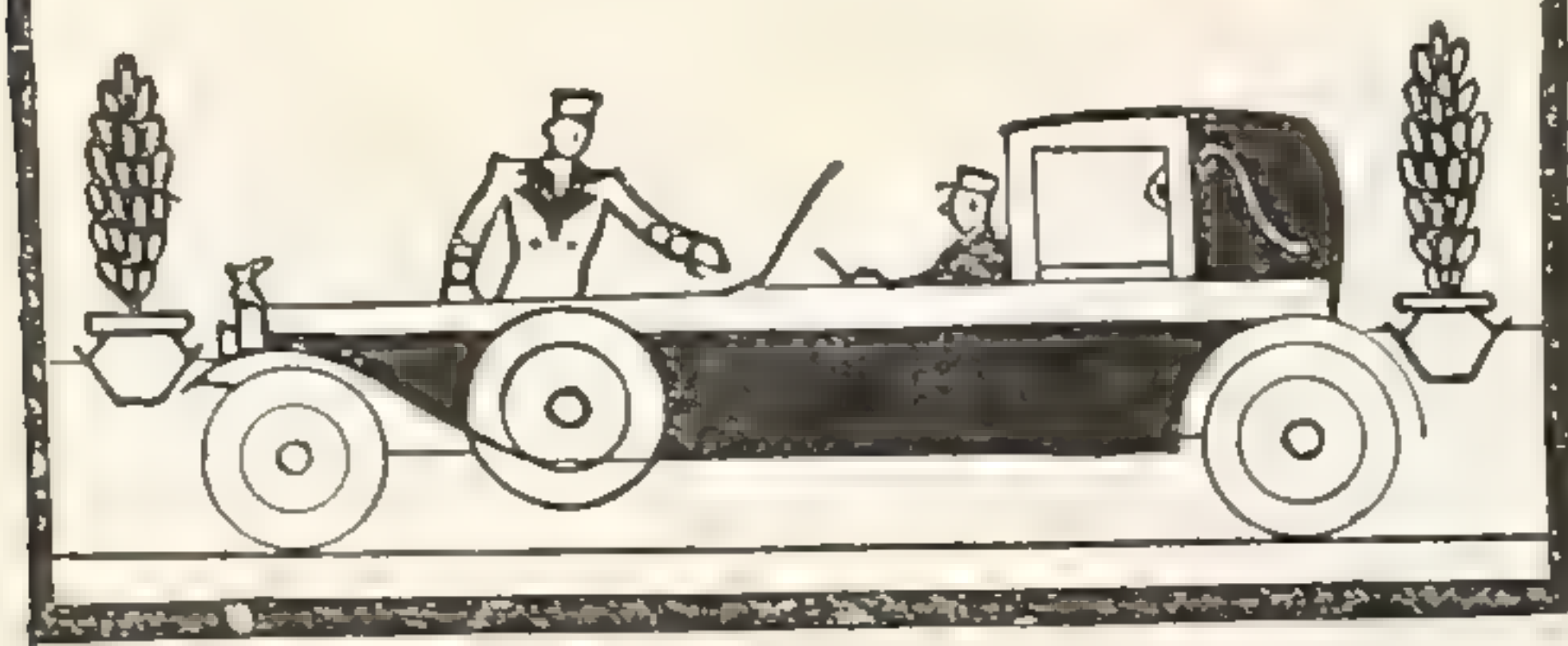
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happened so unexpectedly and quickly I think I am all set this time."

And Sue is the happiest girl in the world. And why not?

Accompanied by her maid she will visit Spain, France and Italy, the locations for the picture; and last but far from least it will be hand in hand with Nick Stuart, her sweetheart in the picture, and in her own heart the Best Young Man in the World. And to attain this Sue had to conquer depression and despair in her own mind, and it probably took all of her courage.

Which shows that Sue is getting the best of her destructive numbers.

Out at the flying field the other day I talked with Ben Lyon who is learning to pilot a plane and getting a tremendous thrill out of it.

Ben crossed his fingers as I approached. "No fair," he cried, "Can't a man have any secrets?"

"Sure. If you have a seven or an eight

in your life no one knows what you are thinking." But Ben hasn't. There is no air of mystery surrounding Ben. He has the blessed luck of being always understood. His deepest desire is accomplishment through work. He expressed it through mingling with people and he impressed people as being somewhat of an organizer, careful of detail, rather methodical and absolutely reliable. What you give Ben to do he will finish to the best of his ability, even if it causes him a good deal of personal sacrifice. He has a very level head and his judgment is good. Added to these fine qualities Ben is optimistic and witty, rather individualized in his method of expression. It is possible for him to be a revelation to those who need poise and stability. In all probability he will either write or direct when he gets tired of acting, for he has the understanding to control others and an inspirational quality that gives interest to whatever he does.

Rosa Reilly's Reviews — Continued from page 51

married him for his money. Of course, she didn't mean for him to hear her. But the door was open and he heard all.

From there the story shoots off to Africa and Jackie is still finding life rather hard. Her husband brought her across the ocean second-class and then when she arrived in the Dark Continent he stuck her in a darker cabin. By this time, the girl has the bright thought that maybe he isn't rich after all and cables her former employer—I said women were poor sports—to come get her.

Well, it takes a drunken overseer and a lion to open Jackie's lovely eyes. And when once she comes to her senses she does smart work with a shotgun and saves her husband.

A well-acted, well-directed picture with Clive Brook, Jackie Logan and Walter McGrail giving splendid performances.

RANSOM

Once in Havana I had what I consider the most peculiar experience of my life. I went to a Chinese theatre. It was crowded with Chinese and I was the only Occidental in the house. My attention was caught and held by the stage. Queer figures speaking a queer language. Queer, awful music rising higher and higher until it seemed to split the ear drum of my emotions. I was hypnotized. There wasn't one word that I could understand; not one gesture of intonation. But the mystery of a mysterious people held me until the end.

That same fascination still holds whenever I come into contact with anything characteristically Chinese. And in the picture *Ransom*, where a gang of Chinamen operate as kidnappers, I felt that familiar thrill again. This is a movie that will interest you, for the action keeps you keyed-up to the same eerie pitch that Chinese music does.

Lois Wilson and William Mong give fine account of themselves in this film.

OBEY YOUR HUSBAND

Many a divorce has been started with a can opener and delicatessen potato salad. So the next time you're bidding three no trumps, don't forget that the boy friend hasn't stopped liking his dinner on time just because you've got the card craze. And when someone says: "Let's play one more rubber," keep a stiff upper lip and beat it home and get that thick steak on the fire before the boy friend opens the front door.

Obey Your Husband is the story of a

woman who didn't. She was a flighty, card-loving wife and through her flightiness she gets herself and her husband mixed up in a murder. And even while you know they're innocent, a district attorney is a pretty hard boy to convince. Dorothy Dwan and Alice Lake split the feminine honors and keep you in suspense until you find the card cheat was killed not by the pretty young wife but by—

It's worth the money to find out.

TWO BROTHERS

Hello, folks, here's a face on the bar-room floor. My mistake! I mean ball room. A face on the ball room floor.

And whose face do you suppose it is? It's Lil Dagover's. You know Lil, don't you? The best vamp that ever stuck a rounded toe out of Germany. In the old post-war days when a glass of beer or an opera seat cost six cents in the Fatherland, Lil came into her stride. And she's been striding ever since.

But this picture, I've got to admit, is the world's worst. And I usually like most things that come out of Germany. But this picture is so bad it's funny. Conrad Veidt plays a dual role and even he and Lil between them can't save the picture. Even when Veidt goes gaga and kills Lil in the ball room.

However, if you're laboring under emotional stress you ought to go to see this film. Several times in my life when I've been up against it, I've bought the trashiest novel I could find. And read it through, to get my mind off my misery. That's why overworked men read detective stories. So if you're worried and desperate about anything, look over *Two Brothers*, and if you don't come home with your nerve centers all relaxed, I'm no judge of human nature.

THE WRIGHT IDEA

The Wright Idea is the wrong idea, if you see what I mean. Johnny Hines is too good a comedian and works in too sportsmanlike a fashion to get himself balled up in this terrible story about a poor young lad who tries to patent and sell a luminous ink which doesn't blot.

There's lots of action and little wit. And Johnny almost works his heart out trying to put it over. But it just proves once again that even a strong-hearted horse can't pull a heavy tractor up a steep hill.

Give the boy a chance for a change.



These photographs show Miss Peggy Sidway, before the Marvelous Marcel Molds were adjusted to her perfectly straight long hair. . . . Mme. Sylva's molds—easily and comfortably adjusted to Miss Sidway's brunette tresses.

When the molds came out of the hair, she exclaimed with delight, "That's the loveliest wave I ever had. From now on, I'm going to use these molds myself. You can't imagine the time and money we models must expend on our hair, for we must always look well."



Here is a manufacturer with such pride in his product—such confidence in its excellence—that in photographing a demonstration of this product for publication, he invited these representatives of great papers to be present, that readers may be assured of complete truthfulness and entire sincerity in every phase of this advertisement. Such is the straightforward, clean-cut policy of ARCADY HOUSE.

Marvelous New Marcel Molds Make Any Hair Gloriously Wavy

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And now the Beauty Parlor brought to your own room!

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For here Science combines with the Art of the Professional Beauty Specialist to give you what every feminine heart and head has longed for—the perfect waver.

So simple a girl of ten can use it with perfect results.

So speedy that 20 minutes span the gap between straggly, unkempt hair and the glorious waves of your favorite style.

So sure that you can hold any wave you have, or reproduce it perfectly, or create something wholly new.

In your own room—without work of preparation—without electricity or hot irons—free from danger of drying out or searing your hair.

There has never been a waver like this before. Never anything so simple and effective. It is the scientific result of long, intelligent and ingenious invention on the part of an American Beauty Specialist of high repute and established success.

The great difference between this and all other wavers.

This waver slips into the hair as easily as you pass your fingers through. But it does something no other waver ever does: it locks in! By a simple clip, it holds in place—stays where you put it—and locks the wave in, MOLDING every contour firmly, gracefully, lastingly.

It makes a soft, undulating wave that lasts from one shampoo to another.

If you see your wave becoming faint and loose, all you have to do is slip these marvelous molds into your hair, lock them in place over the wave, remove them in 20 minutes, and, lo! there's your fresh new wave again!

Can such good news for womankind be true? We refer you to every woman who has so far had the opportunity to try out, test and use this marvelous new device. Read what just one of them says:

I think the Marcel Molds are wonderful. My girl friends could hardly believe I had done it all myself, yet it is true that I got a delightful, soft marcel wave in so short a time it surprised me. Will you please send another set for my chum?
(Signed) B. M. T.

The Art of Beauty, the Sureness of Science, Create this Marvelous New Molder

One of America's finest Beauty Specialists brought this waver to us. It is the result of her work and hopes and dreams over many years of professional hair dressing, plus the skill and science we placed at her command with our expert manufacturing facilities.

Margaret Beynon Sylva, of Illinois, in her 17 years of Beauty Parlor proprietorship, with women's hair as her personal specialty, learned all the longing that women have for a successful home marceller. She knew as keenly as you do the expense, the trials, the disappointments—the dangers, even—of the beauty parlor method, with its rush, its new help, its hot irons.

Mme. Sylva helped to make many other wavers before this final success arrived. They slipped out of hair. They were hard to set in—"tricky." She found at last the touchstone of triumph:

"Make It SIMPLE!"

And with that great idea she came to us. We worked it out. But not so swiftly or easily as these words imply. It took months of the costly time of precision experts to fashion into these few strands of metal that priceless ingredient of simplicity. When you first hold these molders in your hand, you, seeing nothing but some simple frames, may wonder what there was so difficult to make. But when you remove them from your hair and see the glorious results so easily achieved for you, you will know and say, with us, they are worth a hundred times the money!

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And for it, you get a Beauty Parlor of your own, so far as hair waving is concerned, to be yours forever. Because these marvelous molders will last for hundreds—yes, we know by tests, for thousands of waves.

Send No Money—Just Mail the Coupon Trial Certificate—Liberal Offer—Money Back Guarantee

Give these marvelous molders a thorough and complete trial when you get your set. Then, if for any reason you can bring yourself to part with them, and admit that you can not get a perfect result, you will have your money returned promptly. So far, we haven't found anyone who doesn't enthuse after 20 minutes' use. Remember, a girl of ten saw immediately how to use her set, put them in her hair, and got a beautiful marcel in 20 minutes. Surely you can do the same.

You need not risk a penny. Just sign and mail the coupon Trial Certificate. Note that our announcement cost is only \$2.97. We can not afford to carry a book-keeping charge at this figure, so we ask you to deposit with the postman the sum of \$2.97, plus a few cents' postage, when he brings your set. Order now, so we can serve you immediately out of our yet limited production. Get yours now and be first to astonish your friends with the glorious, enviable waves these molders fashion. Fill in and mail the Coupon Trial Certificate this minute.

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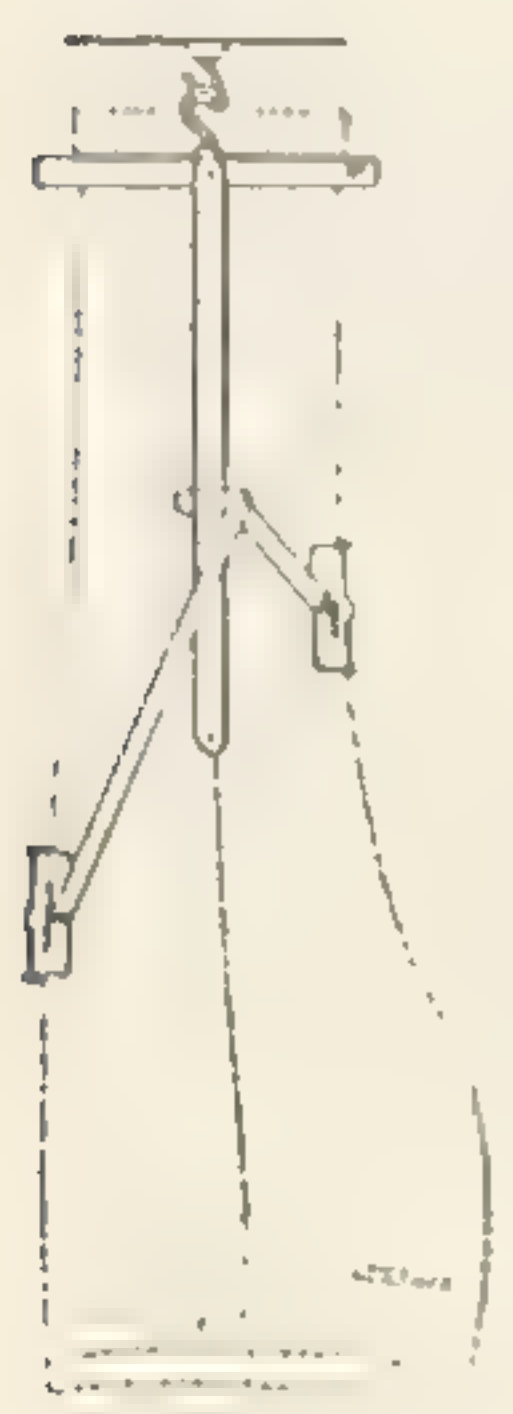
Gentlemen: I want a set of your marvelous molders. I agree to deposit \$2.97 (plus postage) with the postman when he makes delivery. If results are not to my entire satisfaction, I will return the marvelous molders within five days and you are to refund the purchase price.

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Hang up your baggy, wrinkled trousers in a "Trousers Friend" in the evening and put them on spick and span the next morning. It will prolong the life of your garments and will give that finished appearance every day; keep you well groomed; stimulate your self respect and gain for you the admiration of others.

Notice the simplicity of construction of the Trousers Friend! Just three points of contact; only three attachments to make, and all made quickly. The result is the proper stretching of the cloth in conformity with the way the tailor made it originally, and the firm securing of the creases. All bagginess positively removed.

The "Trousers Friend" is scientifically correct in design and construction. It is very substantial, being made of steel (Nickel satin finish), it should last a life time. It is light in weight and folds so compactly that it takes up but little room in grip or suitcase when traveling.

Get a TROUSERS FRIEND—Get it now! It will pay for itself in a month.

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On Location—Continued from page 29

to do in the meantime—all dolled up like Astor's pet colt and feeling as comfortable as a fish on a hook? He couldn't very well relax; but then, he would be an actor. Not that he had any complaint to make. Dear me, no. It was all just fun, and great to be out in the sunshine!

'Neath the shade of the sheltering thatch sat Laska Winters, who, though born in New Orleans, had never yet played an American girl in pictures. There she sat, a dark-eyed siren, veiled, as a woman of a harem should be. And with her, chatting, sat Alfred Hickman and Phillip Strange, both having parts that allowed them to dress like English gentlemen.

Amid all this inactivity there was one corner of the boat that seethed like the roaring surf and I knew that I would find Herbert Brenon in the center of it. Boy! Things move when Brenon holds the megaphone. The only thing that stops him is the weather, and then he chafes like a horse held at the post.

I didn't get the gist of the sequence entirely, but there was Bernard Siegel lending his splendid face and perfect timing to the scene; and there were several natives stationed about the deck as lookouts for trouble, which finally came in the form of Sojin and his men.

Marie Halve, Mr. Brenon's script clerk who also cuts his pictures, was buzzing about like a streak of lightning. Being a script clerk is a job, if you take it seriously, and Marie does. Not a step misses her watchful eye and quick pencil. Literally she has volumes of typewritten notes on each picture so that when she starts to cut it she is so saturated with the atmosphere and action that it saves her much time. Not all script clerks cut the pictures they work on but Mr. Brenon has no qualms where Marie Halve is concerned. "My picture is as safe in Miss Halve's hands as it is in my own," he said to me once when I asked his opinion concerning women in executive positions in pictures.

In a cabin I found Lily Damita, none too enthusiastically putting the finishing touches to her toilette, for she, too, had had that five-thirty call. She had on a dark blue chiffon evening gown which she was supposed to have been wearing when rescued.

I asked Lily how she liked Santa Cruze Island and listlessness immediately deserted her. I have noticed that the name Santa Cruze Island always elicits a violent reaction on the part of anyone who has been there. Because of the meagre accommodations I was not able to go on the location myself, so I could only ask. Lily sat bolt upright, and her eyes flashed.

"Ees beautiful! But no place for a woman," she added vehemently. "Ah-h, do you think I want to go to my bed and find miceses there first? And in my clothes, that I have put in the little bureau drawer, what should I find but a mice vit her very young children. Oh-oo!" Lily ended with an expressive gesture of her fine, well-shaped hands and a peculiar guttural exclamation typical of foreign women when trying to make themselves understood in English.

Ronald Colman was not aboard. Not having to work in the morning scenes Mr. Brenon told him to rest up for the afternoon shots. Ronald's method for resting up, we afterwards found, was to play medicine ball with Theodore von Eltz who did not work until afternoon either, and Frank

Case, the owner of New York's Algonquin hotel, now summering with his family at Malibu. After the game they treated themselves to a dip in the sea which is practically their door mat.

For luncheon Mr. Brenon rounded up what he called the Santa Cruze crowd and climbing in the launch we whizzed to the dock and then piled into cars for a three minute run to his beach house. The Santa Cruze crowd consisted of Lily Damita, George Barnes, Alfred Hickman, Phillip Strange, Ronald Colman and Theodore von Eltz, who met us at the cottage. Barrett Kiesling and myself were the only outsiders in this little clique. George Barnes was introduced to me as 'the best cameraman in the business,' but he gave my informant a punch in the ribs and told him to 'cut that out.'

When I saw that beach house I felt pretty sorry for Herbert Brenon and the poor quarters he has to put up with. Nix!

A high, white latticed fence protected the place from the road and just inside was the tennis court. The cottage was surrounded by a charming if miniature garden, with tables, beach swings, garden umbrellas, flowers, a police dog and cockatoo which Mr. Brenon had acquired at Santa Cruze. These beach lots are thirty by two hundred feet long and Brenon had two of them, making the width sixty feet. The bungalow's main feature was the beautiful living room, one side opening on the garden, the other on the beach. It was artistically furnished with large, luxuriantly comfortable chairs and couches. Tantalizingly interesting books lined the walls, a mammoth fireplace filled the north end, and in the center of the room was a stunning gaming table. Then there was one bedroom with a view of the sea, a bath, a butler's pantry and kitchen. A separate bungalow housed the servants, main kitchen and an adorable dressing room and bath done in black and red lacquer for women guests who wanted a swim in the sea. And such an one was I.

A perfect host, Mr. Brenon put all of his guests in the shade of the umbrella and himself, there not being room for all, sat at a little table next to us in the sun. The other men squabbled to either take his place or share his sunburn, and Alfred Hickman won. They looked like monks sitting together in the sunshine with napkins over their heads which they tucked in so that they stayed on in spite of the breeze.

Mr. Brenon was the first to look at his watch after a delicious luncheon of cold meats, creamed potatoes, a salad, a custard and a refreshing beverage.

"Shall you need me, Herbert?" asked Ronald Colman, a smile beginning in his eyes—ever notice how Ronald's eyes smile long before the gravity of his face lifts?

"Oh, yes. You work this afternoon, Ronnie," said the unconscious Mr. Brenon.

"Well, am I in the first scene?" asked Ronald the smile having reached his lips by that time.

"Oh—ho! I begin to see a streak of dawn," said Brenon.

"Because if I'm not and if Theodore is not I thought we might have just time for a single."

"Now I do see daylight," laughed Brenon. "Sure! Have your single, Ronnie. All of you can stay except George and myself. We'll finish up our sequence of the morning and I'll send for you when I want you." Brenon is an executive and a thoughtful one.



They Thought I'd Get "Stage Fright"

...But I Gave Them the Surprise of Their Lives!

"I THINK you're making a big mistake, Mr. Lawrence." The conference room was shocked to silence as my associates heard that bold remark, addressed to the big chief, who had been outlining a sales policy that I knew was full of flaws.

"Keep still now, unless you know what you are talking about" — "Oh boy, Frank is letting himself in for a lecture" — "You'll lose your job sure" — these were the whispered cautions of those sitting around me. But I paid no attention. And before Mr. Lawrence could recover from his astonishment, I swung into my talk. In a rapid fire way, I sketched out the factors that he had overlooked. For twenty minutes I explained my ideas which I had kept bottled up for two years. And when I had

finished I knew from the changing expression on Mr. Lawrence's face that I had won.

"Well," said Mr. Lawrence, "I'm glad somebody around here has nerve enough to give his opinion and show me where I'm wrong. You see me later, young man."

Afterward, my office associates plied me with questions. "Where did you learn how to talk so effectively?" "Congratulations, Frank — you've set yourself solid with the boss. But what's happened to you? You used to be as silent as the sphinx—as timid as a mouse!"

I laughed. "Nothing miraculous, at all. I've simply discovered a new easy way to become a dominating speaker and an interesting conversationalist. I've been secretly devoting twenty minutes a day to it, and the results have been astonishing. This method is explained in a remarkable book entitled *How to Work Wonders with Words*, prepared by the North American Institute. I'd advise every man to send for it. It's free!"

* * *

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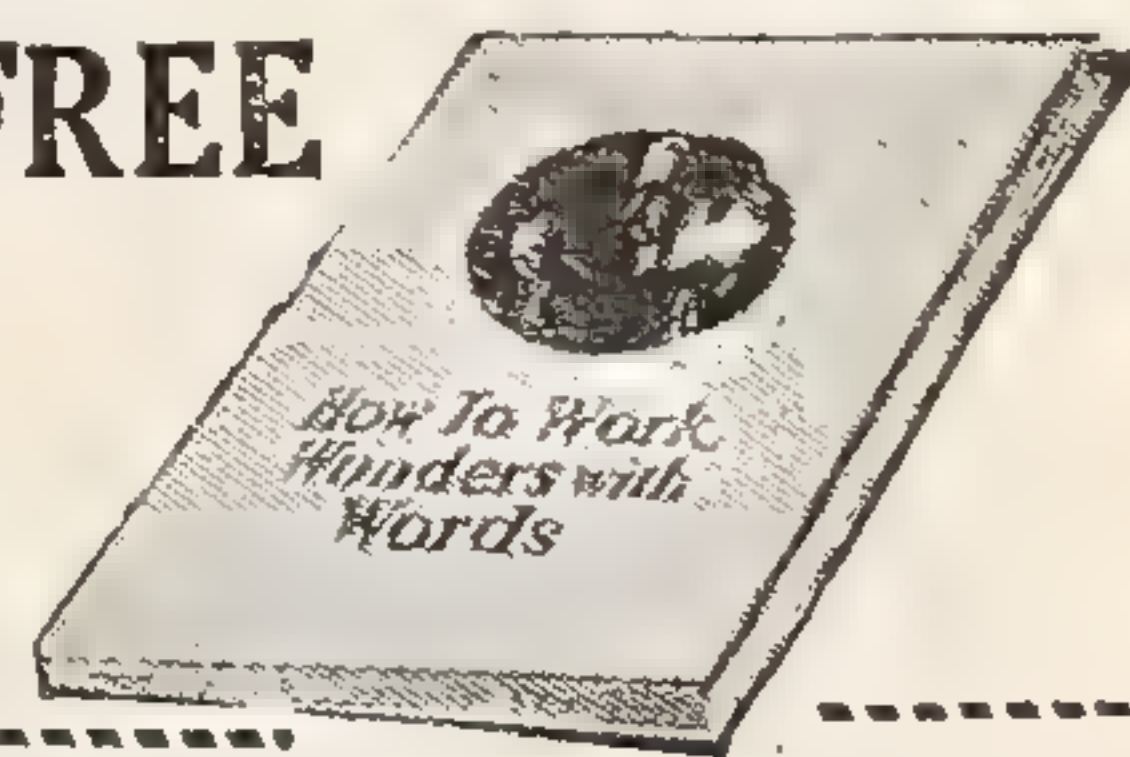
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After dinner, comfortably encoined in your big easy-chair, you spend what develops into one of the most pleasant evenings you've ever had. Then you realize that you were glad you did not pass up the advertisement offering this marvelous collection of the most popular novels of the day at the extraordinarily low price of \$1.00 each.

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When a Man's a Man.....	Harold Bell Wright
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That suited us all. Ronald and Theodore von Eltz started their game while Lily Damita, Alfred Hickman, Phillip Strange, Barrett Kiesling and myself sat 'neath the trusty umbrella talking and watching the players.

I am sorry to say that Lily Damita is homesick. A hungry look appeared in her eyes when I asked her whether she missed France. The fact that she did I had sensed by her silence at lunch when everyone else was chattering about America and American things, still unfamiliar to the little French lady. Although Hollywood has taken Lily to its heart, although she is the spirit of mischief and merriment, her eyes told, in quiet moments, of the far-away friends she missed and the country that, because it is home, is loveliest to her.

We all know what homesickness is, and can sympathize with Lily and send her friendly thoughts to make her know how sorry we shall be if we should lose her.

Alfred Hickman talked of his wife, Nance O'Neil, one of America's most famous stage actresses. Miss O'Neil recently came to California to teach the younger generation how to use their voices for the screen. She is enthusiastic over sound pictures, as everyone is just now, but she realizes that quite a different voice technique will have to be used for them.

All too soon for the players the fatal message came for work. "A little business interfering with pleasure," Ronnie put it. It puzzles me to hear Ronald Colman referred to in the papers as 'aloof,' 'cold,' 'rude to women,' and 'ungracious.' Ronald isn't the talkative kind and he isn't a party hound and doesn't invite publicity. Far from inviting it he shies away from it. But that doesn't mean that he is unfriendly. For one thing he simply cannot get it through his head that what he does off the screen has any possible interest for people he doesn't know. He forgets that his face is as familiar to millions of people as the face of a member of their own family. He looks at you with a quizzical smile when you try to explain this, as though he thought to himself that you were trying to string him. He likes his work and the open air life it permits him to live. He likes many of the people he meets in the business and he is their guest and they are his guests on numerous occasions. He doesn't keep open house but neither does that brand him as ungracious. I suppose people expect all screen stars to be exactly alike, and of course that is impossible. Someday, if I can manage it, I'm going to ask Ronald what he really feels on this subject.

Back on the job again, Lily and Ronald climbed into a little row boat. Ronald had just rescued the fair damsel and was rowing her to 'The Hermit' and safety. The usual afternoon breeze had sprung up and the water was very choppy, so that the little craft bounded up and down like a cork.

Back and forth, back and forth Ronald rowed, while the scene was shot from different angles. One was spoiled because a pleasure launch trailing a water nymph on an aqua-board whizzed around the bow of 'The Hermit' and into the scene. An assistant grabbed a megaphone and requested the adventurers to retire to another part of the ocean. Which they obligingly did, and Ronald went back to his rowing, but alas, and alack!

"We'll have to stop after this shot, George. Lily's getting seasick," said Brenon. Lily's hand went out in a little helpless gesture. "Yes, sir!" Brenon chuckled, "Lily's getting seasick. She'll be glad to put her foot on this boat, I'll bet

five dollars! Get Miss Damita aboard!" he called, and three assistants sprang to help the now white-faced girl to the deck. Whereupon the sun went behind a cloud and refused to come out.

"Oh, for the love of Jerusalem, are we going to have to put up with weather?" fumed the dynamic Herbert Brenon, wrathfully searching the heavens for an answer to his demand. "There—look at that. There is sun over on that beach house—now of all the aggravating things in California!" Another rapid survey of the sky after which he evidently decided that the patch of sunlight a mile or two away would be a long time reaching 'The Hermit,' and without another word he stretched himself full-length on a hatchway and promptly went to sleep.

I saw another famous man do that when he had a few idle moments and knew that rest would turn them to some account. It was Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree.

With the relaxing of their Chief the rest of the company followed suit. Some stretched out likewise, others fished for mackerel, others spun yarns or played bridge; but over all there was a hush—and so we left them, waiting while the sun played coquette behind a masterful bank of gun-metal clouds, and the sea hissed as it struck the sides of the boat in angry swells, gloating over the prize it soon would claim; for 'The Hermit' is fated to be blown up in the last scenes and you will see it in a spectacular shot in *The Rescue*.

* * *

A few days after this I met Dorothy Arzner on the Paramount lot and asked her whether she was going to take her outfit on location.

"We are going on a sort of location tomorrow," Miss Arzner smiled, "down to the Million Dollar Theatre that is inactive just now. You can be one of the audience," she added.

So I hied me down to the Million Dollar Theatre in the center of the Los Angeles business district to see what was going on. I have a particular interest in Dorothy Arzner's work because, with the exception of Lois Weber who also produces her own pictures, she is the only woman who has been able to stand the gaff of direction. As everyone says, there is no reason why a woman should not direct, but the fact remains that few do. There are one or two who direct now and then—Elizabeth Pickett is one, but Miss Arzner has to her credit three of Paramount's best pictures, *Fashions for Women* being her first, and has won for herself genuine respect and recognition in a field hitherto sacred to man.

As I watched Miss Arzner I hadn't the faintest desire to blush for my sex. There are few directors in the business who work as quickly or as quietly and very few who get better results. Miss Arzner has not yet made an outstandingly great picture, but every one of the three she has directed are far above the average and it would surprise me a whole lot if in the near future she doesn't produce something unusually fine.

They were shooting a corner in the wings looking toward the dressing rooms and all over the rest of the stage were those who were not in the scene. About fifty girls dressed in the costume chorus girls wear for rehearsal, (for this untitled Ernest Vадja story is one of the stage,) were practicing dance steps, and a second camera was taking shots of the hands of two or three people supposed to be in the audience applauding. Paul Lukas, a very fine French actor now in our midst, and Nancy Carroll were before the incandescents and Dick

Back-Stage Secrets

By Edna Wallace Hopper

APPEARING several times daily on the theatrical stage taxes the skin to the utmost. The make-up meant for footlights is not the gently compounded range of tints used in the boudoir. Between acts make-up must be removed . . . in the most protective, delicate manner possible. And, in my case, quickly—because my numerous interests leave little spare time. In fact, my forty-odd years on the stage have taught me split-second efficiency in caring for my body.

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With the cosmetics I use you need only devote ten minutes a day to your own hair, skin, teeth and hands. The methods I recommend to you have preserved the petal-like fineness of my skin. In my sixties I appear to be a girl of twenty. European scientists each year ask that I submit to physical tests during my summer vacation abroad. My reactions are those of a young girl.

But it never has been my ambition to figure as a beauty culturist. Prolonging beauty is a pleasure to me—and a necessity, because my face and fortune were won by beauty and upon it my career depends.



My Personal Invitation

So that you may try my program I have prepared a Beauty Set of the most important cosmetics I use daily. In addition I have added samples of Wave and Sheen, my hair dressing, and White Youth Clay. The Art Panel Box is a happy achievement. You will be glad to have it for your dressing table or traveling case. Full sizes of the 7 beauty aids you will receive in this box would cost over \$4. Send the coupon today with 50c to partially cover cost. **FREE!** I will include a free Certificate for a 50-cent tube of Quindent, the milk of magnesia tooth paste. So the cosmetics really cost you nothing.

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But never mind, she won't mind waiting "for our ship to come in", if she's the right sort. But she does expect **LOVE**—the love of a **REAL MAN**. What right has a sickly, puny **WEAKLING** got to offer **LOVE** to a girl? How can he expect her to look up to him if he's a human scare-crow? How can he ask her to pass up the strong, handsome fellows and wait for him? What chance has he got to make good in life? You need **STRENGTH** and **STAMINA** and **VITALITY** to get ahead in this world.

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Arlen and Lilyan Tashman were reading.

"I suppose," I said to Lilyan, "that my appearance will be a signal for you to go to to work." And it was. Both she and Dick were called and I watched three or four very amusing scenes.

The idea was that Paul Lukas, a powerful theatrical producer, had a hankering for Nancy Carroll who was in the cast. Nancy was in love with Dick Arlen, an aspiring young playwright whom Lukas, to clear his own path toward Nancy was going to oust from the theatre. His wife, Lilyan Tashman, appears at the stage door at that moment and taking in the situation at a glance forces an introduction to Dick from her embarrassed husband and makes a play for the young man's interest.

And it would be a hard-boiled young man indeed who could keep himself from falling for the fascinating Mme. Renov as Miss Tashman plays her. Exquisite in her taste in dress, Lilyan brings to her work a sparkle and finesse that makes her the most sought-after free-lance player of her type in Hollywood. Lilyan vamped Dick Arlen with every muscle of her lithe body, and such glances from those mysterious eyes of hers that it was all any of them could do to keep from laughing.

"Have a heart, Lil," said Dick, "that poor guy hasn't a chance."

"Lilyan has everything," he said to me later, "timing, dramatic power, beauty, everything. She is the most finished actress I think I've ever worked with."

"How do you like Dorothy Arzner's direction?" I asked him before I realized what a stupid question it was. Knowing that my pencil was poised to use anything he said against him he naturally would say nothing uncomplimentary. But to my relief he had not noticed the tactlessness of my remark and replied sincerely.

"Blest if I know how she does it, but Dorothy's set is the quietest in the studio. There is no yelling, no tension, yet things move and she gets what she wants. I'm never tired when I go home and before I was always tired—dead tired. I didn't think I'd like it at first, the quiet I mean, but I sure do now."

I asked Dick how Jobyna Ralston, his wife, was. His face beamed with pleasure. "She's just wonderful. Bobbed her hair! Yes, she did, and she's been putting on airs ever since. Just as fresh as wet paint. It gives me the greatest kick I ever had to watch her."

Lilyan, Nancy Carroll and Paul Lukas came up just then for a rest while Miss Arzner took some shots of the chorus girls pouring out of the dressing rooms in time for their cue.

Nancy Carroll told us about the treasure hunt Bebe Daniels had given to which Lilyan Tashman had also gone. No one but Bebe would have thought out such a wild goose chase. Each person was given a slip of paper with a verse on it which, if you were smart enough to read between the

lines, gave you a clue to one of the hiding places of the treasure. At each stopping place there was another slip to instruct you further. This wasn't held in Bebe's drawing room. No, indeed. You got in your car and trailed all over Beverly Hills to garages, gas stations, hotels and even a graveyard, where among the tombstones you pranced to find the precious slip of paper. Nancy and Lilyan both got tired before they came to the end of the jaunt and went home, both having to work early the next day.

Nancy was then called to work but in a few minutes she was back taking up the conversation just where she left off. "And, as I was saying," she went on, "I didn't win anything but someone got \$50.00 in pennies and there were other prizes."

The other visiting lady spoke about a producer and his wife who, over a period of years, have managed most of the young stars of Hollywood. That set Nancy off again and she recounted experience after experience that she had had on the stage.

"Come on, chatterbox," said Miss Arzner, calling her to work in her sweet, soft voice that robbed her words of possible sting, and patting the top of Nancy's curly head as she stooped to fasten her ballet shoe more securely. "About all I've heard over here is your very dramatic monologue. I am sure," she said winking at us, "that no one else had a chance to say a word."

Nancy laughed. "Well, I was on my favorite subject so I am always eloquent if I can get anyone to listen."

One is apt to pass Nancy Carroll by judging from her rounded, dimpled face, enormous, wide-apart blue eyes, and cupid's bow mouth as being merely a beauty, but I was very surprised to find after talking with her that a very good set of brains concealed themselves beneath the luxuriant waves of red hair, and that she had more shrewdness than the average person. Nancy's life has not been a bed of roses, and her place in the sun was not handed to her on a silver platter.

Just then the assistant director blew his whistle for quiet and made the announcement for the next day's call. There was a general stampede for the studio cars. I was to go home with Lilyan Tashman and she told Dick Arlen, Danny O'Shea and Paul Lukas that she would drive them in her stunning new Lincoln as far as the studio where they could pick up their own cars.

Lilyan and her husband, Edmund Lowe, are dying to go to New York for two weeks, but they are both working too hard to get away. "I'm bound I'll go in September, but just because I want to so badly I suppose I'll be offered a ripping part, and of course I'll take it," she laughed in that husky voice that is so attractive.

And right then we pulled up at my hotel, and since my editor wired me to rush my manuscript, I'll stop right here, but next time I hope to tell you all about Ramon Novarro on location.

Robert Benchley—Continued from page 52

to do up there. For instance, I don't think it is generally known that most of our boys are between the age of fourteen. We feel . . . we feel that by taking the boy at this age we can get closer to his real nature, and a boy has a very real nature, you may be sure . . . and bring him into closer contact not only with the school, the parents, and with each other, but also with the town in which they live, with the country to which they try to pay allegiance,

and to the town in which they live. Now the fourth point which Dr. Morrison wanted brought up was that in connection with the installation of the new furnace last Fall. It seems there has been talking going around about this not having been done quite as economically as it might have been . . . as might have been done. It seems to me that people who . . . Well as a matter of fact the whole thing was done just as economically as possible, even more so. Mr.

Rossiter, unfortunately our Treasurer . . . Mr. Rossiter, our Treasurer, unfortunately is confined at his home with quite a bad head cold and I . . . (whisper with man). Well, the joke seems to be on me . . . Mr. Rossiter has pneumonia. Mr. Rossiter has asked me if I would read the report in his place, and following then is a summary of the financial report for . . . During the year 1926, and by that is meant 1927, the Choral Society received the following in donations:

B. L. G.	\$500
G. K. M.	500
O. T. N.	200
In memory of a happy summer at Rye Beach	10
Proceeds of a sale of coats and hats which were left in the boathouse— \$14, and \$14	dollars.

Then the Junior League gave a performance of Pinafore for the benefit of the fund, which, unfortunately, resulted in a deficit of \$300. Then we took in to dues and Laboratory fees—\$2,345.75, making a total of receipts amounting to \$3,645.75. This is, of course, all record as of June. Now in the matter of expenditures the . . . the . . . in the matter of expenditures the Club has not been so fortunate . . . Because the unsettled condition of business and the late Spring to contend with resulted in the following rather discouraging figures, I am afraid. Expenditures—\$ Then there was a loss owing to several things of \$3,326.80; carfare—\$4,452.00, and then Mrs. Crandall's expense account when she went to Baltimore to look into the work they are doing there, came to—but I am sure you will all agree with me it was worth that to find out what they are doing in Baltimore; and then under the general head of odds and ends—\$2,586.40 . . . 55 . . . 45, making a total expenditure of \$14,756.50, or a net deficit of several thousand dollars. Now these figures bring us down only to October. In October my sister was married and the whole house was torn up, and in the general confusion we lost track of the figures for May and August, but all those wishing the approximate figures for May and August may obtain them from me in the vestry after dinner, where I will be with placards for those who wish to subscribe over and above your annual due, and I hope each and every one of you here tonight will look deep into your heart, and into your pocketbook, and see if you cannot find it there to help us to put this thing over with a bang, and to make this the biggest and the best year that the Armenians ever have had. Thank you."

In the December number of SCREENLAND there will be an unusually interesting article by Rob Wagner recounting from his wealth of memories the heart-warming acts of some of the players.

This story will help you to know the stars better.

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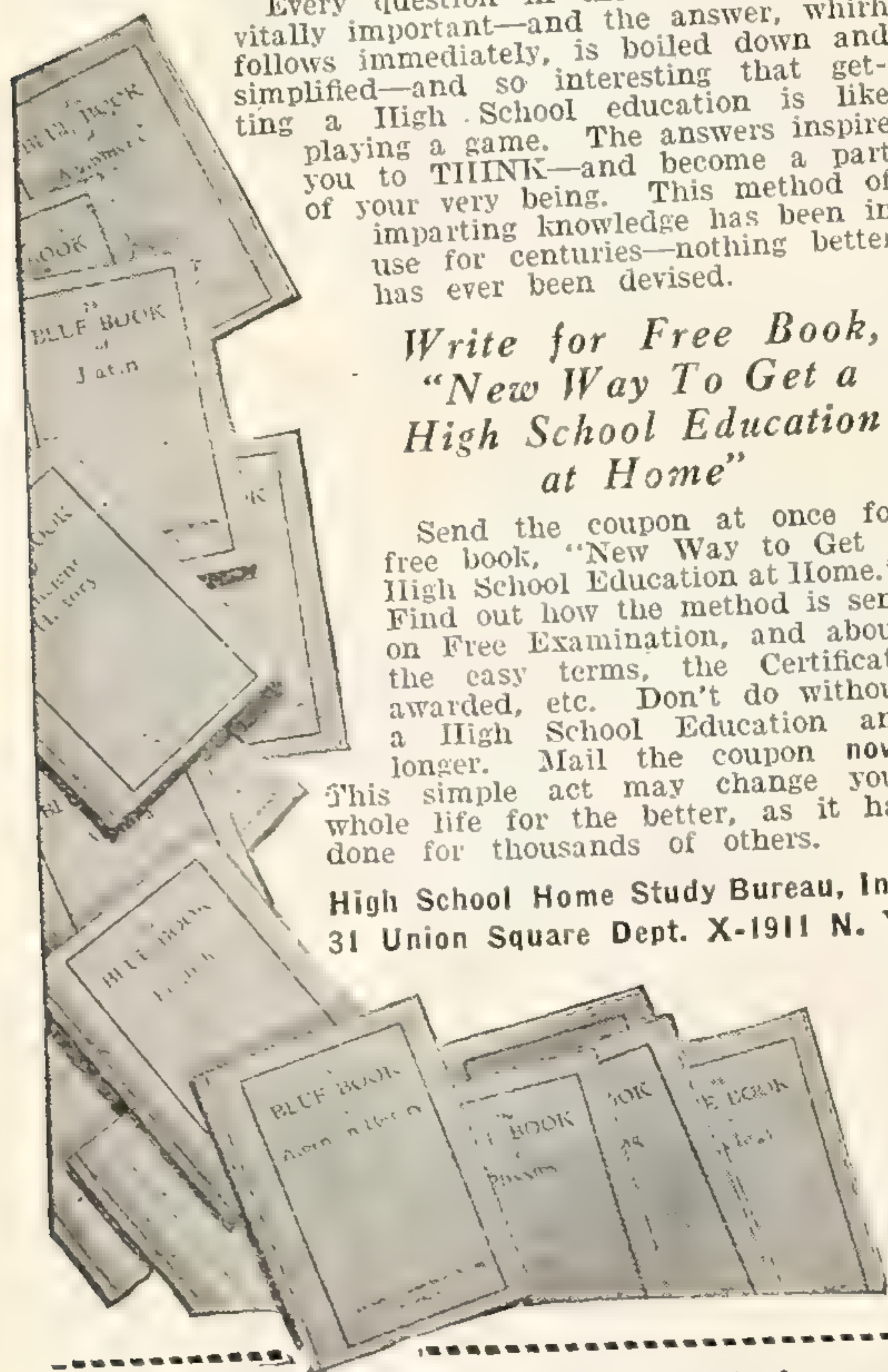
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Polly (Moran) prefers her eleven-year-old son who is a student at a Los Angeles military school to any other audience.

New Lovers for the Hollywood Ladies

Continued from page 19

the public? Yes, how about us? You never thought of that, did you? Suppose you give a thought to it right here and now. A thought a day keeps the apples away.

Eric von Stroheim once said that a picture girl is at her best when she is in love with her leading man. Who's going to dispute the word of this great master of realism? Not I. I wouldn't argue with him for the world. I know better. You know how he acts on the screen when he is crossed? Well, I wouldn't be the one to cross him. I don't want him to fix me with his monode. I'm no inn-keeper's daughter. What Mr. von Stroheim says is Lee and Jake with me. If he thinks the love scenes screen better when there is natural acting behind them, then it must be so. All I can say is, it must keep the stars pretty busy. Unfortunately, it doesn't always work out that way. Some of the great love scenes of the screen have been performed by a girl and a man who personally felt the greatest aversion for one another. On the other couch there is John Gilbert and Greta Garbo, thank heaven!

I don't know whether it is true or not that the stars do their best work when they have a crush on their leading men. But it's a nice thought for tonight. I like to brood upon it. I hope it is true. It makes everything seem so much chummier. I was always one of the poor saps who tried to kid myself into believing that, no matter how often they denied it, Ronald and Vilma really did care. When Vilma married Rod, and I heard that Ronnie has a wife somewhere in England, I thought I couldn't bear it. Luckily the movies went Garbo about that time, and I was able to face life anew and cover up the old heartache

with a broken smile. Maybe, I thought, Mary and Doug will make that co-starring romance they have been promising for so long. Or Joan Crawford and Doug Junior will oblige with a screen duet. But at that, I like variety. It's the life of spice.

The girl who wishes that the good Lord had made her a man will get her wish right now. There are a dozen men in pictures just made for her. She can take her choice. Girls, just let your glance stray over the following array of talent: Walter Byron, Lane Chandler, Barry Norton, Eddie Nugent, Nils Asther, Nick Stuart, Hugh Trevor, John Mack Brown, George Duryea, Roland Drew, John Loder, Leroy Mason—well, you get the idea. A brand-new crop of leading boys are replacing the old guard. It's off with the old love, and on with the goo.

What fun, what fun! You have to show the movie audience new lovers at play or they won't pay. The stars aim to squeeze and the leading men know their clinches.

All the world loves a love scene. It's love that makes the world go round—the block to stand in line waiting for a chance to buy a ticket to *Passion's Playtoy*. It must be love. It's gotta be love. And it takes two to make a love scene, if you leave out the polyp. The most exquisite, beautiful, ravishing, alluring, seductive and charming movie star in the world can't put it over without a young, handsome, and amiable man to watch her adoringly and applaud her calisthenics. She must have her inspiration. You know how it is, girls.

Some of the picture beauties are fans even as you or I. One of them sees a certain new man on the screen and falls for him. "Oh, how I'd like to have him for my next leading man!" she sighs. Some-

times, if she sighs gently and firmly enough, she gets her man. The bigger and better Stellar Bodies can have just about anything their little hearts desire, from the latest Russian director to a big case of—Kleig eye, I said. If they want a Certain Leading Man he's there, to have and to scold. Until a new one comes along.

Many of the cleverest girls in pictures have changed their leading men with their movie moods. Pola Negri seldom played twice with the same actor. Mary Pickford selects a new juvenile for every picture. Gloria Swanson has distributed her film favors to John Boles, Raoul Walsh, and now Walter Byron. Corinne Griffith, Colleen Moore, Norma Shearer and Esther Ralston all admit that matrimonial fidelity to Walter Morosco, John McCormick, Irving Thalberg, and George Webb respectively is their preferred personal plan but they have other plans for the screen. A New Man for Each Picture is their slogan. Their success is their excuse, as if they need any. Their husbands thoroughly approve.

Dolores del Rio's spectacular screen career has been helped rather than hindered by the fact that she has had a different vis-a-vis in every picture she has made. In *What Price Glory?* Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen played tag with *Charmaine*. In *The Red Dance* it was Charles Farrell who made love to the pretty peasant. In *The Trail of '98* Ralph Forbes fought for the pioneer heroine. Warner Baxter was *Ramona's aide amour*; while LeRoy Mason officiates in the forthcoming *Revenge*. No doubt Dolores would have been just as glamorous if she had been cast to lavish languishing glances on a wooden Indian, but you can't prove it.

And so it goes. Gather 'round, girls, and learn how your movie-tickets must feel when they meditate on Clara Bow, Greta Garbo and Joan Crawford all at once. The new crop of leading men will stand or fall by your applause. Don't you hope they fall?

We'll take Walter Byron first, just to make him feel at home. He's just over from England, and he can't very well object. He has probably found out enough already about the bold ways of the American girl to be prepared for anything. He is apt to get it. He has made a hit with Vilma Banky in *The Awakening*. Gloria Swanson has borrowed him to play opposite her in *Queen Kelly*, under von Stroheim's direction. I think he will play a British soldier. It will be easy. He was one himself. You know how these Englishmen are. Remote, and rather mysterious, with little moustaches. Walter didn't have a moustache when Mr. Goldwyn first met him in London. He had been highly recommended to the American movie magnate by no less a fellow-countryman than Ronald Colman, also a Goldwyn discovery. But Mr. Goldwyn, who probably had another Colman in mind when he went Columbusing about the continent, was not so very much impressed with young Mr. Byron. "You might do," he said, "that is, if you had a moustache."

Mr. Byron smiled, reached in his pocket, said, "Excuse me a sec," turned around—and faced Mr. Goldwyn adorned with a trim little moustache. Maybe Ronald Colman had tipped him off. Anyway, he had come armed to the teeth and he got the job. Hollywood stood back and waited until it heard the reports of his screen tests. Word got about that he was the berries, to say nothing of the roast beef and Yorkshire pudding and ale of good old England.

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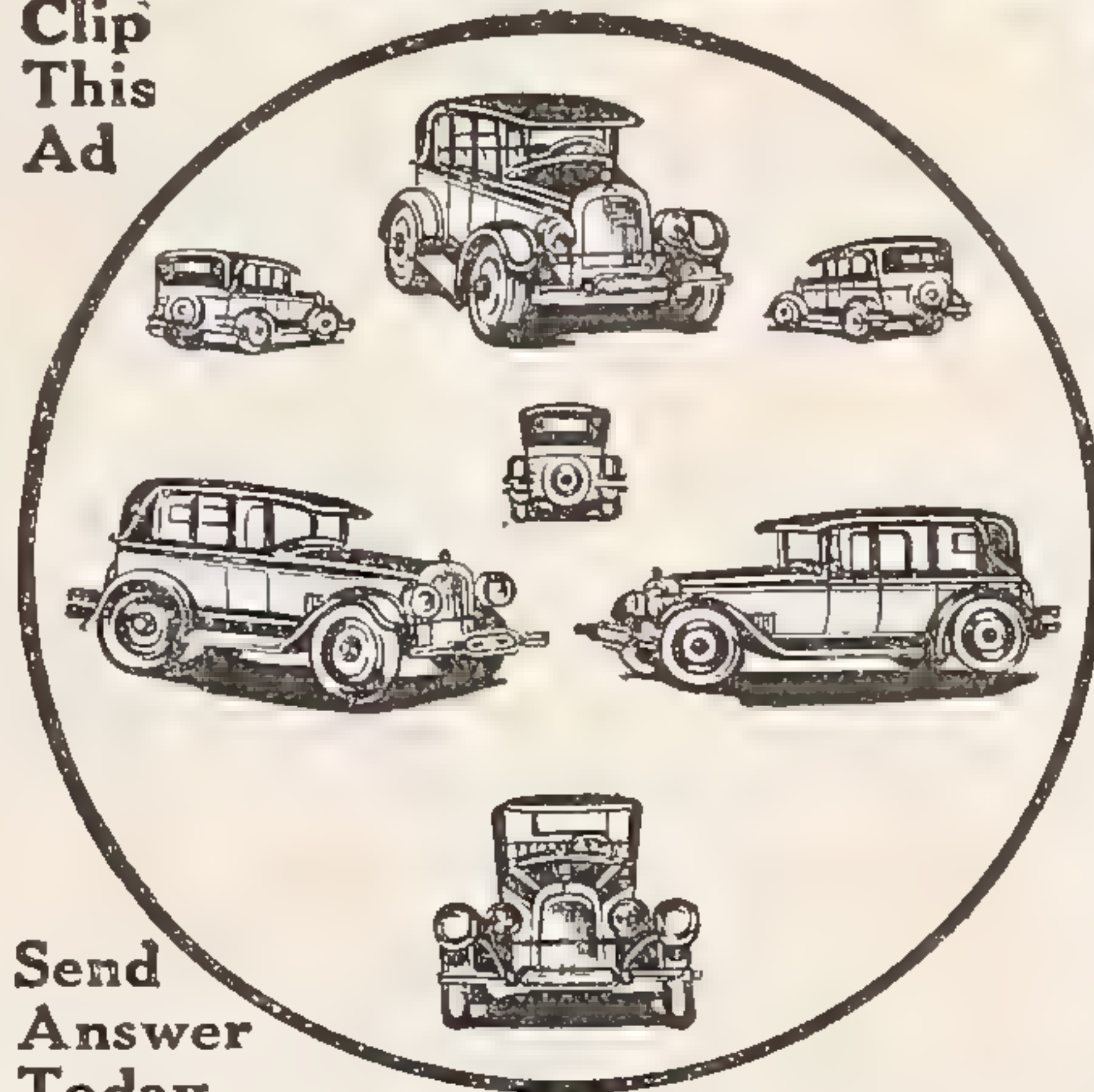
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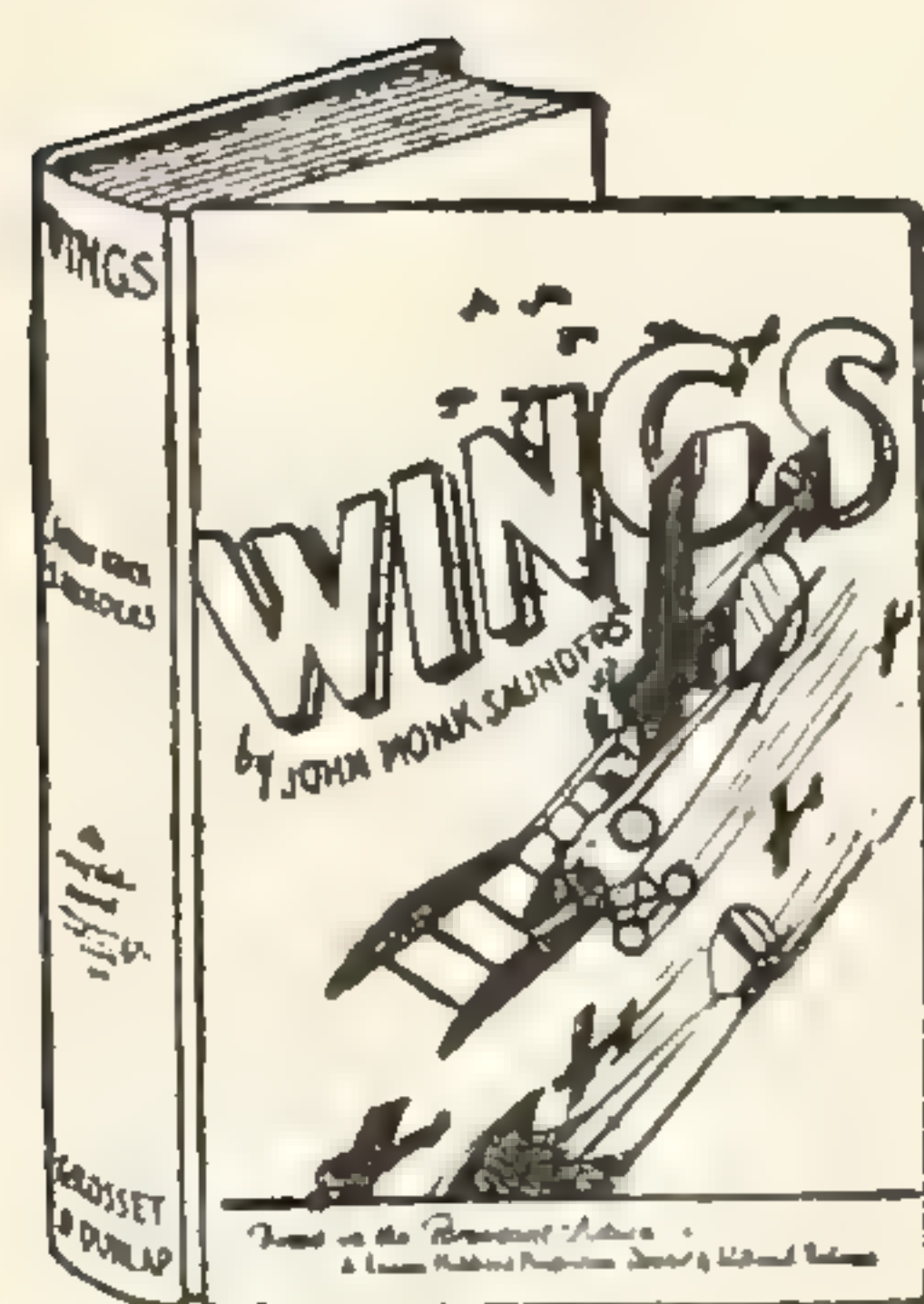
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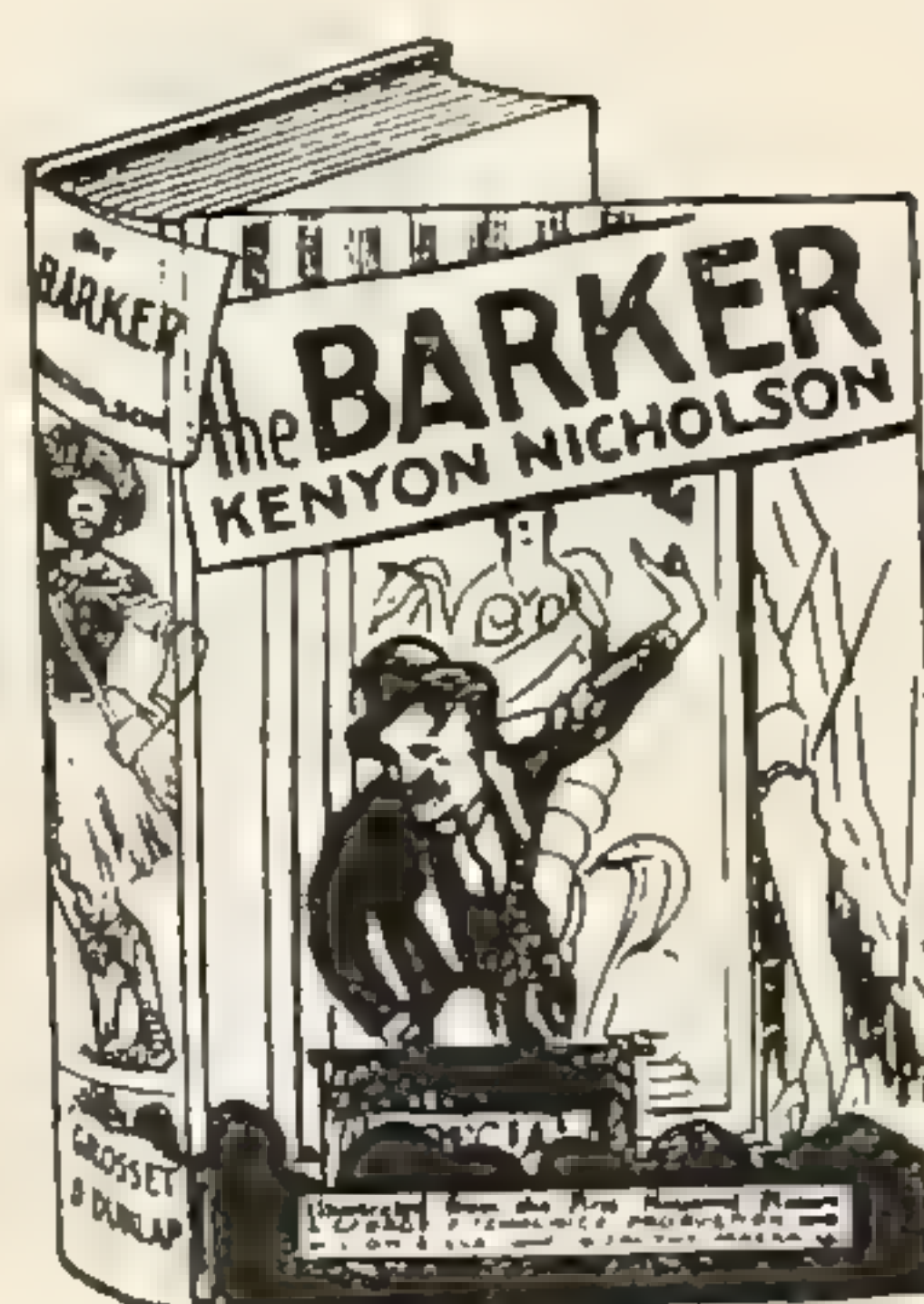


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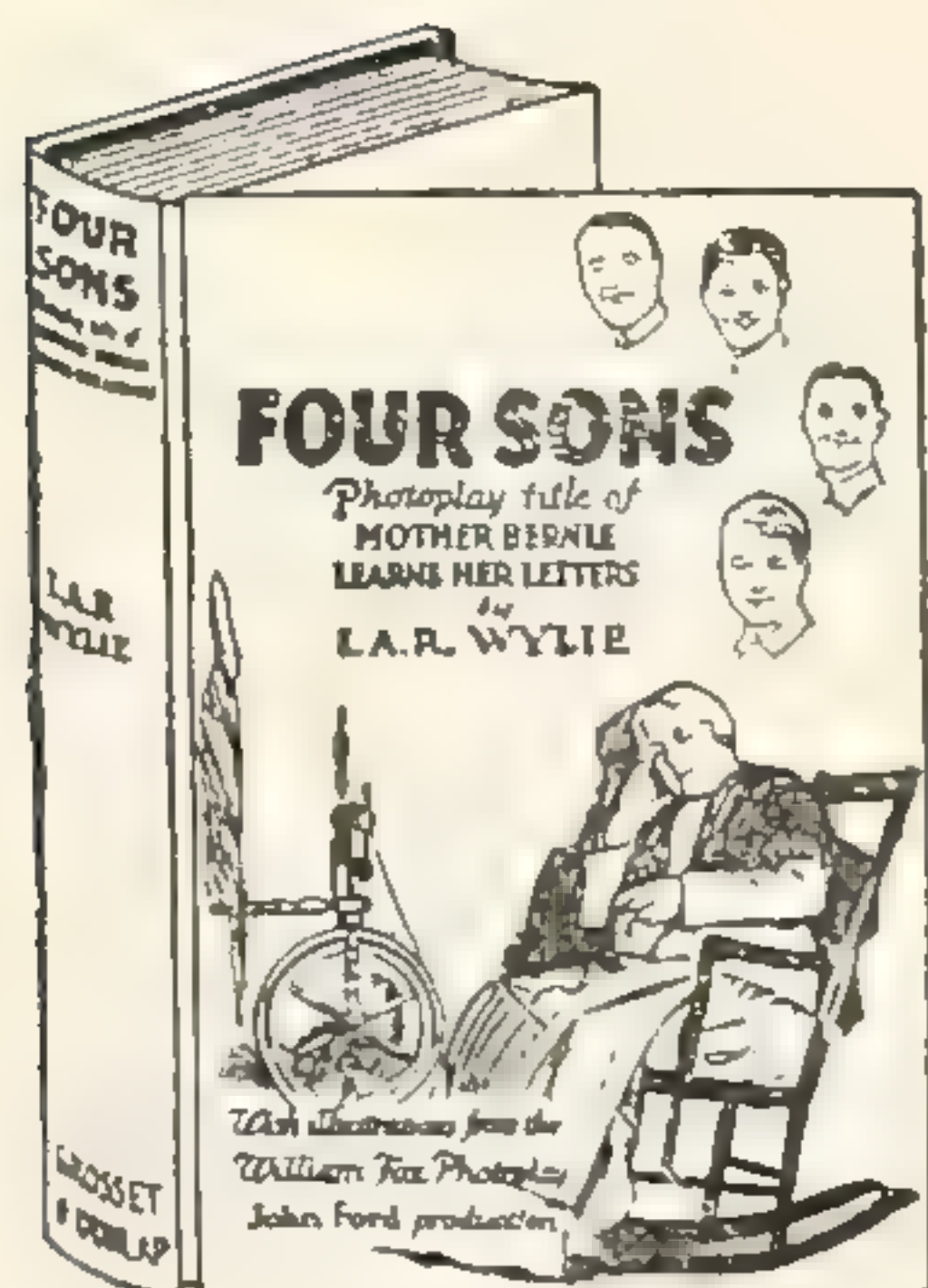
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Anna Karenina



(Movie Title "Love")



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The Patent Leather Kid
Beau Geste
Beau Sabreue
Ben Hur
Seventh Heaven
The King of Kings
Resurrection
The Gaucho
Mother Machree



And when you see him in *The Awakening* he will snap you right up out of your coma. They say that playing opposite him Vilma Banky displayed an unwonted pep and dash. Gloria is said to be enthusiastic over his contribution to her forthcoming opus. And if he has done so much for these two queens of Hollywood what will he do for us?

Speaking of fall tonics — there's that Eddie Nugent. He is as fresh as Billy Haines and yet he has a sort of wistfulness about him. I have never met any young man quite like Eddie on the screen before. Therefore I say, he's here to stay. Any one who's different will make a success on the screen. Of course, there is Bull Montana. He's different, too. But watch Eddie. In *Dancing Daughters* you couldn't take him very seriously. He was the clown of that picture. But in *The Bellamy Trial* he won Betty Bronson—and a lot of other girls over to his side. Eddie may not smoulder. He is not intense. But he's darned cute.

There used to be a young man about New York named Walter Goss. If you lunched at the Algonquin you knew Walter. He was on a newspaper then, but he wanted to be an actor. His chance came. He went into the Paramount picture school over at the Long Island studio. He had an idea he wanted to play Clyde Griffiths in *An American Tragedy*. He would say, his dark eyes burning, "I could play him. I know I could. I feel it—" thumping his chest—"I feel it, here." He didn't play Clyde Griffiths—nobody has. But he did get to Hollywood; and the next thing we knew he had changed his name to Roland Drew, was playing with Dolores del Rio in *Ramona*, had a contract with Edwin Carewe, and the sportiest car in Hollywood. Success! Now they say he will play opposite the luminous del Rio in *Evangeline*. He will probably feel that here, too. And so will we. Soulfulness pays.

An entirely different brand of screen hero is Lane Chandler. He's six-feet-something; stalwart; blue-eyed, wavy-haired according to the best screen traditions. But he is more than that. He has a swell sense of humor. He has done good work opposite Clara Bow and Esther Ralston; he was good in *The Legion of the Condemned*, too. But he needs a really big role to put him over. He'd like to play—I quote: "A happy, laughing, wise-cracking lead." He likes to laugh. He likes doing pictures, too, but he isn't too serious about it. You'll never hear him talk about his public. He is too busy between pictures battling breakers in the Pacific or trying to break 90 with an armful of golf clubs to worry too much about his career. And if the directors ever let him get across that happy-go-lucky quality on the screen, I am perfectly willing to stand up here in front of all you people—this great audience of upturned, eager faces—and shout: "Here's a new star." You don't need any crystal ball to be able to predict Lane Chandler's success.

Just say 'Mother's Boy' to Barry Norton. and he may forget his good manners his good family taught him back at his home in the Argentine and sock you. He is sick and tired of hearing women exclaim when they see him on the street: "Oh, there goes Mother's Boy!" Not that he is ashamed of his characterization in *What Price Glory?* of the dreamy, sensitive boy plunged into the thick of the horror of war; but he has done a few other things since and he doesn't see why folks can't forget his first false step. Didn't you see him in *The Legion of the Condemned*? What a

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lot that picture did for our boys, anyway! Gary Cooper rose to fame. Lane Chandler and Barry Norton left good impressions which they have hastened to better. Barry has a lead in *Four Devils* and also plays with Madge Bellamy in *Mother Knows Best*. You can't say that Barry Norton has had no mother to guide him.

John Boles was warbling away in *Kitty's Kisses* on a New York musical comedy stage when Gloria Swanson saw him and signed him for her silent drama, *The Love of Sunya*. Not that Gloria didn't like his voice. How could she help it? The Boles tenor is one of the best. But she also liked his face, and thought it would register on the screen. So it proved. Encouraged, Mr. Boles moved to Filmafornia and was immediately seized by the wary producers. But wise Mr. Boles—he never stopped singing. Between shots and after studio hours he sang. And now, with the advent of the Talkers, he has his big chance to combine acting and ariasing. Universal has him under contract, and is paying not only for thrills but also for trills. Keep an eye—and an ear—on John.

Jesse Lasky went to Europe not so long ago, and I'm sure all we girls should step right up and thank good, kind Mr. Lasky. What did he bring us back? Not perfumes, or silk stockings, but something much, much better. He brought us John Loder and Maurice Chevalier. Mr. Loder is a young Englishman. Chevalier, as you may guess, is a very, very famous Frenchman. I think he is famous for his songs in the music halls so you may have to wait to see him until you can hear him as well.

You can thank Marion Davies for Johnny Mack Brown. At least, this young man from Alabama had his big chance opposite Marion in *The Fair Co-Ed*. He was a football idol down south, and he scored a touchdown in the Davies collegiate comedy. You

remember *The Fair Co-Ed* is the picture where the pretty girls had such a good time playing basketball. Someone in the audience said that tossing the ball into the basket must be the reason for college girls having such pretty arms; and then some body else wondered why the girls didn't take up football; and then they were all thrown out. But Mr. Brown is not Marion's only gift to girls. No. She also gave Nils Asther a great, big chance. We'd seen Nils before, but never really got to know him. He was always so distant. But see him in *The Cardboard Lover* and you'll feel as if you'd known him always. Nils has a way of elevating one eyebrow and curling his lip that is unique. I felt pretty badly when Lars Hanson left to go home to Sweden but Mr. Asther, also of Scandinavia, makes up to me for all I've suffered.

Consider George Duryea. He's the boy friend of *The Godless Girl*. And he'll be every little girl's boy friend before long. George has all the stellar specifications. And Hugh Trevor, who put the Beau in *Beau Broadway*. He can have a date with any girl who saw that picture any time he wants to. I stayed through to see it twice, Hugh! Yoo-hoo! And don't let's forget Nick Stuart. As if we could. Nick is now *Chasing Through Europe* after Sue Carol; but don't let that discourage you; he'll be home soon.

I don't know if you have seen David Rollins, but I recommend him for that tired feeling. He is only nineteen; he is nice, athletic, charming, and friendly. And he isn't spoiled. He is Fox's high-school hero, usually cast in one of those pictures like *Pep and Prep*. Davy will be a great, big star when he grows up, see if he doesn't.

Don't overlook Don Alvarado, and Donald Reed, and Ralph Forbes. Ah, where are the boy friends of yesteryear? Who cares?

Speakies, Squeekies, Squawkers or Talkers?

Continued from page 17

exception the first young feminine stars to break their golden silence—yes, and even one of the older stage stars—went into total eclipse the moment they opened their mouths. On the other hand, Gladys Brockwell staged a come-back from almost complete screen obscurity in her initial effort. Irene Rich had some cruel voice reproductions at first but she is rapidly developing into one of the most promising of the speaking stars. Lois Wilson is also improving, while Louise Fazenda must be listed among the few who succeeded from the start.

But it is the men who have thus far won the greatest triumphs. Even though the first talking pictures had novelty-compelling attention it took Al Jolson and Lionel Barrymore to save them from utter disaster. Tully Marshall, Claude Gillingwater, Lionel Belmore, George Fawcett, Roy Stewart and Edward Everett Horton have added enormously to the success of the talkers and started them on the road to permanent success.

These names are eloquent of one startling fact—that it is the trained actors of the stage, especially the character actors, who have done the best. In fact, not one outstanding success has been achieved by any of the younger favorites of the silent drama.

Meeting Tully Marshall on the stage of

Warner Brothers studio I asked him the why and wherefore of the phenomenon.

"Pantomime is the essential expression of the screen; the spoken word that of the legitimate stage," he said. "Pantomime is easily learned. In fact a good director can make an amateur act creditably. But it requires years of training to learn to speak correctly. Two of the stage's greatest actors summed up the essential difference between the stage and screen. Jefferson once said to me, 'The eye of the audience sees everything; the ear is very dull. Learn to speak your lines!' And upon another occasion when I asked Booth his opinion regarding a certain gesture he replied, 'I never use a gesture if I can help it.'"

"How would you advise these young screen stars?" I asked.

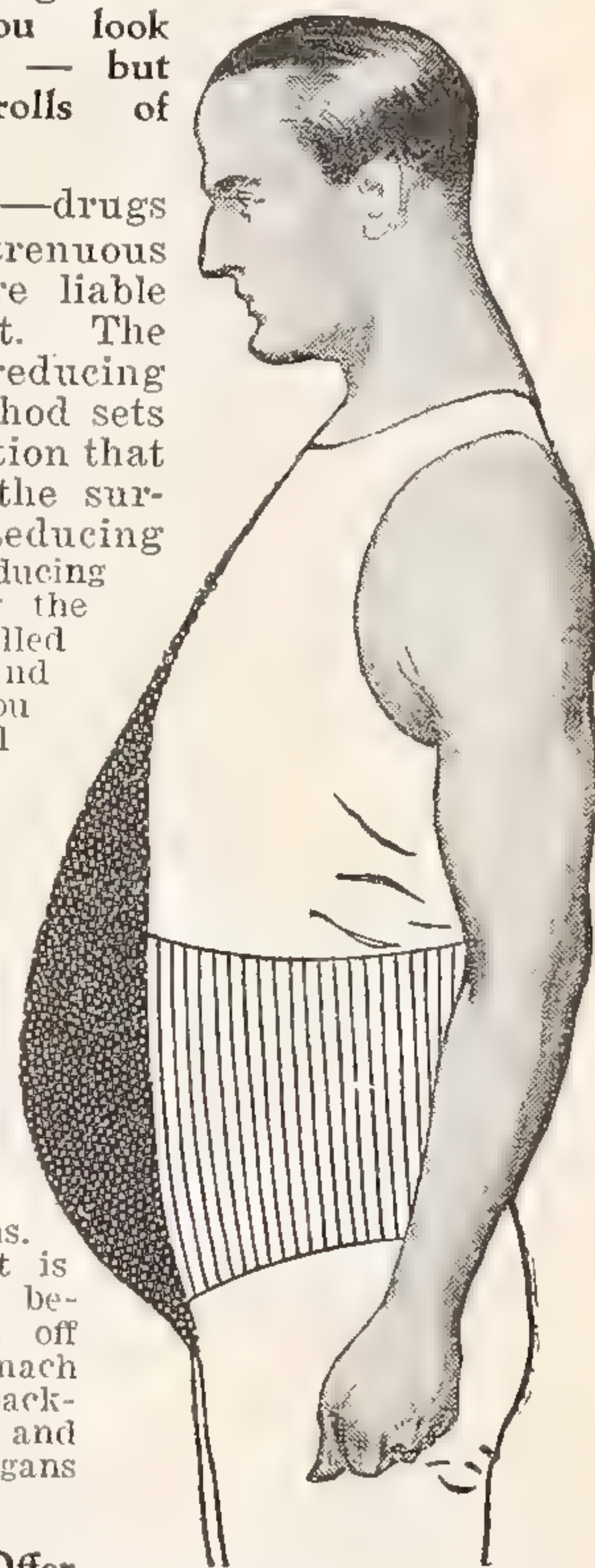
"To forget all about 'voice placement,' that they are so excited about, and study diction. That is, learn to speak the English language correctly and clearly. Just listen to the way they pronounce 'muuther' and 'Ammuric'n'; it's awful. Then when they have learned English let them tackle nuance, pause and inflection. Finally, cut out all elocution and speak naturally—not natcherlly—nat-u-rally."

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In New York—Continued from page 31

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Resurrection and Ramona being the other two. Resurrection is her favorite picture. She says she was so scared when she did her very first film. It was Joanna. But as soon as she was seen in it she was recognized as a great bet. Fox put her in Gateway of the Moon. She knew so little about make-up and technique then that this picture was a disappointment to her. Later she made What Price Glory? which put her over. But Gateway was held off for release after the public had been knocked cold by the Charmaine of the war epic. "Will you please tell your readers," says del Rio, "that Gateway of the Moon was one of my first pictures—almost a try-out, in a way? I didn't know much about screen acting then. I should hate to be judged by my work in it. Charmaine was my great break. I'm grateful to Raoul Walsh for giving it to me. The directors tell me I have two faces!" she laughed. "Not two-faced! But one side is spiritual, and the other is—Charmaine! Mr. Walsh saw the Charmaine. Mr. Carewe, as in Ramona, sees the spiritual. And I love my SCREENLAND cover because it has that spiritual quality about it."

She'll probably never speak to me again but I can't resist telling you that, after the final sitting, when our cover artist, Miss Georgia Warren, showed her the cover portrait, she said: "Oh, I like it so much! But there is just one little change, if you will be so kind? Please put in the little mole above my mouth!" And if you look sharp, you'll see it.

The reports of the beauties of Hollywood aren't always true. Sometimes they are made up. But there is nothing made up about Sue Carol. She's a wonderful kid. She's so young and fresh, and just the kind of girl who makes big, strong men talk baby talk, and hard-boiled newspaper women believe in Santa Claus again. She is apparently quite unconscious of the havoc she causes. She doesn't know she's a wow. In fact, when told she is a hit in pictures, she blushes rosily and shakes her head: "I don't know if I'll ever do much on the screen," she sighs. She is the Age of Innocence in short skirts and a wind-blown bob. You can tell to talk to Sue a minute that she comes from a nice family and went to a smart school and is a nice girl. She wears a necklace of small real pearls with a diamond clasp, wears black when travelling, and hates to be conspicuous. I saw her off on the Leviathan, along with a small mob of other admirers. Anybody who ever saw Sue, either on or off the screen, is immediately added to her list of fans. She was supposed to go right on board and pose on the rail with her feet crossed, for the news photographers. She wouldn't go. She preferred to stay with her friends on the pier until the very last moment. Then she rushed up the gang-plank, and the last I saw of her was a rather tremulous little face, and a fluttering handkerchief, and the very least suspicion of tears. But I noticed that a nice old lady passenger had adopted her already. She's the sort of girl who is always being petted and patted and "There, there'd." It was her first trip anywhere alone—her maid couldn't quite take the place of her mother, who was kept at home by a slight but sufficient motor accident.

Over in Cherbourg a certain young man will be waiting. You may have heard about him—Nick Stuart. Sue is wearing his—

no, not ring; but the Hollywood equivalent—engraved anklet. Nick went over some time ago with the Chasing Through Europe company, of which Sue was chosen to be the heroine. Who says movie companies are mere machines? There's a magic romantic touch about this somewhere. These kids will see Paris and Venice and Vienna together, in the springtime of their lives and while they're in love. It ought to be a swell picture.

Sue likes Beau Broadway best of anything she's made. The Air Circus, a Fox special, is her next—with Movietone. Now I'll spill a little secret. Sue, like Marion Davies, has a cute little lisp. Hardly enough to notice, but still a lisp. It adds to her charm. But she is ashamed of it. And of course she is scared to death about the way her speaking scenes are going to come across to you. But she needn't worry. The world is her oyster, and has been handing her pearls ever since she was a baby. And she deserves a great, big string. Maestro, strike up a little carol for Sue. Sweet Sue! Just You—that's the name of the song that has been dedicated to her.

Joe E. Brown came back to Broadway just long enough to say hello. He had to go right back and work in more pictures. Broadway always has liked Joe. He is one of the good boys of the big street. A comedy clown who is also a highly respected citizen. His success has never spoiled him. He has had the same wife and the same children for some years. And now that he has made a hit in pictures, Broadway is prouder of him than ever.

"I used to be with a circus," said Joe when I saw him during his brief visit. "I was one of the Five Marvelous Asthons when I was a kid of fifteen. I learned my acrobatic stuff then. We kids didn't get much money—sometimes we were lucky if we got a nickle apiece from the boss for our dinner. But it was good training."

He is one of the greatest acrobats on the American stage—and screen. There are only a select few, such as Fred Stone and Buster Keaton, who can touch him as a tumbler. If you saw him in The Hit of the Show you probably want to know if he jumped over chairs and swung from the chandeliers. No. And he doesn't look like the Joe Brown of the movies much. He is young, and dapper, and well-dressed. His wife is pretty and has a sense of humor, too. Joe had to leave to call on Joseph P. Kennedy and Mrs. Brown said her husband had made a hit with the oldest Kennedy son by writing in his autograph book: "To Joe Junior from Joe Senior." Mr. Brown's latest is with Bebe Daniels in Take Me Home—which Bebe, he says, considers her best comedy since Senorita. The Browns are nice folks.

Speaking of Bebe—she went right up in the air after she finished Take Me Home. Yep—hopped a plane and came to New York for a vacation at the country place of the Tommy Meighans at Great Neck, on Long Island Sound. Bebe only came into New York once, and then just to pay a friendly call at the home office in the Paramount Building at the 'cross-roads of the world': Broadway and 44th Street. She wanted a rest, and her sojourn with Tommy and Frances Meighan provided it. She slept and went swimming, and said she had never felt so fit. Such is Bebe's standing with her bosses that she was told to go

ahead and have her vacation and forget all about pictures for a while. She has the reputation of being the gamest girl on the lot. She finished *Take Me Home* with a high temperature. She never lets her company down.

* * *

Texas Guinan said "Goodbye Broadway, Hello Hollywood" the other day. "I'm going out there to make a talkie for Warners and then I'll be back to make a squawkie for the Government," said the big gladiator of Broadway's little girls. You see, Texas' night club was—er—censored for a while. She thought it would be a good time to go to California to make a movie. She will be back doing business at the same old stand this winter, she declares.

It won't be her first film venture by any means. She used to be known as the feminine Bill Hart—the 'two-gun girl' of the screen. But this time she will play herself, more or less—the Queen of the Night-Club sort of thing.

At a luncheon given by Warner Brothers just before Texas left for the coast, it was announced that the good atmosphere of the night-club would be brought out in her pictures. It's about time. Also that the whoopee hostess will be depicted as the girl with a heart of gold that she is, giving little girls a big hand and obstreperous boys a foot. Mr. Henry Warner made a speech lauding Texas, and also vowing that, as long as he or his son live, Warner Brothers will never be sold down the river—to Paramount or any other movie company. You see, the Warners are sitting on top of the film world these days, kicking their heels and laughing a little at all the other short-sighted producers who didn't see any future in this talker business. The Warners had courage. They had vision. They took a chance. It is too bad that Mr. Sam Warner—the husband of Lina Basquette—who particularly saw the great possibilities in the Vitaphone, passed on before his dream really came true.

* * *

John Loder was in our midst and out again. He's the young Englishman whom Jesse Lasky signed for leads in Paramount pictures. He is a very charming young man, and I think you are going to like him. I have never seen him in pictures, so I can't tell you what he is like in celluloid, but I do know he has very nice manners, a handsome smile, and a wonderful war record. And I can tell you all about that. Beginning at the beginning, which I understand is the right way to start a story:

John Loder was born in London thirty years ago. His father was commanding officer of a dragoon guard regiment during the South African war and became a general at the outbreak of the Great War, being retired with that rank at present. Naturally, Johnny got his gun. Following the military tradition of the family, the youngster went from Eton to Sandhurst and when only a little past seventeen, in 1915, he was commissioned a lieutenant and put in the midst of the fighting in the Gallipoli campaign. He was then said to be the youngest officer in the British army. Loder spent nearly a year on the eastern front, guarding the Suez Canal, battling off raiding tribes along the borders of Egypt and in Asia Minor. In the summer of 1916 his regiment was brought back to the Western Front and jumped off on the great offensive along the Somme.

In 1917 he was promoted, while not yet 19, to a captaincy, and was given command of a squadron of cavalry. In the heavy fighting around Cambrai in the spring of

1918, when the British line was almost broken, Loder's command was left behind as a rear guard with instructions to block the enemy advance as long as possible. The young captain saw all but six of his men killed during eight and a half hours of fighting, and with those survivors was taken prisoner. The next six months were spent behind barbed wire in Germany.

After the armistice the released prisoner became aide to General Malcolm, chief of the British military mission in Berlin. When the mission's work was completed, Captain Loder remained in Germany. German people of his acquaintance had asked him to get pickles—yes, pickles for them in England, so he decided to go in business supplying that demand. He and another British ex-officer started a small factory in Potsdam and prospered until the ups and downs of the paper currency forced them to bankruptcy. It was along about this time that he met an old friend who was in the movies. Urged to try his own luck, Loder laughed. But thinking it over he decided it appealed to him more than a cut and dried business career. He took a screen test, passed, played bits and then featured leads. Now his chance has come. Lasky says he has a great future. Surely he has background, and a pleasant personality. You'll see him soon. He's Hollywood's newest leading man.

* * *

Florence Vidor stole a wedding march on her friends and fans in New York in August. She was married very quietly to Jascha Heifetz, world-famous violinist, and not until after the couple were safely on a train on their way to California was the event revealed by the musician's manager.

Florence has been busy denying rumors of her engagement to Heifetz ever since the two first met, two years ago, in Hollywood, while the violinist was on a concert tour. The movie star has been serenely making her pictures and the violinist has been making his music, and all the time their romance has been progressing. Miss Vidor returned from two months in Europe with her little daughter, Suzanne, and while she stopped in New York the marriage took place. Those who should know declare that the bride will be leaving the screen for domestic life, but she is supposed to have contracted with Paramount to play the feminine lead opposite Richard Dix in *The Admirable Crichton*, from Barrie's play; so it may be some time before she deserts the movies. Since her charming performance as the Countess in *The Patriot* Florence has once more taken her place as a premier lady of pictures, and I doubt if the producers will ever let her go.

* * *

Two former screen favorites are about to burst into stage prominence on Broadway. Greta Nissen, who tried out a play called *Double Exposure* in a Rochester stock company, will soon present it to New York audiences. This is the play said to be based on the story of Greta Garbo. Whether or not this is true, it has a motion picture star for its heroine, and a background of studio life.

Dorothy Gish, too, will soon be starring in a Broadway play. Hers is called *Young Love*, and it is by Samson Raphaelson who wrote the successful *Jazz Singer*, which was later converted into the Al Jolson movie. Miss Gish, like Miss Nissen, has been misunderstood by the movie camera; but both these girls may blossom into talking stars and then some smart producer will grab them for the audible tintypes.

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Success—Continued from page 32



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This six-fold creme costs very little more than the most ordinary cleansing cream. I am introducing Beauty Secret in double size jars at only \$1.50—not only an amazing creme but an exceptional value as well. Use it as you would any cream for one or two weeks. Then, if not more than delighted, I will refund full price for the asking. Send no money. Simply mail coupon below, and when the package arrives pay postman only \$1.50. Mail coupon today to (Mrs.) GERVAISE GRAHAM Dept. 11-MG, 25 W. Illinois St., Chicago, Illinois. (Canadian Address: 61 College St., Toronto, Ont.)

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to Director Brower, is Assistant Director Charles Barton, and handling the camera—the one with the reddish, curly hair—is Cameraman Roy Clark.

"Well, Marion," Otto Brower smiled at me, "if you were standing where you are now, five minutes ago, you heard the great director, Mr. Otto Brower, start the first shot on the greatest picture ever directed—*Avalanche*."

"No kidding, Mr. Director," I answered back, smiling, too, of course. "You know I have to get a whole lot of talk out of you, and I can see from the way this crew is working that it isn't going to take them a fearfully long time to 'set up' again. Then, presto, you will be called away."

"What is there to tell?"

I have known Otto for almost five years. I have seen him working many days until way after midnight. Rushing here, and rushing there—nobody has to tell me how much he has worked. And then he has nerve enough to ask me what there is to tell!

"Start in from the beginning, and for your own good, go right on to the happy end!" Then—"Jack! Jack!" I called to the sombreroed one. "The loan of your gun, please!"

"Oh, well, as long as you put it that way—" and with a fine brightness in his eyes, Director Brower told me the story.

"I was a stage actor," Otto reminisced, "under the grand tutelage of Robert Mantell, but I couldn't resist the call of motion pictures. Do you happen to remember in Chaplin's *Shoulder Arms* the man in the trenches who wore the telephone ear-muffs and took all the messages? That was actor Otto Brower. I've worked around acting about three years until Irvin Willat asked me how I would like to work behind the camera instead of in front of it. I agreed, and Paramount hired me as Irvin Willat's second assistant. That was about five years ago. I worked as second assistant for about a year, and then was made assistant director. For four years I have been assisting about every important director in pictures. That's about all, I guess."

"What about when you were going to direct a couple of years ago?" I prompted, about ready to use the two-gun part of Mr. Jack Holt.

"Oh, that—I forgot. That's just 'the break,'" he philosophized, "and doubtless they come along only to make the real break all the better. It was about two years ago, and I was scheduled to direct *Lya di Putti in Champagne*. The production just naturally never was made, and I simply had to wait some more. It was a disappointment, and I guess I thought the world was pretty rough. That's all."

"Did you have any thought of quitting pictures after that?" I persisted.

"Quitting? Quitting?" emphasized the new director. "Of course it was a blow, but maybe it did more good than anything else, because it was then a case of gritting my teeth harder for a few more months."

"And when you got hurt up there on location in Yellowstone Park—didn't that get you pretty much discouraged as far as the movies are concerned?"

"Maybe," came the reply, "but you know, it's always darkest before the sunshine, and if I live to be a hundred years old I'll never forget the day I received the telegram telling me I was to direct *Avalanche*, and I'll never forget the joy of it when I called Mrs. Brower on the phone in Hollywood all the way from Gallup, New Mexico, to tell her."

Director Brower's eyes were misty as he continued:

"Mr. Schulberg had sent me up to get some test stuff for possible *Redskin* locations on the Navajo Reservation near Gallup. We had been gone for about four days, and came back to Gallup in the bluest kind of rainstorm, tired and sopping wet."

"A telegram from Mr. Schulberg was there waiting for me."

Otto put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a rather soiled and much folded piece of paper. Without a word he handed it to me:

Want to know when you can return because you are definitely assigned to direct next Zane Grey picture quotes *Avalanche* heartiest congratulations and best wishes for success stop will do everything in my power to help you attain success you have been striving for and assure you this assignment is result of faithful and conscientious efforts you have given your company kindest regards.

B. P. SCHULBERG

Without a word I handed it back. And as if it were a million dollar bill it was carefully folded up and replaced in the pocket. It only meant that one more Hollywood joy had eased away an ache.

"But that's enough about me." Otto broke the silence. "There's Charlie Barton. You know Charlie, don't you?" And without giving me a chance to say that *every* one knows him, "Well, he no longer is office boy Charlie Barton; nor is he Charlie, the grip; nor Charlie of the swing gang; yesterday maybe you could have called him Charlie Barton, second-assistant director; but when you heard that word 'camera' some ten minutes ago, you were hearing the name changed to Assistant Director Charles Barton. That is what four years of hard work have done for your friend Charlie."

Yessir, there he was, giving orders. Why I remember when he was only an office boy, making \$17.50 a week, and now look at him—a chair of his very own, labelled his in great, big, shining, newly-painted letters! Horatio Alger must have been right!

"And," continued Director Brower, "you may have noticed a camera and a camera-box marked with the name 'Roy Clark.' That, I would like to announce, is the name of the boss cameraman on this Jack Holt special."

Well! and well. And well! No word 'second' near that fellow any longer. Let me see—it was about six or seven years ago that Roy was working in the laboratory, developing negative; and then for a couple of years, they had him on a still camera before they let him even touch one of the 'movies.' After that it was third and second, but now, oh boy! it is Chief Camera man Roy Clark. Coming out of the *Water Hole* 150 degree location with some reel reels when five others had failed seemed to be quite worth the unpleasant days of heat and hardship.

"Then there is Doris, playing her first lead in this 'first' picture," went on Otto Brower, "and if you don't think she is a happy girl I'm not a happy man. It has taken her a little less time than it has taken the rest of us—about three years—but she's a girl, and it ought to take less for so fair a thing! She can't help but make good, too, because look at the bunch of us who are rooting for her! She'll—"

"Mr. Brower! Mr. Brower!" came the call. "Everything is ready to go!"

"Afraid I'll have to say goodbye this

time, Marion," were the words I heard as the director of *Avalanche* went eagerly toward the new set-up. "Be sure to visit us again, won't you?"

I stood at the edge of the set.

"Now, Jack, in this shot you are dealing the cards, and the take is just your hands going around the table. That's it—like that exactly. Gosh, that's fine, fine!"

There was a pause. Don McNamee started his piano-accordion. A hush of quiet came over the company where so many 'firsts' were out to make their niches in the Hall of Doing Things. Then, softly, soothingly, but loud enough to let me hear for sure the certain joy of every camera crank, it came: "Camera!"

Lot Talk

John Barrymore has a genius for finding strange places to live. In New York, the more or less conventional city, he constructed an apartment on the roof of a building twenty-four stories high. Just as it was finished with shrubbery planted about, kennels and an aviary, he left for Hollywood, California.

His new home in California is on the top of the Benedict Canyon, Beverly Hills, and it is said by his sister, Ethel Barrymore, that one should have an Alpine guide to reach it. When Miss Barrymore was playing in Los Angeles recently, she went out to see her brother one night after the performance.

"Ethel got lost in the canyon," Mr. Barrymore explained the next day. "She telephoned me she was coming right after her play but as by half-past one she hadn't appeared, I went to bed. I don't know how long I'd been asleep when I heard a loud knocking at the door. It was Ethel. She said she got lost in the hills. And that wasn't all she said."

This place of Mr. Barrymore's boasts of two houses instead of one, connected by a swimming pool. It is really very lovely—the sun shimmering on the water and closer to the sky than the houses of the other stars.

* * *

Clara Bow's idea of one, great time—

Go to a preview of a motion picture in which you are a star, when it is shown at a beach resort.

Wait until the theatre is darkened and then slip into your seat.

Wear a red tam, red blouse, red-topped half-hose, red slippers.

Try to get out without being noticed.

Get on a roller coaster and ride for an hour.

Eat hot-dogs and drink root-beer.

Try to get to your car without being mobbed.

Clara Bow knows!

* * *

Minnie was seen taking her annual bath with a shameless disregard for the curious eyes of a large crowd which gathered!

To Minnie Saturday nights mean nothing. One a year is even too much, she believes, but then she makes up for lost time by taking her bath in oil.

Minnie is Carl Laemmle's huge elephant in the Universal City zoo who appears in motion pictures. The annual scrub is necessary according to Charles Murphy, superintendent of the zoo, in order to maintain the healthy quality of her skin.

In their native jungle haunts, Murphy explained, elephants are constantly rubbing against trees and plants to gain the benefit of the natural vegetable oils.

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Raquel Torres

(Continued from page 37)

she was met by a little usherette who had been her pal in other days. Was she disdainful, haughty? Not on your life! She took the other girl's hand and together they walked down the aisle; hand in hand. The other little girl, the daughter of an Italian fruit peddler, was far from envious. Squeezing the new star's hand, her eyes shining, she said, "I'm verra, verra happy. I hope you go down to the top!"

This is a little anecdote related about Raquel Torres' arrival at the opening of *White Shadows in the South Seas*, in which the new Mexican discovery has a leading part. It seems indicative of her character. Success will never alienate her affections from her more humble friends, nor spoil the fine simplicity of her outlook upon life. Little Raquel, or Chicquita—Little One—as they call her at the studios, has passed through the trying experiences of a rapid success with colors flying. She had proven herself a splendid woman as well as a beautiful and skillful actress through a variety of trials.

Raquel's has been a Cinderella career. She was born in Hermisillo, Mexico, a town famous through the length and breadth of Latin America as the birthplace of beautiful girls.

Raquel ruefully admits, "They did not think me pretty in Hermisillo. They like fat girls. And I was, oh, so very thin when I was a little girl."

Even now Raquel is petite, small-boned and slender.

Her father was a German who had come to Mexico to make his fortune. Failing at mining he had set up a little grocery shop in Hermisillo as a last resort. Unlucky as Raquel's father was in business, he was far from unlucky at love. He was in Mexico but a short time before he met and won a beautiful Spanish dancer for his wife. Two children, Raquel, and her younger sister, Renee, blessed the union. When they were still babes in arms, their beautiful mother died. Raquel's father fell upon lean days while suffering from the blow of bereavement.

Eventually the little family moved to Los Angeles. Here, unable to care for the



Mary Philbin has had many movie engagements but this is her first, real one. The lucky young man is Paul Kohner, a Universal executive.

two motherless little girls himself, Raquel's father placed her and her younger sister in a convent. It was while under the care of the kindly nuns that Raquel learned to read English. Her text books, she says, were the pages of film magazines.

"I used to look at the stars' pictures and see how beautiful they were," she said. "Never did I dream that some day it would be my picture I would be looking at. Like you would say, I was a real fan."

Miss Raquel smiled a reminiscent smile as she recalled those days. "Once I see in the magazine," she said, "a big picture of Harold Lloyd. I like him with those glasses so funny. I think maybe I will marry him when I grow big. So I draw one, two, oh, maybe six pictures of Mr. Lloyd with his glasses and the sisters find them in my room. They take them away from me, and I am very sad because I wanted to send them to him so that he will know I like him very much."

"When I left the convent, father took Renee and me for a ride around Hollywood. He show us where all the picture actors live. Oh, such big houses! I wanted to be a movie actress right then. I like swimming pools. Oh, yes! This man point to a house and say that Harold Lloyd live there. But I have grown big by then. I not love Harold Lloyd any more."

"Someday I am going to see this Mr. Lloyd and tell him what a foolish girl I was when I am so little. If all his fans are like that, he must have a terrible time with all those letters that they send him. I know how he does feel now. I get letters myself. They want that I should marry them, those boys. How could I marry all of them?"

On leaving the convent, Raquel went to work as an usherette in Sid Grauman's Chinese Theatre, Hollywood's palatial movie palace. While working there, Raquel first conceived the idea of working in motion pictures. She applied for work at the Al Christie comedy lot and was taken on as a bathing beauty.

No sooner had Raquel taken the job at the Christie studios than her father became ill and was unable to work. The entire financial responsibilities of the little family were transferred to Raquel's shoulders. Try as she might, Raquel could hardly keep herself and her family out of debt. By day she worked at the Christie studios, at night she ushered at the theatre. Still the household expenses and the doctor's bills mounted

higher than Raquel's slim wages could reach. She was in despair.

Then came her stroke of fortune as the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios was searching for a leading lady. They had decided that the girl must be unusual, beautiful of figure, and talented. W. S. Van Dyke, the director, ruled that no actress of accepted position should have the part, for fear of temperamental outbursts at the hardships of tropical life. The search continued for a long time and M-G-M could find no one whom they liked for the part of Fayaway in *White Shadows in the South Seas*, which was to be filmed in the South Seas.

Finally the Mexican consul in Los Angeles, a friend of Van Dyke, met Raquel when she called on him to arrange for the sale of her father's almost worthless properties in Mexico. He suggested to Van Dyke that they find Miss Torres and give her a screen test. Raquel's test was perfect, and she was immediately signed to a long-term contract.

At this good fortune, Raquel was jubilant. But her joy was of short duration. Just a day before the film company sailed for Tahiti, where *White Shadows in the South Seas* was filmed, Raquel's father died.

For her courage in the face of this tragedy, Raquel has won the respect of the film colony. Not until after the company had returned from Tahiti did she tell anyone that her father had died, much as his death saddened her. None of them—not Monte Blue, nor Van Dyke, nor Clyde de Vinna, the cameraman—knew that Raquel, so pensive and quiet during the stay at Tahiti, had lost her father.

"Why should I burden Mr. Van Dyke with my grief—when he has so much to worry about the picture?" she explained later.

But her father's death left a deep imprint on her work in *White Shadows in the South Seas*. Look closely when you see the picture. You will note an ethereal quality of wistful sadness in Raquel's face—a sense of tragedy felt, but not expressed—a perfect mood for the theme of the picture.

Even today, Raquel's joy in her success is alloyed with grief. She cannot help thinking how happy her father would have been, had he lived to see her triumph. She imagines how proud he would have been to take her to the premiere of the picture. The thought brings tears to Raquel's starry eyes.



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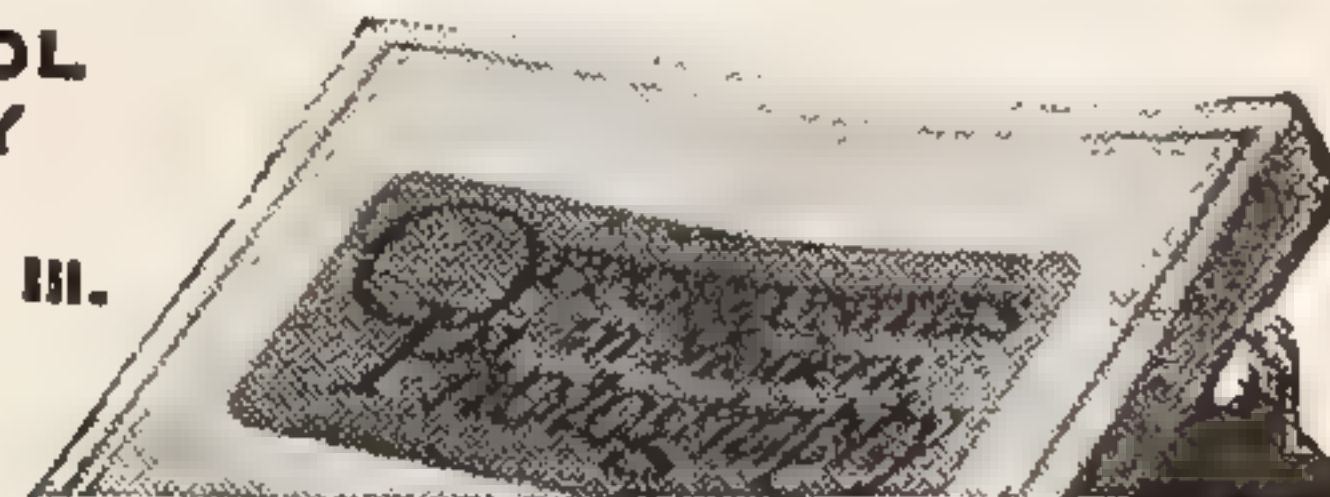
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Books for Fans—Continued from page 8

that I picked at random. They struck me as being funny. I think they will give you an idea of Mr. McEvoy's style. He certainly is a wisecracker!

"The real ambition of our young generation, Denny my darling, in case you don't know it, is to be cool but look hot."

"I want to see Mr. Ziegfeld," I says to her, and she says, "Darling, what I want to know is, does he want to see you."

"The boss wanted me to join some friends of his at his table the first night, but I says to him, 'There are no gorillas in my contract.'"

"If she's a dancer, then Lon Chaney is America's Sweetheart."

"Alvarez is in jail, offering me the moon and stars and a lot of hot Cos-taraguan pash, and then postscripts inviting me, with real southern hospitality, to have a knife and cut myself a piece of throat."

"You've got to admit, there's something in this sex appeal that they're all talking about. Look how it's hung on all through the years and then look at what happened to those other crazes like Mah Jong and Cross Word Puzzles."

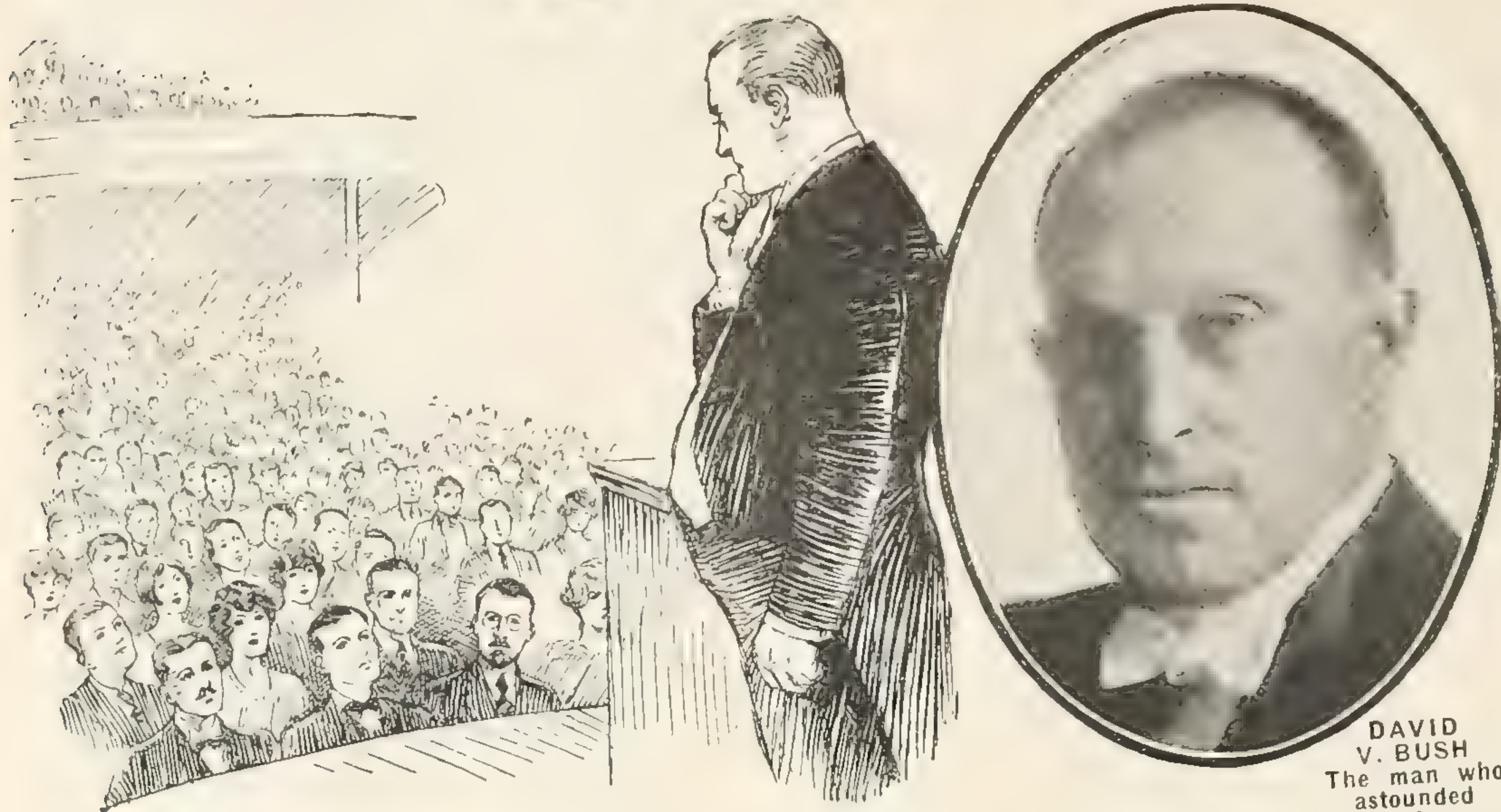
"Some day I'll get married and raise a lot of marvelous children, but right now, I'm for helping the City Fathers keep down the traffic. Why should I help crowd the subways?"

"You'll never know anything about women till you get mixed up with a musical show. Next to saxophone players, it's the craziest sex there is."

"If you get all the good luck I am wishing you tonight, you'll be walking up and down Broadway tomorrow with a tin cup begging for a little misfortune."

All of us had a lot of fun making *Show Girl*. Speaking for myself, I feel confident that the character of Dixie Dugan is by all odds, the best thing I have done in motion pictures. I hope you will all agree with me.

I Was Ashamed Before My Vast Audience



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V. BUSH
The man who
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But It Ended My Stoutness

My first and only attack of stage fright showed
me the way to banish excess fat—forever

MY heart beat fast! In 15 minutes I was going to face a vast audience! In 15 minutes I was going to speak in Carnegie Hall, New York—the most famous lecture platform in America! One of the largest crowds that had ever assembled in that great hall was waiting for me.

Why did my heart beat fast? Why did I hesitate to face my vast audience? I was a seasoned speaker. I had lectured for years. I had spoken before thousands of people in the greatest auditoriums in the United States. Why should I feel afraid?

The answer was simple. That very afternoon I had received a critical letter from one of my followers. Here's what the letter said:

"Why is it you are so fat?" my critic wrote. "You—David V. Bush—America's greatest authority on right living. You tell others how to live—what to eat—how to care for themselves mentally and physically. And yet you do nothing about your own stoutness."

This letter stung me like a lash! My methods of right living had proved wonderfully beneficial to thousands of men and women. They had proved beneficial in my own case. Yet there was one thing I had been unable to conquer—my stoutness.

Vain Efforts to Reduce

For years I had tried to reduce. I had tried fasting, dieting, exercises, and mechanical appliances—everything I could think of. Nothing seemed to help. I remained as stout as ever.

I couldn't figure out the cause of my stoutness. I was not a heavy eater, but to look at my rotund figure, anyone would think I ate too much. Such was not the case. I ate moderately—lived temperately and took a normal amount of exercise.

A Startling Discovery

That night after the lecture a comforting thought came to me. It was this: All the reducing methods which I had tried were other peoples' inventions. I had never tackled the problem myself. I had never tried to invent a reducing method of my own.

For weeks I studied. For weeks I tried to find the secret. Finally I came to the conclusion that there was only one logical way to get rid of fat. Then I began to experiment on myself.

Imagine my astonishment. Imagine my delight! In 24 hours I lost 2 pounds! During the next 24 hours I lost 3 pounds more! Day after day I continued my new method of re-

ducing. Day after day I continued to watch my weight. And day after day I continued to lose excess pounds.

I felt better than I had felt in years. I felt vigorous—vital—overflowing with energy. I slept soundly. My appetite increased. I lost that sluggish feeling that fat brings. My mind grew crystal clear. I was able to go through a long, hard day without the slightest fatigue! Needless to say, I continued my amazing reducing treatment. In three weeks I was back to normal weight! To say that I was pleased would be putting it mildly. I was overjoyed!

Nature's Method of Reducing. It Works or It Costs Nothing!

I want to tell you all about this amazing method of reducing which I have discovered. It is simply wonderful. I am delighted with it. My friends are delighted with it. Everyone who hears about it becomes enthusiastic!

I don't care how stout you are. I don't care how many times you have tried to reduce and failed. My amazing new method will make your excess fat melt away like magic—give you a normal, youthful figure—make you slim, buoyant, energetic, as Nature intended you to be, or the treatment won't cost you a single penny!

No starving—no exercising, no drugs—no external agencies—no mechanical appliances. You simply follow my instructions for a few days until your excess pounds disappear—until the scales tell you that you weigh exactly what you should.

This method is so simple that anyone, even a child, can understand how it works and why it works. It is so logical, so reasonable, so sensible that the moment you hear about it you will know instantly that it works.

Send No Money

Merely send me your name and address. When the postman brings you my complete instructions, "How to Reduce," simply pay him the special, low price of only \$2.98 plus a few cents postage. If at the end of two weeks you are not completely satisfied—if you do not lose weight rapidly and easily—then simply tell me so and your money will be instantly refunded. You risk nothing. WRITE TODAY. DAVID V. BUSH, Dept. H-06011, 225 N. Michigan Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

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Please send me your complete method, "How to Reduce." I will pay the postman \$2.98 plus a few cents postage. I understand that if I am not completely satisfied at the end of two weeks, I may return treatment and you will refund my money at once.

Name
Address
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Sometimes C.O.D. packages are delayed. To get quick-action send cash with order. If cash accompanies order, we will pay the postage.

The Newest Picture Girl

(Continued from page 15)

day's work to lock herself up in her little room, and swallowing tears of lonesomeness and often hunger, set herself to hours of practicing high kicks and scales.

"That Crawford girl!" muttered the neighbors to one another. "Kept me up till one o'clock last night. I know she keeps the windows shut, but good Lord! her voice is so clear it carried right through. What does she expect to get out of it?"

But gallant little Kathryn knew just what she expected to get out of it, and when she had decided that she was sufficiently prepared, she left the store and set her face again for more hard work. And being without a job is just about the hardest work there is. Kathryn went to agencies, she registered with the producers, she stormed the doors of casting men, and little by little those doors began to yield.

And after a while the time became more and more frequent when Kathryn's was the hand happily able to dip into a slightly fuller change purse. Soon she felt quite professional enough to write after home—Los Angeles, and after occupation—actress. She played in musical comedy, in legitimate drama, in stock.

And then she looked around once more and decided that now was the time to enlarge the field; she would go to New York.

Curiously, her bluebird was to keep true to tradition—it was to be at home, in Los Angeles, that she really came into her own. But she did not know that then. She packed her trunk, bade all her friends goodbye, and set out for the Eastern metropolis.

She was a little more than eighteen then. Behind her she had her background of independent self-reliance, of professional experience, of the poise that comes with contact with many types of people. The department store had given her some of that. So had her childhood, lived in several states—Pennsylvania, where she was born, Chicago, Columbus, Ohio, Los Angeles. She entered the offices of the producers of Broadway shows. They saw before them a girl, young, eager, yet with a dignity lacking in the usual ingenue. Her dress was smart, her hair was bobbed and brown and shiny, her eyes a sparkling green. She sang for them. She danced. Within a week she was on Broadway.

She stayed there for six months. And then an amazing thing happened. She got a telegram from Los Angeles urging her to come back. There was to be a production there of *Hit the Deck*, and they wanted Kathryn Crawford for—the lead. Now, indeed, she felt, she was getting on. There was almost nothing more to ask for. But she had almost forgotten the movies.

It was while fulfilling the long engagement she enjoyed out there, that her attention began to be attracted by the difficulties of the Universal Pictures Corporation to secure a suitable Magnolia for their special production, *Show Boat*. A friend pointed out the newspaper comments to her.

"Why don't you see them about it?" she suggested. "I think you'd be a corking type." At this point the story wavers from tradition. Kathryn Crawford got a test, but she didn't get the part.

"No, you're not Magnolia," Universal told her. "Laura La Plante will play the part. But we could use you here as a great many other young ladies. How would you like, for instance, to start in as leading lady for Glenn Tryon in *The Kid's Clever*?"

So Kathryn Crawford started. And remember—she has only started!

with the same studio. Helene Costello can be reached at Warner Bros., 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Frenchy of Toledo. Can you write to Marion Davies? I don't know, have you ever tried? Go on, dust off the old desk and get busy. Marion gets over five thousand fan letters every month and one or two more is nothing in her young life. Marion is blue-eyed blonde with a freckle more or less on her nose. She was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 3, 1898. She is 5 feet 5½ inches tall and weighs 123 pounds. *The Patsy* is one of her best films and if you and your friends don't get a laugh out of that well-acted yarn, there are a couple of dead ones in your vicinity. Her newest picture is *The Cardboard Lover*. You can write to her at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

A Fan from Vashon, Wash. Is there any hope of fans receiving letters from the stars? That's something you want "nothing else but" when you request letters from those busy bodies, and no harm meant, either. Hugh Allen is about 23 years old and not married. You can address him at Hollywood Athletic Club, Hollywood, Cal. Gary Cooper is 27 and a single man. Gary is one of Paramount's best bets and you can reach him at 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Johnny Mack Brown is 24 years old and is married. He gets his fan mail at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Ramon Novarro is 29 years old and not married. Address him at M-G-M, Culver City Cal. Richard Dix is one of the no-no boys, if you get my meaning. He is 34 and makes his pictures at Paramount Studios.

A Ralph Forbes Fan from Rochester. Is there anyone I'd rather say nice things about than this young Englishman? Jolly well I wouldn't and a couple of cheerios. Ralph Forbes was born 27 years ago in London, England. He has blonde hair, blue eyes and is 6 feet tall and weighs 165 pounds. He is married to Ruth Chatterton, the actress. He played with Marceline Day in *Under the Black Eagle*, with Lillian Gish in *The Enemy*, with Mary Brian and Alice Joyce in *Beau Geste*, with Renee Adoree and Lon Chaney in *Mr. Wu* and with Norma Shearer in *The Latest from Paris* and *The Actress*. Forrest Stanley played opposite Marion Davies in *When Knighthood was in Flower*. Mary Philbin was the girl in *The Phantom of the Opera* with Norman Kerry and Lon Chaney.

B. M. of Columbus, Ohio. No wonder you are upset if you have to eat your meals backwards, trying to figure out who's the tallest actress in Hollywood. I'm afraid you take your stars and "eats" too seriously—poke a little fun at yourself now and then or leave it to me. Mrs. Wallace Reid, Jane Novak, Alma Rubens, Betty Blythe, Anna Q. Nilsson and Jetta Goudal are all 5 feet 7 inches tall. Nita Naldi is 5 feet 8 inches tall.

Teddy Bear, Atlantic City. Right off the bat, are you? That's a wild one. Jeanne Eagles and Mae Murray are not in pictures any more. Jeanne played with John Gilbert in *Man, Woman and Sin*, and then went back to the stage again. Mae Murray is in vaudeville and I haven't her address. Eva von Berne is a new-comer in pictures, having been discovered by Norma Shearer and her husband, Irving Thalberg, while they were abroad this last summer.

Jean of Rochester and M. E. L. of So. Manchester, Conn. It isn't too much trouble to give you information about Charles Rogers but I've spilled several ear-fuls in

this issue so if it's no trouble to you, please get in on this final showoff of Buddy's comings and goings. You'll hear his voice in a new sound version of *Abie's Irish Rose*; then after his college film, *Varsity*, he will make another picture with Mary Brian to be called *Just Twenty-One*.

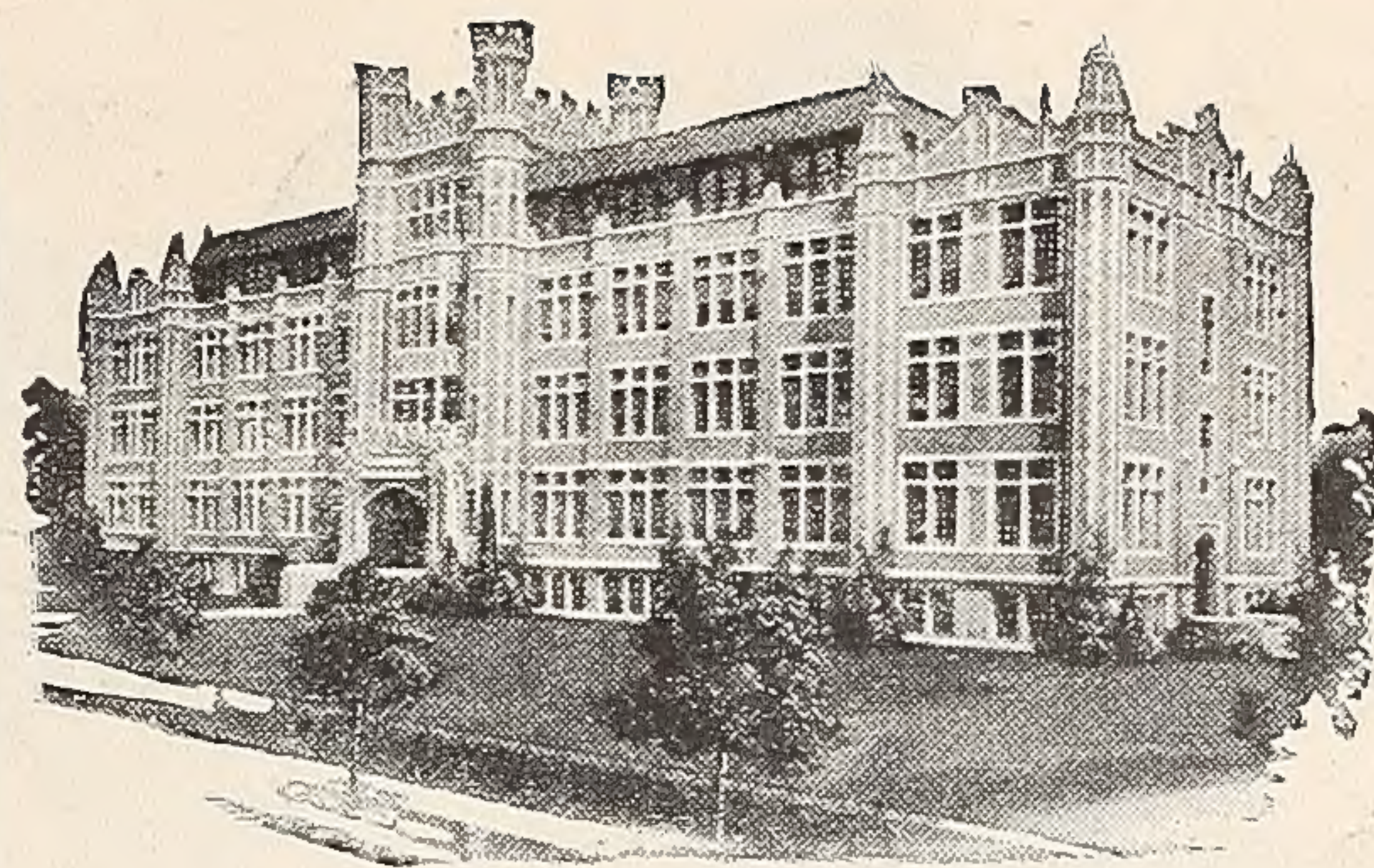
Billy Beau of Alabama. You mean well but don't let the Editor hear you say you'd like to have SCREENLAND published every week because you love my column so. Ricardo Cortez appears in *The Prowlers of the Sea*, a Tiffany-Stahl production. I do not know of any star whose birthday comes on June 13, do you? Will I tell you about Louise Dresser? Just watch me! If you want to see a pretty bit of real acting, watch Miss Dresser in *A Ship Comes In*. You won't forget it and you'll thank me for putting you wise to it.

Marion S. of Chicago. I haven't a right to cast a stone at a bum picture for I'm left-handed so why bring that up? Carroll Nye plays the brother role with Myrna Loy in *The Girl from Chicago*. He also plays with Rin-Tin-Tin and Audrey Ferris in *Rinty of the Desert*. He is in *Powder my Back* with Irene Rich. All from Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. He appears in a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film, *While the City Sleeps*, with Lon Chaney, Polly Moran and the cunning and clever new-comer, Anita Page. Rex Lease plays in *Broadway Daddies* with Jacqueline Logan and Alic B. Francis. Don Alvarado can be reached at United Artists, 7100 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Pauline Garon is a free-lance player. She plays in an Anchor film, *Dugan of the Dugouts*, with Danny O'Shea.

Bright Eyes, New York. If Ramon Novarro is in love with Elsie Janis, he never told me; believe it or not, Ramon is so busy making romantic movies, he has very little time for the real thing. But he knows his stuff—ch, girls? Across to Singapore, with Joan Crawford, was released several months ago. *A Certain Young Man*, with Marceline Day, is a remade version of a story originally made in 1926. This seems to be a Ramon Month—and no wonder.

H. J. from Barnesville, Ohio. Glad to meet you, senior Herman, before you pass out—don't get me wrong, just a little by-play from a freshman to an upper-class man. Are you the chap that has a reason for liking the movies and Clara Bow is all three of 'em? She played with Richard Arlen and Charles Rogers in *Wings* and in *Red Hair* with Lane Chandler.

Annie Laurie of Chattanooga. Is Ben Lyon married or is he engaged to Marilyn Miller, seems to be the question of the hour. Ben says he is not engaged and is there one among us, who would dare say Ben's lyin'? But he certainly is not the husband of Doris Kenyon—Milton Sills would have something to say about that. Ricardo Cortez is at work at the Tiffany-Stahl Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif., making *Prowlers of the Sea*. Ricardo had a prominent part in *The Private Life of Helen of Troy*. Mae Murray has been appearing on the stage in some very gorgeous scenery, clothes and feathers but it's said she may make pictures for Universal. SCREENLAND will let you know if Mae signs on the dotted line. Clara Bow gets a tiny bit older with each telling but even Clara must keep up with the times. She was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., Aug. 8, 1905. She is in *Ladies of the Mob*. Address her at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif.



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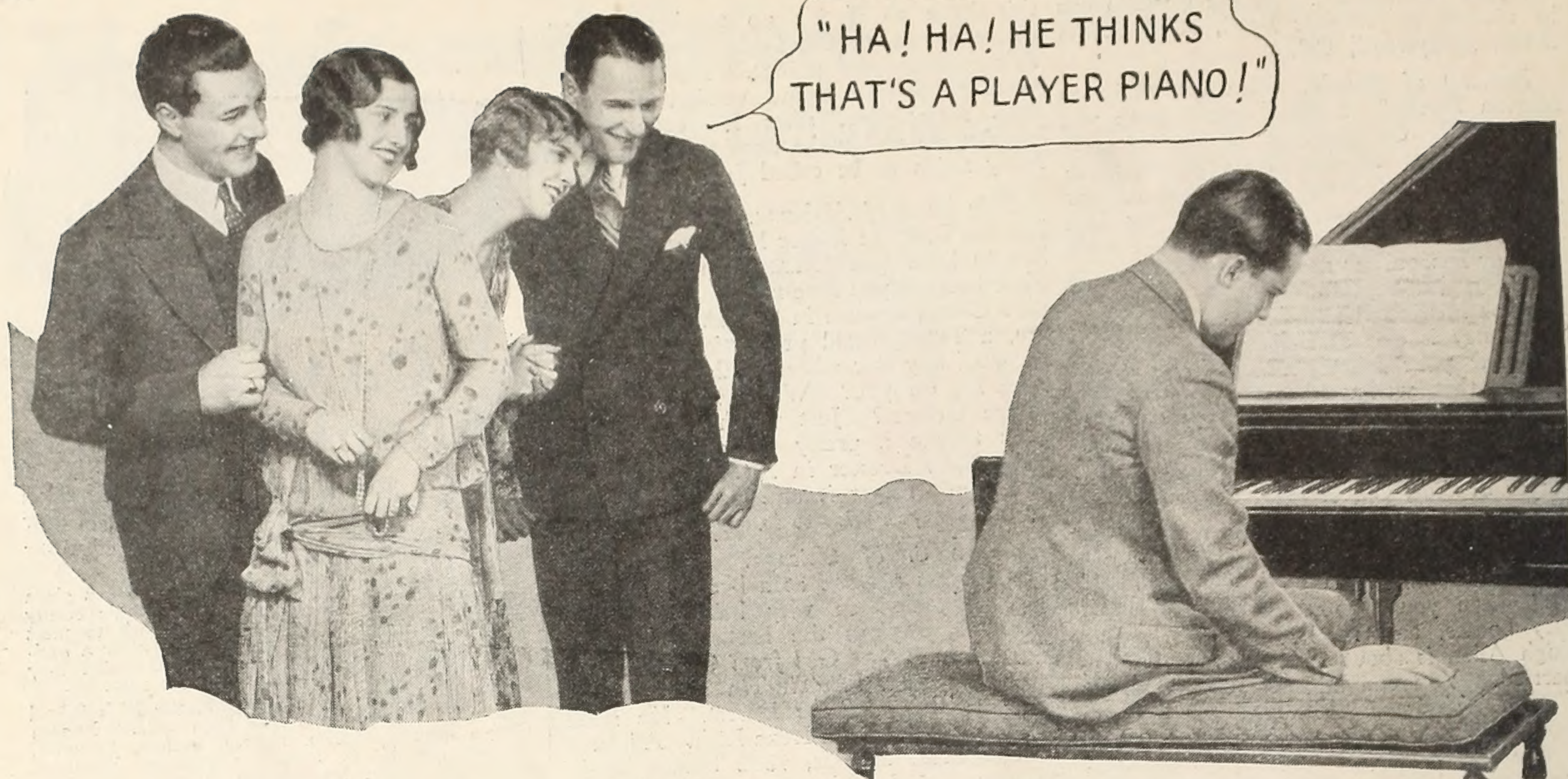
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~but when I started to play the laugh was on them!

"Well, folks, I guess we'll have to lock up the piano and make faces at ourselves."

Helen Parker's party was starting out more like a funeral than a good time.

"Isn't Betty Knowles coming?" an anxious voice sang out.

"Unfortunately Betty is quite ill tonight and Chet Nichols is late as usual," replied Helen gloomily. "I wish Sis wasn't away at school and she'd make the keys talk for us."

"I know some brand new card tricks," volunteered Harry Walsh.

"Great!" said Helen. "I'll go and find some cards."

While she was gone I quietly stepped up to the piano bench, sat down, and started to fumble with the pedals underneath. Someone spotted me. Then the wisecracks began.

They Poke Fun at Me

"Ha! Ha! Ted thinks that's a player-piano," chuckled one of the boys.

"This is going to be a real musical comedy," added one of the fair sex.

I was glad I gave them that impression. Their surprise would be all the greater. I kept fiddling around the pedals—making believe that I was hunting for the foot pumps.

"Come over to my house some night," said Harry. "I've got an electric player and you can play it to your heart's content. And I just bought a couple of new rolls. One is a medley of Victor Herbert's composition—the other . . ."

Before he had a chance to finish I swung into the strains of the sentimental

"Gypsy Love Song." The laughter and joking suddenly ceased. It was evident that I had taken them by surprise. What a treat it was to have people listening to me perform. I continued with "Kiss Me Again" and other popular selections of Victor Herbert. Soon I had the crowd singing and dancing to the tune of the latest syncopation.

Finally they started to bombard me with questions . . . "How? . . . When? . . . Where . . . did you ever learn to play?" came from all sides.

I Taught Myself

Naturally, they didn't believe me when I told them I had learned to play at home and without a teacher. But I laughed myself when I first read about the U. S. School of Music and their unique method for learning music.

"Weren't you taking a big risk, Ted?" asked Helen.

"None at all," I replied. "For the very first thing I did was to send for a Free Demonstration Lesson. When it came and I saw how easy it was to learn without a teacher I sent for the complete Course."

What pleased me so was the fact that I was playing simple tunes *by note* from the very start. For I found it easy as ABC to follow the clear print and picture instructions that came with each lesson. Now I play several classics by note and most all of the popular music. Believe me there's a real thrill in being able to play a musical instrument."

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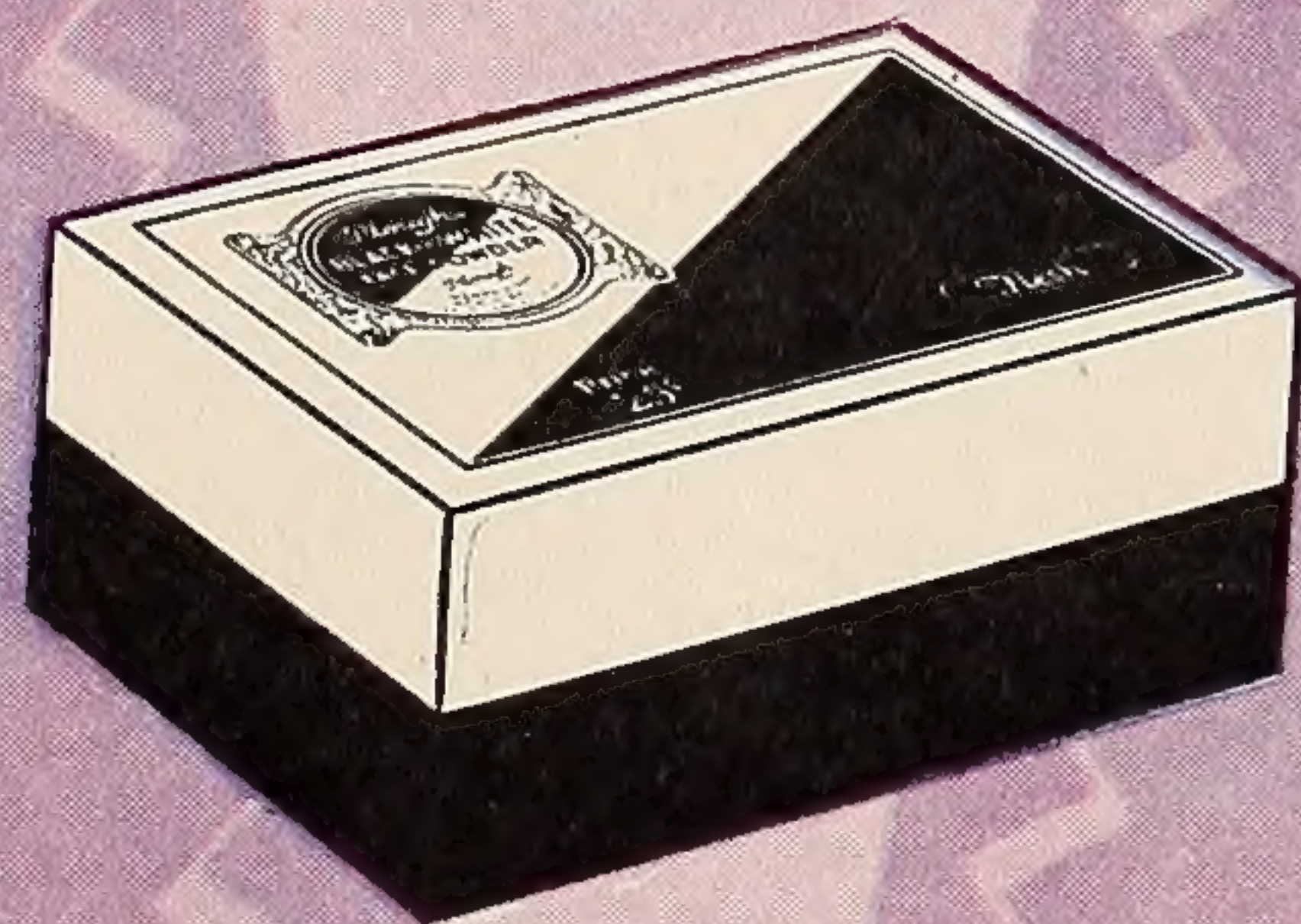
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